

THE HISTORY OF
LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH

His Life—His Suffering—His Death.

VOLUME II.



MARIE-THÉRÈSE-CHARLOTTE.

(Madame Royale, afterwards, Duchesse d'Angoulême.)

LOUIS XVII.

His Life—His Suffering—His Death:

THE CAPTIVITY
OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TEMPLE.

BY A. DE BEAUCHESNE.

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VOLUME II.



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LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

BOOK ELEVENTH

SEPARATED FROM HIS MOTHER

21ST JANUARY—3RD JULY, 1793.

Louis XVII. proclaimed King—Declaration of the Count de Provence—Manifesto of the Prince de Condé—The young King acknowledged by England, Sardinia, Spain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia—Proclamation of the chiefs of La Vendée—Decrees of the Convention—The Temple on the morning of the 21st January—The royal family obtains mourning dresses—Lepitre and Toulon—The Queen resumes the education of her son—Plan for escape—Jarjayes and Ricard—Struggle between the Mountain and the Gironde—The Queen refuses to be saved apart from her family—Letters—Flight of Dumouriez—Tison and his wife—Rumours—Proposition of Robespierre—Searches at the Temple—Illness of Louis XVII.—Fall of the Gironde—Failure of a new plan for escape—Decrees—Separation of Marie Antoinette from her son.

ALTHOUGH the Revolution had declared royalty for ever abolished, although it had sought to kill royalty on a scaffold, yet the Revolution, on the 21st January, 1793, at twenty minutes past 10 in the morning,—that is to say, at the moment when the head of Louis XVI. fell,—had gained but one point in the opinion of those who, despising the blows of mere force, respected only the authority of right; and this one point was, that the King of France was called Louis XVII. instead of Louis XVI.

Louis XVII. proclaimed.

The death of Louis XVI had filled every heart with horror. Entire Europe took part in the funereal grief of France. Monsieur the Count de Provence was at Hamm, in Westphalia, when, on the 28th January, he received intelligence of the regicide. He instantly proclaimed the accession of his nephew, under the name of Louis XVII., and declared that he himself assumed the title of Regent of the kingdom until the majority of the young King.*

* The following is the declaration thus made :—

“Louis Stanislas Xavier de France, son of France, uncle of the King, Regent of the kingdom, to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

“Penetrated with horror on learning that the most criminal of men have just filled up the measure of their numerous offences by the commission of the extreme of outrage, we first invoked the aid of Heaven to enable us to surmount the sentiments of our profound grief and the impulses of our indignation, in order that we might apply ourselves to the accomplishment of the duties which, under circumstances so grave, present themselves foremost in order of those which the immutable laws of the French monarchy impose upon us :

“Our dearly beloved and most honoured brother and sovereign lord, the King Louis, sixteenth of the name, having died on the 21st of the present month of January, under the parricidal steel which the ferocious usurpers of the sovereign authority in France directed against his august person :

“We declare that the Dauphin, Louis Charles, born on the 27th day of the month of March, 1785, is King of France and Navarre, under the name of Louis XVII., and that, by right of birth, as well as by the provisions of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, we are, and shall continue to be, Regent of France during the minority of the King, our nephew and lord :

“Invested, in this quality, with the exercise of the rights and powers of the sovereignty, and of the supreme administration of royal justice, we assume the charge of the same, as we are bound to do, in acquittal of our obligations and of our duties, to the effect that we may employ ourselves, with the aid of God and the assistance of good and loyal Frenchmen, of all the orders of the kingdom, and of the recognised powers of the sovereign allies of the crown of France :

“Firstly : To the liberation of the King Louis XVII., our nephew ; Secondly, of the Queen, his august mother and guardian ; of the Princess, his sister, Madame, our dearly beloved niece ; of the Princess Elizabeth, his aunt, our dearly beloved sister : all detained in the harshest captivity by the chiefs of the factions ; and, simultaneously, to the re-establishment of the monarchy on the unalterable bases of the Constitution ; to the re-

Proclamations by the Regent.

Under the same date appeared also two other official acts of the Regent, the one, letters-patent, nominating the Count

formation of the abuses which have been introduced into the system of public administration; to the re-establishment of the religion of our fathers, in the purity of its worship, and of canonical discipline; to the re-integration of the magistracy, for the maintainance of public order and the dispensation of justice; to the restoration of Frenchmen, of all orders, to the exercise of their legitimate rights, and the enjoyment of their invaded and usurped properties; to the severe and exemplary punishment of crime; to the re-establishment of the laws and of peace;—in a word, to the accomplishment of the solemn engagements which we have undertaken, conjointly with our dearly beloved brother, Charles Philippe de France, Count d'Artois, with whom are conjoined our dearly beloved nephews, grandsons of France, Louis Antoine, Duke d'Angoulême; and Charles Ferdinand, Duke de Berri; and our cousins, princes of the royal blood, Louis Joseph de Bourbon, Prince de Condé; Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duke de Bourbon; and Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien; pursuant to our deliberations, addressed to the late King, our brother, on 11th September, 1791, and other acts emanating from us, to which acts we adhere, and shall invariably adhere.

"To which end, we enjoin and order all Frenchmen and subjects of the King to obey the commands they shall receive from us in the King's name; and the commands of our dearly beloved brother, Charles Philippe de France, Count d'Artois, whom we have nominated and appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, whenever our said brother and Lieutenant-General shall issue such commands in the name of the King and of the Regent of France.

"This our present declaration shall be notified to all whom it shall concern, and be published by all the officers of the King, military or magisterial, to whom we will give commission and charge that the said declaration have all the notoriety that it shall be possible to give it in France, for the present, and until it shall be addressed in the ordinary form to the courts of the kingdom, so soon as they shall have resumed the exercise of their jurisdictions, to be by them notified, published, registered, and executed.

"Given at Hamm, in Westphalia, under our ordinary sign manual and seal which we shall use in all acts of sovereignty until the seals of the kingdom, destroyed by the factions, have been renewed, and under the countersign of the ministers of the state, the Marshals de Broglie and de Castries.

(Signed) "LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER,
"Regent of France.

"The MARSHAL DUKE DE BROGLIE.

"The MARSHAL DE CASTRIES.

"This 28th January, 1793, first of the King's reign."

Proclamation of the Vendéans.

d'Artois Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; the other, a letter addressed to the French refugees.*

Thousands of copies of these documents, printed at Paris by Crapart, were distributed throughout France.

In the Bocage, and in all the western districts, the news of the King's death created a profound consternation, mingled with an indignation that was soon to develop itself in heroic efforts. In a few months afterwards, on the 11th May, 1793, the chiefs of the Vendéan army,—La Rochejacquelin, d'Elbée, and Cathelineau,—sent forth in a proclamation, dated from Parthenay, the following declaration :

“ We, commanding the Catholic and royal armies, have taken up arms solely for the purpose of sustaining the religion of our fathers, of restoring to our august and legitimate sovereign, Louis XVII., the splendour and the stability of his throne and his crown, and we have no other object than the public good.”

* “ Proclamation to the French Refugees.

“ It is with sentiments of the most profound grief that I inform you of the fresh loss we have sustained in the King, my brother, whom the tyrants who have so long been desolating France have just immolated to their impious fury. This horrible event imposes upon me new duties : I hasten to fulfil them. I have assumed the title of Regent of France, which the right of my birth confers upon me, during the minority of the King, Louis XVII., my nephew, and I have confided to the Count d'Artois that of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

“ Your attachment to the religion of our fathers, and to the sovereign whom we now deplore, renders it superfluous in me to exhort you to redoubled zeal and fidelity towards our young and unhappy monarch ; to redoubled ardour to avenge the blood of his august father. If, in such a calamity, it is possible for us to receive any consolation, it is presented to us in the resolution to avenge our King, to replace his son on the throne, and to restore to our country that ancient constitution which can alone make her happy and glorious.

“ Our titles are changed, but our union is, and will ever continue, the same, and we will labour with more ardour than ever to fulfil that which we owe to God, to honour, to the King, and to you.

(Signed) “ LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER.

“ 28th January, 1793.”

Manifestation by England.

Intelligence of the fatal event reached, in Swabia, the camp of the Prince de Condé, where the reply to that sanguinary challenge was vehement shouts of "Long live Louis XVII.!" The illustrious chief of the emigrant army had a service for the repose of the soul of the decapitated King celebrated in the church of the Franciscans, at Villingen. He himself pronounced a funereal oration, of which the eloquence was richly supplied by the heart, and of which the praise was as richly supplied by the tears of the whole auditory. Then, on quitting the church, he proclaimed, at the head of the army, and in presence of the French refugees, the royalty of Louis XVII., and the regency of Monsieur.* The tears of all were yet flowing when the cries of "Long live the King!" burst forth.

The Regent hastened to notify the death of Louis XVI. to all the courts of Europe. That of England, the first informed of the fatal event, had not awaited this diplomatic notification to go into mourning. The arrival of the intelligence in London at once created general stupefaction. The Theatre Royal, in which that evening two pieces were to have been performed, was closed by command of their Majesties. The French ambassador, the Marquis de Chauvelin, immediately received his passport, which he made use of the next day, quitting England near about that anniversary on which, by public mourning and solemn expiation, the English nation still protests against the regicide of the 30th January, 1649.

United by so many bonds with the House of France, the King of Sardinia himself communicated his grief to his people, adding that, if they preferred to adopt the French laws, he was ready to lay down the sceptre and the crown. He did, in fact, abdicate immediately afterwards, but the spontaneous and unanimous cry arose: "Long live our good King!" and the

* This proclamation, the original of which, long preserved in secret by faithful hands, was not deposited among the National Archives until 1830, will be found in the Appendix. (Document No. I.) It has never before, I believe, been printed.

Manifestation by Spain, &c.

monarch, thus crowned a second time by the public sympathy, was led back to his palace in triumph.

Spain received with the most vivid indignation, the intelligence of the crime committed upon the chief of the House of Bourbon. The ambassador, Bourgoing, had orders to quit Madrid forthwith, and he traversed the Spanish territory amid cries of vengeance rising from every side.

Austria and Prussia experienced equal grief. The Emperor did not restrain his tears. The "*Berlin Gazette*" of the 5th February, has this announcement :

"On information received of the judicial assassination committed upon the person of H. M. the King of France, the court, in order to manifest the deep affliction with which it is filled, at the so unmerited fate of a monarch, *blessed for all eternity*, has, of its own motion, gone into mourning for the space of four weeks."

After having borne the fearful tidings to the Emperor of Germany, the Duke de Richelieu had transmitted it to the Empress of Russia. St. Petersburg was not less moved than Vienna.

If I have deemed it my duty briefly to describe the impression produced upon Europe by the regicide, it is because, from the depths of all the hearts thus painfully affected, there arose the most vivid sympathy for the son of the just man who had been immolated: the name of the Dauphin was on all men's lips, as that of Louis XVI. was in their tears. Catherine II. immediately recognised the accession of the boy-king, and nominated the Count Romanzoff her minister-plenipotentiary with the Regent of France, who, on his part, accredited to her the Count Esterhazy, as ambassador from Louis XVII.

The royalty of the infant prisoner, while recognised by almost all the powers, constituted in France the hope of the friends of order, the rallying word of all those who conspired against republican oppression. Thus the government of the Convention derived uneasiness, alike from the spirit of

Proceedings of the Convention.

the people at home, and from the attitude of the powers abroad. On the 5th February, it ordered the suppression of all ensigns of royalty from the coinage of the republic; on the 6th, it placed a sum of ten millions of francs at the disposition of the minister of the interior for the relief of the poor; on the 8th, it suspended all proceedings against persons charged with the massacres committed in the prisons on the 2nd and 3rd September, 1792,—this was in perfect keeping: since virtue had become a crime, crime of necessity was innocent!—on the 9th, it ordered the executive power to march against the enemy all the battalions of the departments which were then at Paris; on the 11th, it granted an amnesty to all persons imprisoned in consequence of the insurrection with regard to provisions; and, on the 13th, it decreed the general organisation of the republican armies.

These political measures, adopted as a mode of at once rallying friends within, and intimidating foes without, did not, in every instance, effect their object. On the 18th, Lyons rose in insurrection, to the cry of "Long live the King!" and burned the tree of liberty in its squares. On the 19th, the Empress of Russia sent forth an ukase, banishing from her states all Frenchmen who should refuse to sign a declaration, containing an abjuration of the seditious and impious principles introduced into France, and an oath of fidelity and obedience to the King Louis XVII., to whom the crown had accrued in due order of succession. The same ukase enjoined all those who should submit to this measure to abstain from any sort of communication with France, until order and legitimate authority should be re-established there.

Matters abroad grew more and more complicated. The Convention, on the 24th of the same month, decreed a levy of three hundred thousand men. No doubt the crime of the 21st January was universally condemned; but the French ideas, notwithstanding, were at work throughout Europe, creating, at once, terror in kings and sympathy in peoples.

Agony of the Royal Family.

While the Catholic and royal army of La Vendée, the army of Condé, the Count de Provence, and Europe, were thus proclaiming the son of Louis XVI., under the name of Louis XVII., the young Prince himself was mourning his father, in the arms of the royal widow, under the bolts of the prison of the Temple, whither we are now recalled by our subject, and where so much martyrdom is yet to be accomplished.

After the cruel separation on the night of the 20th January, the Queen had scarcely sufficient strength to undress the royal infant, and put him to bed. She had then thrown herself, in her clothes, on her own couch, where, throughout the night, her daughter and her sister, stretched on a mattress in her room, heard her trembling with mental agony and cold *

Next morning the royal family rose before day-break. The drums were beating in all the sections of Paris. The tumultuous movement without was distinctly heard in the tower, where a wife, a sister, and children, were awaiting once more to embrace him whom they were destined never again to behold. At a quarter past six the door had been opened, and a book had been taken away for the King's mass; this had been a beam of hope,—the prisoners had thought they were about to be led to a last interview. They were soon undeceived. Each minute seemed to mark ages on the prison clock. Augmented noise announced the moment of departure. Language is powerless to describe the agonizing scene which then presented itself! Poor heart-rent women, essaying a last effort to arouse sterile pity,—a child escaping from their arms, and rushing suppliant, wild, frantic, to the municipal officers,—to the guards,—from one to the other,—embracing this man's knees,—clasping that man's hand,—and exclaiming: "Let me pass, gentlemen! let me pass!" "Where do you want to go?" "To speak to the people, that

* Narrative of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte.

Affliction of the Royal Family.

they may not kill my father! In the name of God, let me pass!"

The jailers were deaf: it was their business to be so. But the prayer of innocence and of filial piety was assuredly heard of God! God did not, indeed, grant it to the child to save his father, but judged him worthy to inherit his martyrdom!

About ten o'clock the Queen urged her children to take some nourishment; they declined. A few moments afterwards they heard the discharge of fire-arms, and shouts of joy. Madame Elizabeth, raising her eyes to Heaven, exclaimed: "The monsters! they are satisfied now!" Marie Thérèse, at this exclamation, sent forth piercing shrieks; her young brother burst into tears; the Queen, her head bowed down on her bosom, her eyes haggard, sat plunged in a stupor of despair, the counterpart of death itself. The public criers soon informed them that the King had ceased to live.

The Dauphin, ever since the morning, had taken possession of his mother; he kissed her hands, which he bathed with tears; he essayed to console her by his caresses rather than by words. "Let these tears flow," said the mother; "the torture is for them who survive!"

In the afternoon the Queen wished to see Cléry, who had remained up to the last moment in the tower with Louis XVI. Last words, last adieus,—she was eager to lose no word of them. She claimed the last legacy of her royal husband, the precious legacy which Cléry had just notified to the council of the Temple, and of which we shall have occasion to speak further on. She demanded mourning attire from the same council, who replied that they would refer the matter to the Commune. The Commune deliberated thereon.

The Tisons applied to the espionage of calamity the entire activity of an inflexible and blind hatred. The anguish of that fatal day was not to end with the day itself. It was two o'clock in the morning; more than an hour since the close of prayer had announced the time for repose. But repose had

Affliction of the Royal Family.

not come to those three poor ladies. As an act of obedience to the Queen, the young Marie Thérèse had laid down, but she could not close her eyes, while her royal mother and her aunt conversed and lamented, mingling together their tears and their inconsolable sorrows, beside the bed of the Dauphin, who slept tranquilly. The child's slumber smiled; the joyous innocence of his age was radiant on his charming features. "He is now just of the age his brother was when he died at Mendon: happy they of our House who departed first. They were spared the sight of the downfall of their family!"

Astonished to hear voices at so late an hour in the chamber of Marie Antoinette, the woman Tison rose, and knocking at the door, inquired the meaning of this nocturnal conversation. Her husband followed her, after having awakened the municipals on duty. Partially opening the door, Madame Elizabeth said to them, with exquisite gentleness: "Pray let us weep in peace!" The inquisition set on foot against affliction was withdrawn, disarmed by that angelic voice, and the conspiracy of tears was not denounced.

Next morning, the Queen said to her son, as she embraced him: "My child, we must turn our thoughts to God." "Mamma, I have turned my thoughts to God; and, whenever I recall the thought of God, the image of my father presents itself before me."

On the 22nd January, the Queen's feebleness was extreme; nothing could appease her anguish. Exhausted by three nights of utter sleeplessness, she could scarcely endure the light of day, that light which her royal husband no longer beheld. Life or death had become alike indifferent to her. She sometimes gazed on her children and her sister with a look of pity, so mournful, so despairing, that they on whom she looked shuddered beneath that gaze; there reigned around her a silence as of death; all seemed holding in their breath, all were weeping, their tears redoubling whenever their eyes chanced to meet.

Illness of Madame Royale.

Madame Royale had been for some days indisposed; her legs were swollen, and in an alarming state. Grief aggravated the malady, and for several days her poor mother could obtain no professional assistance for her.* "Happily," writes Marie Thérèse herself, with a touching simplicity, "grief augmented my malady to such a degree as favourably to divert my mother's mind from her despair." Marie Antoinette passed whole nights at her daughter's bedside, superintending everything, and herself applying the remedies prescribed by M. Brunier, who had, at length, obtained permission to enter the tower. The continuous occupation of the mother served to divert the grief of the widow. Madame Royale's nurse in vain solicited permission to wait upon her.†

The mourning dresses were granted on the 23rd January;‡

* The rumour of this illness transpired in Paris. We read in the "*Moniteur Universel*," of Thursday, 24th January, 1793:

"Commune de Paris.

"22nd.—It is reported in the public places, and in the patriotic societies, that the daughter of Louis is dead, that the wife of Louis has been transferred to the Hôtel de la Force at the Conciergerie. The council-general authorises me to contradict these rumours. The daughter of Louis is not ill; and the persons whom a decree confines in the Temple, will remain there so long as that decree remains in force.

"REAL, First Substitute."

† "Commune de Paris.—Sitting of Friday, 25th January.

"The citizeness Laurent, assuming the title of nurse to Madame Premiere, demands permission from the council to see her foster-daughter, who is imprisoned in the Temple, and offers to remain with her until otherwise directed:

"The council-general passes to the order of the day, seeing that the council knows no person called Madame Premiere."

‡ "Commune de Paris.—Sitting of Wednesday, 23rd January, 1793.

"The council-general heard read a decree of the council of the Temple, referring it to the council-general to decide upon two requests made by Antoinette:

"The first, for mourning of a very simple character for herself, her sister, and her children. The council-general decrees that this request shall be complied with.

"The second, that Cléry may be placed with her son, as he was in the first instance. Upon this request the council-general passes to the order of the day."

New Commissaries.

on, the 27th a portion of them was brought to the Temple.* On seeing for the first time her children clothed in black, the Queen said to them : " My poor children, with you 'tis for a long time only ; with me, 'tis for ever." They burst into tears, but their mother wept not,—her tears were exhausted.

What gloomy days, what agitated nights, now passed on ! Marie Antoinette's heart seemed bursting whenever she looked on her children.

She said one day to Madame Elizabeth : " I did not, perhaps, heretofore, give the King all the advice I might have given him, to save him ; but I shall rejoin him on the scaffold ! Oh, yes, my sister ! I, too, shall mount the scaffold !"

The prisoners of the Temple had only learned from the street-criers that the murder of the King had been consummated ; no newspaper had entered that prison ; no detail had been brought by the municipal officers. The eyes, filled with tears, which had silently questioned the mandates of the Commune, had received from them no reply. They knew no episode of the execution : they knew the martyr crowned, but they knew not all the splendour of his crown ; neither did they know of the testimonies of public sympathy which had been manifested towards him after his death.†

At length, after an interval of several days, on Wednesday, 6th February, there re-appeared at the Temple two commissaries of the Commune, who, wholly dissimilar from their colleagues, had already created, by their zeal and their devotion, a title to the confidence and affection of the royal family ;

* See Appendix. (Document No. II.)

† " A deputation of the ' Society of the Defenders of the Republic, One and Indivisible,' invites the council-general to suspend the representation of the piece entitled, '*La Chaste Suzanne*,' to which the valets of the ci-devant court repair in crowds, and indecently applaud the incivie allusions and sentiments which are frequent in that piece.

" The council-general refers this denunciation to the department of police.

" Sitting of the council-general of the Commune, 26th January, 1793."

Coalition against France.

these were Lepitre and Toulan, of whom we shall have repeated occasion to speak. It was a moment deeply painful, alike to them and to the hearts so cruelly assailed, whose still bleeding wounds their presence, from associations, seemed to re-open. Questions and answers were broken with sobs; the newspapers which gave an account of the dismal immolation were read with that poignant avidity of grief which seeks to know all the circumstances best calculated to supply it with nourishment.

Ever since the morning of the 21st January, Marie Antoinette, notwithstanding the offer which had more than once been made to her, had refused to descend for the purpose of walking, so that she might not have to pass before the door of the King's apartment, or incur the chance of meeting in the garden General Santerre, who sometimes attended to inspect the guard. She feared she should faint at the sight of the man who, on the 21st January, had come to lead Louis XVI. to execution, and who had given the signal for that beating of the drums which had drowned his last words. She remained pertinaciously in her chamber, and if at a later period she found the need of air for her children, rather than for herself, she sought permission to ascend with them to the summit of the tower, the battlements of which were closed in with planks.

The massacres of September and the scaffold of the 21st January had, in lowering the moral power of France, probably ruined in a still greater degree the idea of her physical power. Her force seemed multiplied by the passions which animated her, analogous with that vapour in ebullition which raises up mountains. Less esteemed by Europe, she had become, perhaps, more dreaded. With Piedmont, Prussia, and the Empire, which were already at war with her, Spain, Holland, and England, soon combined, and revolutionary France thus found herself blocked up on all quarters, like a town under close siege.

Lepitre and Toulan.

Without losing sight of the Temple, the dictators of anarchy were occupied in contending for—in snatching from each other—the shreds of the power they had overthrown. They troubled themselves very little about the groans that might issue from the towers of the Temple, or the ray of hope that might glide into them; they knew their guard sure, the bolts inflexible, and this sufficed for them. It was beneath the shadow of this security that some of the municipals, of whom we have had occasion to speak in connection with the trial of Louis XVI., were enabled to display the respectful compassion they felt for the royal woes; profoundly affected, both by the magnanimous character of Marie Antoinette and by the angelic gentleness of her children, they modified, as much as in them lay, their harsh functions, and endeavoured by all the means in their power to render them less repulsive to misfortune, and more innocent in the eyes of God himself. Their politeness, their deference, their attentions, were in striking contrast with the annoyance and brutality of their colleagues. The names of Lebœuf, Vincent, Moelle, Jobert, merit to be preserved, in memory of a noble sensibility, manifested at a time when it was so dangerous to have sensibility at all.

With Lepitre and Toulan, of whom we have already made special mention, it was deemed not enough to reconcile their rugged mission with sentiments of humanity, and the respect due to misfortune; they converted their assigned part of espionage and barbarity into a mission of peace and charity. When the period arrived at which the Queen could contemplate the object of her grief,—if not with lighter regret, at least with somewhat more tranquillity and resignation,—M. Lepitre conceived the idea of offering to her a consolation derived from the very source of her sorrows; he presented to her, on Thursday, 7th February, a funereal melody, which he had written on the death of her royal husband, and which Madame Cléry, an accomplished amateur on the piano-

Lepitre's poem.

forte and harp, had set to music.* He resumed his service at the Temple on the 1st March, three weeks after he had presented his composition to the royal family, when he received for that composition the reward which most deeply touched his heart; the Queen invited him into the apartment of Madame

* This modest composition, which derives a touching interest from the circumstances under which it was written, and the words of which are placed in the mouth of the young King, runs thus:—

FILIAL PIETY.

I.

I see thee weep! my parent dear!
In thy fixed gaze of tenderness,
I mark affection's trembling tear
Mingling with those of fond distress;
Thine inmost soul I seem to see,
Thou grievest for thine offspring's pain;
But, since 'tis borne in part by thee,
Can he be weary of his chain?

II.

Thy bright example, sainted Sire!
Makes that an honoured weight to bear;
Oh! with thy virtues him inspire,
Who can of them alone be heir!
Lost is the crown those virtues graced,
O'erturned the throne thy son should fill;
Yet happiness he still may taste,
For he is near his mother still!

III.

A day may come when, sorrow o'er
(Thus whispers hope), her son perchance
May make that dear one blest once more,
And thus avenge himself on France!
Those whirlwinds which destruction spread,
May feel the Lord's controlling power:
The tempest bows the lily's head,
But injures not our emblem flower!

IV.

To mercy's God let us complain,
Oh! would his mercy set us free!
The memory of the captive's chain,
Would doubly sweet make liberty.

Lepitre's poem.

Elizabeth, where the young Prince sang the melody, accompanied by his sister. "Our tears flowed thickly," says M. Lepitre,* "and we preserved a mournful silence. It were impossible adequately to depict the scene before me! The daughter of Louis at the harpsichord, her august mother seated beside her, her son on her lap, her eyes filled with tears, her emotion scarcely permitting her to direct the hand and voice of her children; Madame Elizabeth, standing beside her sister, mingling her deep sighs with the sorrowful accents of her august nephew."

The voice of the young Prince had no great compass, but its tone was exceedingly sweet. The Queen joyfully cultivated in her son this nascent talent, concurrently with the other studies already progressing under her care. Solely occupied with her children, she was grateful to Heaven for the repose which her enemies left her for the accomplishment of her maternal task. She was, in this respect, fully supported by Madame Elizabeth. These two sisters,—these two tender mothers, let us designate them,—amid their own calamities, the deeply painful appreciation of which was maintained by constantly recurring outrage, derived some consolation from

Then (sweet, in prospect, it appears),
 From those loved eyes, with weeping dim,
 Thy son should kiss away the tears
 Maternal fondness sheds for him.

TO MADAME ELIZABETH.

Thou, who with angel softness strove,
 To close the wounds thou couldst not heal;
 Thy sweet reward is in the love
 Our hearts for thee must ever feel!
 Dwell with my parent! 'Twas the prayer
 Thy brother's dying lips expressed;
 Her children, happy in thy care,
 Shall seem with two fond mothers blessed!

* "*Quelques Souvenirs, ou Notes Fideles sur mon Service au Temple, &c., depuis le 8 Decembre, 1792, jusqu'au 26 Mars, 1793,*" 8vo., Paris, Nicolle, 1814.

Training of the young King.

their love for their two children,—though this very love, perhaps, rendered still more poignant the sense of their own perils,—their daughter, her soul already conscious of regret and of anxiety, but already, also, vigorous, resigned, and courageously commencing its sublime apprenticeship to misery; her little brother, giving animation to all about him with his smile and his cheerful voice. The solicitude of the Queen and of Madame Elizabeth towards this child comprehended every care; the hope they had entertained that Cléry would be permitted to resume his service with the young King had vanished.* The two instructresses supplied, from the resources they possessed within themselves, the absence of the materials of education; with the exception of the elementary notions of Latin, which they could not develop in their pupil's mind, he resumed, under their guidance, all the lessons which he had previously been pursuing under the direction of his father: writing, geography, history, each had its assigned hours. As to education in the higher sense of the term, never was child blessed with a better school, never had child presented to him nobler exhortations, more loftily generous counsels, more magnanimous examples. The pardon of injuries, enjoined by the dying father, was daily practised by the two instructresses, ever ready to excuse their persecutors, to represent them as misled, less by the dictates of the heart than by the frenzy generated from the fever of revolution. At the readings in the history of France, which constituted one of their royal pupil's daily exercises, they took occasion to extol each noble action, each fine instance of clemency and heroism, and to stigmatize each example of injustice and tyranny. More than once did the lessons of the two Princesses arouse emotion in the hearts of

* Commune of Paris. Sitting of Thursday, 26th February, 1793.

"The council-general decrees that Cléry shall quit the Temple within twenty-four hours; that he shall deliver up to the commissaries of the Temple the effects that have been under his charge; and that his salary shall be paid to him up to the day of his quitting the Temple, whereof record shall be made in the register of the Commune."

Project of escape.

the commissaries, who were alike astonished at their observations and at the earnest endeavour of their pupil to appreciate and apply them. This moral education extended to the recreations of the boy; his childish sports were made to have their utility, and to be suggestive of salutary reflections.

Although the ranks of the friends of the Queen and her son were thinned by emigration; although noble hearts or feeble minds,—it is not our function to judge them,—thought fit to follow into foreign lands the princes of the royal family, preferring the certain evils of exile to the eventuality of death at home; others, with perhaps higher inspirations, remained, as Pliny beside the volcano, at the risk of being suffocated by the flames. In the very midst of the conflagration, fear could not suppress in these devoted souls sympathy for fallen, unhappy royalty. The women, more especially, whose impulses are ever generous, righteously incensed by such harsh oppression, protested against it in their chambers with prayers, and, when so called upon, with their dying breath on the scaffold. The old sentiment of French loyalty was still to be found, as we have seen, even in the commissaries placed in charge of the Temple. Amongst these history will preserve the name of Toulan, who, a thorough republican, was gained over to the royal cause by witnessing the patience and courage of the captive Queen of France. It was he who conceived the project of effecting the escape of this princess and her children from the Temple. He submitted his plan to the Queen, who, pleased with its daring, would not, however, adopt it, without the previous sanction of a grave and able man, who had worthily fulfilled several secret and important missions which Louis XVI. had confided to him,—the Chevalier de Jarjayes, a lieutenant-general, husband of one of the Queen's ladies, and who, in the hope of being useful to his benefactors, had not quitted the perilous abode of Paris. Marie Antoinette sent Toulan to this general officer, who received the trusty messenger with full confidence, and examined his plan with intelligent attention.

Project of escape.

After two protracted conferences, the possibility of success having been established, it became indispensable to admit into the secret of the enterprise another commissary of the Temple. But who, among the municipals, would be found sufficiently devoted to sacrifice his life for the royal family? Our readers have already named him: the perilous honour appertained of right to Lepitre. In a third conference, at which Lepitre was present, the basis of the plan was adopted; M. de Jarjays undertook to have male attire prepared for the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, and the two municipals were to convey this attire secretly into the tower. The two Princesses were, in this disguise,—heightened by the addition of the tri-coloured scarf,—to quit the tower, furnished with the pass-cards carried by the commissaries and all other persons who had access to the Temple. So far, everything seemed clear enough, and of ready execution; but the escape of the two children presented difficulties that seemed insurmountable. Louis XVII., in particular, was so closely watched, that it was almost impracticable to effect his deliverance. An idea, however, occurred: the genius of devotion is a great worker of miracles. There was a worthy man, named Jacques, who came every morning, we know not whence, to clean the lamps, and again every evening to light them. He was usually accompanied and assisted in his work by two children, of about the same age and size with the royal children. Prudence precluded the admission into the secret of this stranger, who, in the execution of his subordinate functions, silently obeying his orders, never exchanged a word with the persons employed in the Temple, to whom, consequently, he had remained almost wholly unknown. But this plan presented itself:—Jacques was in attendance at between five and six o'clock in the evening; and his last lamp was lighted, and he himself departed from the Temple when, at seven o'clock, the sentinels were changed. After his departure, then, and the change of sentinels, a man, dressed like him, was to pass, by favour of an admission card,

Project of escape.

the first gate-keeper, and, on reaching the Queen's apartment, his tin-box under his arm, was to be soundly rated by Toulan, for not having come himself to trim his lamps, and for having sent his children to do his work for him. The two royal children were then to be handed over to him, scoldingly, and the pretended lamp-man and his young apprentices were then to quit the tower, and proceed to the corner of the Boulevard, where they would find M. de Jarjayes waiting to receive them.

This plan adopted, it became necessary to associate with it another confidant, worthy of admission into this holy conspiracy, and of playing the exceedingly important part of lamp-lighter. Toulan proposed a friend of his own, a discreet and courageous man, who, on being accepted himself, accepted with enthusiasm his share of danger and of devotion. This new confederate, equally resolute with the chiefs of the design, was an inspector of the national domains, named Ricard.

Toulan was to have special charge of all the arrangements for the escape from the tower; Jarjayes, of all those for flight from the French territory. The latter had, for this purpose, secured three cabriolets, which, at a fixed place and hour, were to be ready, with vigorous horses. The Queen and her son were to get into the first of these carriages, driven by M. de Jarjayes; Madame Royale, into the second, driven by Lepitre; and Madame Elizabeth, into the third, driven by Toulan. Ricard, his part acted, and his disguise laid aside, was to return home, no one being in a position to suspect the successful share he had taken in an event which would occupy the attention of Paris, of France, of Europe, while his colleagues would reach the frontier with the precious charge they had achieved by their liberating zeal.

Everything seemed to assure the success of the enterprise: the requisite money was provided, the passports ready, signed by Lepitre himself, as president of the passport department in the section of police, every arrangement made, every incident

The escape frustrated.

duly calculated, so that the pursuit of the fugitives might not commence until many hours after their departure.

It was at first proposed to direct their steps to La Vendée, where insurrection was already on foot ; but, it was considered, on mature reflection, that this would only be an asylum in a camp, and that, while on the one hand, the presence of the royal family would communicate a powerful impulse to the enthusiasm of the royalist army, it would, at the same time, create for that army fresh difficulties. M. Jarjayes pointed out these objections to the Queen by the medium of Toulan, and Marie Antoinette, influenced by maternal love more than by ambition, and who was anxious to save the head rather than the crown of her son, at once adopted them. It was then determined to proceed to the coast of Normandy, a route shorter and less impeded with obstacles ; arrived there, Jarjayes had provided the means of transit to England, in a vessel which lay at his disposal off a point of the coast near Havre. In short, all the means best calculated for frustrating the mischances of fate were taken ; but that sad fatality which was precipitating into the abyss the old House of France, was more ingenious than all the precautions of man, more potent than all his efforts. Had Toulan and Jarjayes been intrusted with the conveyance of the royal family in the journey to Varennes, I have no doubt they would have placed it beyond danger ; but others, equally devoted perhaps, though less intelligent or less able, had the management of that fatal affair ; and so, for some time past, had all things befallen this family, marked with the seal of calamity,—the enterprise that was to destroy it, was carried into effect ; that which would have saved it, never took place.

The circumstance which prevented it was this : the 8th March was the day fixed upon for the escape ; on the 7th, there was, in Paris, an almost universal rising, excited, on the one hand, by the scarcity of provisions, and, on the other, by the intelligence, just received, of the rapid progress of the

Proceedings of the Convention.

foreign armies. After a battle on the Rhoe, where they had been compelled to abandon their entrenchments, the French had evacuated Aix-la-Chapelle, and raised the siege of Maëstricht, leaving more than four thousand of their number dead on the field. After another battle, not less sanguinary, the Austrians had retaken Liège. The blood of France, when she is wounded at her extremities, flows back to the heart. Paris was aroused, excited, and infuriated, under the two-fold apprehension of invasion and of famine, by the Mountain, who had resolved to massacre, in the Convention itself, the Gironde, and all who opposed their projects, more especially that of the creation of a revolutionary tribunal to try all conspirators without appeal. The extremity of the circumstances called for extreme men; the Mountain, who appreciated the situation, determined to profit by it. Forewarned in time, the menaced deputies did not attend the sitting of the evening of the 9th March, at which the decree in question was voted. In the same sitting, the Convention ordered the appearance, at its bar, of Generals Stengel and Lanoue, charged with treachery in the rout of Aix-la-Chapelle. Envoys of the National Convention passed through the departments, loudly proclaiming the fresh perils of the country. Each section set loose its agitators, who daily, hourly, beset the council of the Commune with vehement demands for the closing of the barriers, in order to prevent the departure of the suspected,—that is to say, of all who desired to withdraw themselves from the action of sanguinary laws and domiciliary visits, or to avoid the contingent imposed on the city of Paris in the levy of three hundred thousand men, ordered on the 24th February. Despite all clamours, and all menaces, however, the council contented themselves with suspending the issue of foreign passports, declaring that, until the Convention should otherwise decide, the barriers should remain open, the law prohibiting, under pain of death, their being closed, except by order of the Convention; and Pache, mayor of Paris, and General Santerre

Impediments.

having made that same day a satisfactory report, at the bar of the Convention, on the situation of the capital, the barriers remained open.

The excitement of the populace, however, had awakened all the solicitude of power, all its watchfulness. Whenever anything stirred about it, its uneasy attention became at once directed to the Temple. The enterprise of Toulan could not, therefore, be essayed on the day which had been assigned for it; too many hostile eyes, too many jealous ears, were on the watch, in and around that state prison.

The succeeding days were characterized by the same movement out of doors, and presented, consequently, the same danger. On the 12th March, General Dumouriez, whose conduct was also regarded by the populace as treasonable, was denounced by the section Poissonnière to the avenging justice of the Convention. On the 13th, for the first time, La Vendée, which had been long in a state of fermentation, openly raised its head, and uttered that cry which, with its echoes, was destined frequently to disturb the slumber of the dictators. Moreover, Toulan and Lepitre's turn of service at the tower not recurring for several days, any attempt at escape was inevitably suspended.

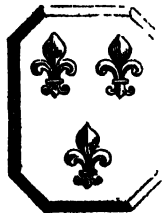
When he entered the tower on the 8th, Toulan had found the royal family deeply agitated. Since the preceding evening, the thousand clamours of the great city had been confusedly sounding around the Temple; the prisoners knew not the cause of this tumult, and they were fearful that some calamity had occurred, compromising the noble friends who had devoted themselves to their deliverance. The presence of Toulan re-assured them, and the joy of learning that no one had become involved in peril for their sake, more than compensated for their grief at finding their captivity prolonged. "I should have deeply regretted to leave this place," said the Queen to him, "without removing, also, several articles that are extremely precious to me, as the bequest of one who was very

The King's wedding-ring and seal.

dear to me while he lived, and whose memory, now that he is gone, is sacred. I speak of the wedding-ring and the seal which the King always wore, and which he charged Cléry to deliver to me, with his sister's hair, and that of my children."* Toulan made no definite reply; but he knew that the municipal officers had required from Cléry, when he was restored to liberty in February, restitution of the effects which the council of the Commune had left in his care 'on the 21st January, and that these effects, among which were those of which Marie Antoinette had spoken, had been placed, under seal, in the late King's apartment. Next day, before quitting the Temple, Toulan brought to the royal widow the articles she so earnestly desired; he had skilfully managed to procure other articles, somewhat resembling them, and these he had as skilfully substituted for the originals, which he had removed

* The ring was of gold, and, on opening it, presented this inscription : "*M. A. A. A., 19 Aprilis, 1770, jour des fiançailles, à Vienne, de Marie-Antoinette, Archiduchesse d'Autriche, et de Louis-Auguste, Dauphin de France.*" The unhappy prince had, ever since his marriage, worn it, and when he relinquished it for the first time, on the morning of the 21st January, he charged Cléry to deliver it to his wife, and to tell her, from him, that he had parted from it with pain. He parted from it, in fact, only at the moment of parting from life.

The seal was a silver ring, with three openings, one of which exhibited an engraving of the shield of France, another the letters LL, and the third the head, helmeted, of the Dauphin.



The hair, separately enclosed in four small papers, was enveloped in one larger paper, on which was written, with the King's own hand : "Hair of my wife, of my sister, and of my children."

New projects of escape.

from under seal. Assuredly, the Queen of France, in all the splendour of her glory at Versailles, could not have been served with equal zeal and ability; the devotion of the heart performs greater miracles than selfish interest, or the unmeaning adulation of the courtier which says to queens, when, in the hour of their prosperity they make a request: "If it be possible, it is done; if impossible, it shall be done."

The system of intimidation developed itself in every direction. On Thursday, 14th March, the Convention ordered the revolutionary tribunal to try, *par contumace*, as they did not appear to defend themselves, the brothers of Louis XVI.; on the 18th, it decreed the demolition of the chateaux of the emigrants, and the partition of the national property. Still, Jarjayes and Toulon would not abandon their noble project. They watched in silence, with incessant and anxious attention, for the moment wherein to carry it into execution. Unhappily, each day brought with it some event which infused fresh vigilance into the guard of the Tower, and especially into the surveillance of the royal infant. It would have been imprudence—madness, in fact—to have attempted an escape, which had become almost impracticable. The virtuous conspirators did not allow themselves to be blinded by their vast desire to accomplish a good action; they calmly resolved to confine their enterprise within the limits of the possible, and to concentrate their ideas of deliverance upon the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, whose exit from the Temple presented difficulties of a less insurmountable character. But how induce these two mothers to separate themselves both from their beloved children? The very attempt indeed could not be made. The devotion of Madame Elizabeth is well known: her soul was too beautiful, too lofty, not to forget itself when any other interest presented. Hers was the purest expression of that single-hearted candour, of that holy affection, which Raphael has given to the mother of Jesus—an angelic grace, a Christian serenity, that never occurred to the imagination of anti-

Devotion of Madame Elizabeth and Toulan.

quity. She employed the entire eloquence of her love to persuade her sister that it was her duty to profit by the resources which still remained at her disposal for escaping from her enemies; she impressed upon her that her very life might be endangered by her stay, whereas the lives of her children and that of her sister were under no peril. She even ventured, as a conclusive inducement, to whisper in her ear all the rumours current in the city, which, though stamped with popular exaggeration in their details, but too truly represented the public animosity that had been excited against the Queen. M. de Jarjayes, himself, conveyed to Marie Antoinette his earnest supplications that she would concur in the execution of the new project, every feature of which was carefully explained to her by Toulan. In that new plan it was still the faithful Toulan, and, this time, Toulan alone, who undertook to effect the exit of the royal prisoner from the tower, and to conduct her to a secure retreat, where she would meet Jarjayes. The latter, on his part, had taken measures which seemed to place that august head beyond the reach of assault. The tender entreaties of Madame Elizabeth, the fervent zeal of Toulan, at length produced their effect upon the Queen, who approved of the plan, and consented to conform to it. The day fixed upon at length approached. On the evening preceding it, the mother and the aunt were seated beside the bed of the sleeping King. Madame Royale was also in bed, but the door of her chamber was open, and the young Princess, intent upon the mournful and meditative air which her mother had worn throughout the day, had not yet closed her eyes. Thus it was that she heard the words which at a later period she repeated. Resolved upon the sacrifice demanded at her hands, the Queen, as we have said, was seated beside her son's bed. "God grant this child may be happy!" she exclaimed. "He will be so, my sister," replied Madame Elizabeth, pointing to the open, candid, gentle, yet proud features of the King, who seemed to smile as he slept. "Youth is brief as joy,"

The Queen's self-devotion.

murmured Marie Antoinette, in heart-breaking tones ; " happiness comes to an end as everything else." Then rising, she walked to and fro in the chamber : " And you, my dearest sister ! when, and how, shall I see you again ? No ! It's impossible ! It's impossible !" The youthful Marie Thérèse did not, at the time, comprehend these words, the meaning of which was explained to her afterwards : the Queen had made up her mind not to avail herself of the door which Toulan had undertaken to open for her on the morrow. Her resolve was irrevocable : love for her children was more potent than all other considerations—than the prayers of her sister, than the instinct of her self-preservation, than the promise she had given to the devotion of her courageous friends. But, reproaching herself, as for a breach of faith, for that promise given, and which she would not observe, she felt that she owed reparation to the generous hearts who had resolved to imperil themselves for her. Next morning, the municipal Toulan presented himself, full of emotion at the idea of the great action he deemed himself about to accomplish. So soon as it was possible to speak with him, Marie Antoinette said to him : " You will be angry with me ; but I have reflected. There is nothing but danger in this : better death than remorse." Later, she said to him these words, which Toulan recalled to mind as he ascended the scaffold on the 30th June, 1794 : " I shall die unhappy if I have not first an opportunity to prove to you my gratitude." " And I, Madame, unhappy indeed, if I have not first been able to prove to you my devotion."

Alas ! towards these noble hearts justice was impartial,—devotion and gratitude obtained the same recompense. There was, at that period, a place at which all the virtues assembled together—the scaffold !

The Queen desired also to thank M. de Jarjays, and to explain to him the motives of her refusal. She wrote to him with her own hand this note, which she charged Toulan to

The Queen's letter to Monsieur.

transmit to him,—a memorable note, which M. Chauveau-Lagarde was the first to publish, in his “*Note Historique sur les Procès de Marie Antoinette et de Madame Elisabeth.*”

“We have had a pleasant dream: that is all. But there has been this great gain to me from it, that it has furnished to me a fresh proof of your entire devotion towards me. My confidence in you is boundless. You will ever find in me firmness and courage; but the interest of my son is my sole guide. However great my happiness in quitting this place, I cannot consent to separate from him. I could feel no enjoyment apart from my children, and this idea leaves me without even a regret at my resolution.”

The Queen, as if filled with a sinister fore-knowledge, said, further, to Toulan: “As matters are now proceeding I may, at any moment, be deprived of all communication with others. There are the wedding-ring, the seal, and the packet of family hair, for the recovery of which I am indebted to you alone. I request you to place them in the hands of the Chevalier de Jarjays, entreating him to convey them to Monsieur and to the Count d'Artois, with the letters which my sister and I have just written to our brothers.”*

* The Queen's letter to Monsieur ran thus:

“Having a faithful being on whom we can rely, I avail myself of him to send to my brother and friend this deposit, which can fitly be confided only to his hands. The bearer will acquaint you by what miracle we have obtained possession of these precious pledges. I reserve to myself the pleasure of one day telling you the name of him who has been so useful to us. The impossibility under which we have hitherto laboured of communicating with you, and the excess of our miseries, makes us feel still more acutely our cruel separation: may it not be much longer protracted! I embrace you, meanwhile, as I love you, and that, you know, is with my whole heart.

“M. A.”

At the foot of this letter Marie Thérèse wrote these two lines:

Transmission of the wedding-ring and seal.

Intrusted with these commissions towards the end of March, it was not until the first week in May that M. de Jarjays was enabled to convey them to their destination: the seal and the packet of hair to Monsieur; the ring and the hair of Louis XVI. to the Count d'Artois.*

"I am charged, for my brother and myself, to embrace you with my whole heart.

"M. T."

The following is the letter from the Queen to the Count d'Artois :

"Having at length found means to confide to our brother one of the only pledges that remain to us of the being whom we all cherish and deplore, I have thought that you would be pleased to possess something that had belonged to him: keep it, in token of the tender friendship with which I embrace you—heartily! heartily!

"M. A."

Madame Elizabeth wrote to Monsieur :

"I enjoy, by anticipation, the pleasure you will experience in receiving this pledge of friendship and of confidence. To be once more with you, and to see you happy, is all I desire. You know how deeply I love you. I embrace you with my whole heart.

"E. M."

And to the Count d'Artois thus :

"What happiness for me, my dear friend, my brother! to be thus able, after so long an interval, to express to you the sentiments that fill my heart! How I have suffered in thought for you! A time will come, I hope, when I shall be able to embrace you, and to tell you that never will you have a truer or tenderer friend than I: you know it, I hope.

"E. M."

* The mission was thus fulfilled :

M. de Jarjays first repaired to Tours, where the King of Sardinia detained him, employing him about his person, and forwarding, by extraordinary courier, the despatches with which M. de Jarjays was intrusted. In reply, Monsieur wrote, with his own hand, a letter to M. de Jarjays, dated Hanover, 14th May, 1793, in which he thus expressed his feelings :

"You have placed in my hands the most precious possession I have in the world, the only real consolation I have experienced since our misfortunes. Their letter, and the other pledge of their friendship, of their

New regulations.

This month of March, that was now closing, had witnessed the uprising against the progress of the revolutionary government of a powerful opposition, the leaders of which sat in the National Convention, and commanded the national armies. The kings who were making war against France were dividing amongst themselves the finest provinces of Poland; the excited people arose; the torches of civil war were lighted in our departments; the wound made by the regicide of the 21st January grew daily wider and deeper.

On the 1st April the south yielded to the appeal of the west, and the acclamations of Beaucaire answered the cannons of Sables-d'Olonne. On the same day fresh measures of precaution were taken by the Commune.* On the 2nd of April,

confidence, have filled my heart with the most soothing feelings. I quite approve of the reasons which induce you to remain in Piedmont. Continue to serve our young and unhappy King, as you have served the brother whom I shall deplore to my latest hour."

* Municipality of Paris.

Extract from the Register of the Deliberations of the Council-General, of the 1st April, 1793, year 2 of the Republic.

"On the requisition of the attorney-general of the Commune,

"The council-general decrees:

"1st. That no person on guard, or otherwise, at the Temple shall design any object whatever there. If any one is detected contravening this decree he shall be instantly arrested, and brought before the council-general, executing, in this particular, the functions of governor.

"2nd. The commissaries of the council, on duty at the Temple, shall hold no private conversation whatever with the persons under detention, and take upon themselves no commission whatever for them.

"3rd. The said commissaries are, in like manner, forbidden to make any change or innovation in the regulations heretofore observed in the direction of the interior of the Temple.

"4th. No person employed in the service of the Temple shall enter the tower.

"5th. That there shall be always two commissaries with the prisoners.

"6th. That neither Tison nor his wife shall quit the tower, nor communicate in any way with any person whatever outside.

"7th. That no commissary of the Temple shall send or receive letters until they have been previously read to the council of the Temple.

"8th. When the prisoners walk on the platform of the tower, they

Flight of Dumouriez.

a decree of accusation was launched against General Paoli, commandant in Corsica; and, on the 3rd, another decree granted 300,000 livres to whomsoever should deliver up the infamous Dumouriez, dead or alive. Dumouriez had hoped to play the military dictator in the terrible crisis which hourly grew more alarming. But, twice defeated, driven from Holland, which he had just before conquered, and then from Belgium, he was losing his army; and, in the Assembly, he was losing the support of the two influential parties—the Gironde and the Mountain—by the unequivocal manifestation of his intention to establish a constitutional monarchy in favour of the Orleans family. The Convention sent commissaries to his camp, charged to signify to him the order to present himself at its bar: the commissaries were Camus, Bancal, Quinette, and Lamarque, accompanied by Beurnonville, minister at war. Dumouriez arrested them, and handed them over to the Austrians. After this proceeding he had no other alternative than, by flight, to avoid the fate which awaited him. On the 4th April he took refuge within the Austrian lines, and next day was followed thither by Generals Valence and Orleans, junior, by the two Thouvenots, and by a portion of the hussars of Berchigny.

shall always be accompanied by three commissaries, and by the officer in command of the post, who shall watch them scrupulously.

“9th. Conformably with the preceding decrees, each member of the council who shall be nominated to serve at the Temple, shall be referred to the consideration of the council-general, and upon the objection, without any reason assigned, of any one member of that council, such nominee shall be rejected.

“10th. Lastly, the department of public works shall to-morrow execute the works mentioned in its decree of the 26th of March last.

(Signed)

“PACHE, Mayor.

“COULOMBEAU, Registrar.”

“This extract is correct.

“COULOMBEAU, Registrar.”

“Copied from the Register.

“YON.”

Conduct of the Convention.

Intelligence of these events no sooner reached Paris than decrees of the Convention doubled the guard at the Temple,* created a committee of public safety, Saturday, 6th April, and placed the whole family of the Bourbons under arrest. Already, on 27th March, Robespierre had proposed their banishment from the territory of the republic, with the exception of Marie Antoinette, who was to be brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and of the son of Capet, who was to remain under detention in the tower of the Temple: the Convention had passed to the order of the day on Robespierre's motion, but, circumstances now appearing to enforce it, it was renewed, with aggravated features, and at once adopted.

The possessor, for some days past, of two letters which he had received from Monsieur the Count de Provence, Santerre feared he should compromise himself by keeping them secret any longer, and, accordingly, on Sunday, the 7th, he forwarded them to the Convention, and gave intimation of them to the council-general of the Commune. In these letters, addressed: "*A Monsieur le Commandant-Général de la Force Armée de Paris,*" the Prince declared that he himself was Regent of the kingdom, and that his nephew had been King since the 21st January, the day on which a criminal blow had decapitated Louis XVI.† These two letters were not read to the As

* Décret of the National Convention.

"4th April, 1793, year 2 of the French Republic.

"The National Convention decrees that the council-general of the Commune of Paris shall forthwith double the guard at the Temple.

"Verified,

"DELEDOY, Examiner of Votes."

"Compared with the original by us, President and Secretary of the National Convention.

"DELMAS, President.

"MELLINO, Secretary."

"Paris, 5th April, 1793, year 2 of the Republic."

† After long research and investigation, we are convinced that these two letters were merely reproductions of the two political documents which we

Miserable the Queen.

sembly in public sitting; their probable influence on public opinion was too sensibly apprehended; and Santerre was censured for having mentioned these communications, in the difficult circumstances under which the factions then were. More far-sighted men, however, saw no political unskilfulness in that which was really the profound calculation of prudence and of fear.

The agitation that was up-stirring France and Europe did not disturb the dull interior of the tower of the Temple, and the young King, who was recognised abroad, and proclaimed in some districts of the national territory, remained merely an unhappy and unfortunate prisoner, ignorant of all that was being done in his name. His mother, herself, knew but very little of what was passing around. The profound grief of the royal widow was varied only by her sufferings from the cruel treatment to which, as a prisoner, she was subjected by her jailers. The affliction of the woe-stricken Queen was changed in its nature, but affliction was still visited upon her. Every form of anguish was depicted on her emaciated features, and yet, at times, a faint smile would rise for a moment to her lips, as she looked on her children, the potent and sacred bonds which still attached her to this earth. Beside her bloomed the clear, fresh features of a young girl, already re-

have printed at the commencement of this chapter. Corresponding circulars were, at this period, distributed throughout the provinces. We read in the *Journal des Debats et des Decrets*, No. 210, p. 251, in the report of the sitting of the National Convention, of 14th April, 1793 :

“The commissaries sent into the departments of La Moselle and La Meurthe write word that their mission is almost completed; the recruiting was effected with the greatest activity, &c.

“To their letter is subjoined a judgment of the criminal tribunal, causing to be burned by the public executioner a declaration of the heretofore Monsieur, calling himself ‘Regent of the Kingdom of France,’ and letters-patent of the heretofore Count d’Artois, describing himself as ‘Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.’

“The Assembly applauded the conduct of the judges of this criminal tribunal, and ordered honourable mention to be made thereof.”

 Fury of Tison.

assembling, in spiritual development, those Christian virgins who grew around the martyrs and confessors of old,—already worthy to be to her mother a friend. In her ear sounded the soft voice of a boy-child, seeking her heart. Lastly, Madame Elizabeth was there,—fit sister of Louis XVI. !—a mother to his children; the best and most holy of friends: who, wearing Heaven in her heart and in her eyes, soothed the most cruel pangs with the balm of her words, and with her angelic gaze re-assured the soul.

Tison and his wife fulfilled, without intermission, the odious part so aptly intrusted to them. The Dauphin as though he had thoroughly divined their character, had conceived for them an aversion which, notwithstanding his mother's recommendations, he could not conceal from them. Having been one day severely reprimanded by Vincent, the municipal on duty, the two Cerberi conceived that some complaint on the part of the Dauphin had procured for them this rebuke. In the evening after Vincent's departure, they burst into the Queen's apartment, and proceeded to abuse the royal boy, whom they objurgated as *spy* and *informer*, epithets which so exactly applied to themselves. "No member of my family is capable of striking people in the dark," said Marie Antoinette; "nor I of permitting it." This remark struck home; the odious pair withdrew, launching, as they went, insult upon the Queen, curses on her son. The boy protested against them with energy, with indignation. "They are in anger," said Madame Elizabeth to him, gently; "pardon them." The word pardon was heard by Tison, who rushed back in perfect fury: "Pardon them!" cried he; "a fine idea! We are come to a pretty pass! Do you forget that it is the people alone who have the right to pardon? He you call King had no son big enough to defend him, and he has left none strong enough to revenge him."

Tison's fury did not stop there. A fresh municipal, acting under his influence, went up and reprimanded the prisoners,

New arrangements.

informing them that the *virtuous citizens* who had been placed in charge of them knew perfectly well what their duty was, and how to perform it. Thenceforward, during the conferences, Marie Thérèse and her mother remained almost constantly in the turret, in order that the boy might not fall into any involuntary indiscretion. With the exception of the petty annoyances to which their vulgar keepers subjected them, the prisoners now enjoyed a repose and liberty which had hitherto been withheld from them. The violent political agitation which had marked the commencement of March had subsided. Paris was calm ; at all events on the surface : the constituted authorities answered for its tranquillity ; and the daily visits he paid to the Temple convinced Santerre of the rigid security of that state-prison, and of the inutility of maintaining so numerous a guard there. He, accordingly, proposed to the council of the Commune to reduce the guard to one hundred men and a company of artillery. The proposition, however, happening to be made at an inopportune moment, was not adopted. He also proposed to victual the men on service at the guard-house, so that they might remain all day at their post ; and the council of the Commune, accordingly, granted three francs per diem for this purpose to every soldier on duty who should apply for it ; but the decree was not acted upon. The registers of the Commune, indeed, present numerous instances of decrees which remained inoperative ; sometimes the measures adopted on the previous day were formally recalled, in other cases they simply remained without effect.

As to the diminution of the guard, the commandant of the armed force of Paris, so far from having his proposition adopted, was emphatically invited to apply still greater activity, still closer heed, to the service confided to him.

The newspapers were not the only reading which had its impression on public opinion. An old book,—rare, notwithstanding the seven or eight editions it had gone through

"The *Mirabilis Liber*."

between 1498 and 1524, during the religious and political troubles which then desolated France and Europe, suddenly issued from the obscure shelf of a book collector, and arrested public attention as containing predictions full of singular analogies with the leading events of the Revolution. This curious book, printed in Gothic type, and in two parts, one in Latin the other in French, is entitled '*Mirabilis Liber, qui prophetias revolutionesque, necnon res mirandas preteritas, presentes ac futuras, aperte demonstrat.*'* Some dreamers, who sought to give this book a pious origin, attributed it to Saint Cesarius, bishop of Arles, who died in 544; others, assigning to it a less ancient date, considered it the production of Jacques de Nostre Dame, father of the Michael, who, under the name of Nostradamus, became so celebrated for his prophecies. This Provençal family, who were converts from the Hebrew faith, claimed to be of the tribe of Issachar, renowned for its gift of prescience. However this may be, these prophecies, becoming the subject of general conversation, attracted to the national library men of credulous hearts or inquiring minds. Charged with having—in the execution of their duty—communicated this seditious volume to readers, several keepers of the library were arrested, and dismissed from their appointments. The learned Van Pruët was obliged to conceal himself: his prodigious memory had rendered him a suspected person: it was imputed to him that, of necessity, he must have sympathies with periods in all the books with which he was acquainted—the living catalogue of a great library could not be other than a conspirator.

The following was the most compromised and the most compromising passage in this singular book: "*Juvenis captivatus qui recuperabit coronam lili—fundatus, destruet filios Bruti.*"—"The young captive, who will recover the crown of

* "The wonderful book, which manifestly displays prophecies and revolutions, and also marvellous things, past, present, and to come."

* New alarms.

the lily—established on the throne, will destroy the sons of Brutus.”

In combination with these predictions, accepted alike by hope and by fear, and which superstition diffused amongst the people, came rumours which were not less calculated to keep the attention of the Jacobins on the alert: it was said that since the desertion of Dumouriez his army had dispersed, merely for the purpose of veiling that general's plan; but that it was prepared, at any time, suddenly to assemble, at the very gates of Paris, to carry that plan into execution, the object being the deliverance of Louis XVII. and the restoration of constitutional royalty. Utterly absurd as these statements were they excited men's imaginations, and directed public attention towards the Temple. This was equivalent to pointing out victims to the executioner. But, though the populace was eagerly impatient for a new tragedy; though the section of Finistère (Faubourg Saint-Marceau) called upon all the other sections of Paris to demand collectively from the Convention, that the trial of the wife and sister of Capot should forthwith commence, and that sure measures should be taken to prevent the son of the tyrant from ever succeeding to his father;* although Marat supported with all his influence these vociferous demands, no fresh measure was decreed by the Convention with reference to the prisoners in the Temple. On an

* “A deputation of the section of Finistère announced that there had been discovered at Chantilly, in the *ci-devant* palace of the traitor Condé, 2,200 marks of silver, and the correspondence of that wretch with Marie Antoinette and Elizabeth.

“They demanded that the sections of Paris and the cantons should assemble and draw up an address to the Convention for the trial of these three celebrated criminals, and for having measures adopted so that the son of Capet may not succeed his father, or participate in his crimes.

“The council-general approved of the wise measures proposed by the section of Finistère, and invited the deputation to take part in the sitting.”

(Sitting of the council-general of the Commune, Wednesday,
27th March, 1793.)

Position of the factions.

animated discussion between the Mountain and the Gironde the advantage remained with the latter; and in a speech, wherein is discernible a certain degree of interest in the son and daughter of Louis XVI., Gensonné went so far as to demand that the municipality of Paris should be declared responsible for their safety. These words of a man who had voted for the King's death, and who seemed to compassionate the wretchedness of the King's children, necessarily irritated the jailers of the tower, and already marked the speaker out to the blow of his adversaries.* The antagonisms in the Assembly became more and more inveterate, and the discussions fiercer and more fierce between those who represented the various shades of revolutionary opinion. There was an immense tumult in the Convention on Tuesday, 9th April, in reference to the decree made by the section of Bon-Conseil for a decree of accusation against the deputies marked by public opinion as traitors to the country. The Mountain raved at the Gironde, and the Gironde at the Mountain. On Saturday, 13th April, a decree was launched against Marat himself, charged with having preached massacre and pillage, and with having said that a triumvirate was needed for France. Acquitted on the 18th by the revolutionary tribunal, "the Friend of the People" was crowned with oak, and borne in triumph to the Convention, where he resumed his wonted seat. Robespierre and Danton were reconciled, and embraced each other, each fully determined to strangle the other at the earliest opportunity; a common hate uniting them, meanwhile, against the Gironde, whom they desired to crush, as we see wolves banding together in the forest to hunt one common prey,—there is this difference: the prey once brought down, the wolves divide it among them; the revolutionists contend for it, and tear it from one another.

* Gensonné was one of the twenty-one Girondists who were led to the scaffold on 31st October, 1793.

Denunciation by Tison.

All this time Tison was performing in the tower his part of spy, precursive to that of denouncer. Though secretly wrought, the web of Toulan's construction had not been so completely hidden that all its threads had escaped the observation of the Argus of the Temple or rather, wholly distrusted as he was by the moderate municipals, and having never been admitted into the least approach to their confidence, it was from instinct, rather than from observation, that suspicion had arisen in his mind. Since the removal of Toulan and Lepitre he had fully comprehended that, for the more effectual accomplishment of his charge, he must, in some way or other, thoroughly make himself master of all that was saying and doing about him, and that his only means of effecting this object was to gain the confidence of the commissaries: the downright ruffian turned hypocrite. Rugged as before with the rugged among the keepers whom the Commune placed in the Temple, with the new comers, whom he did not as yet know, he was all pliancy; with the well-meaning he affected general compassion, with those who fairly manifested the sensibility of their hearts he affected to be in ecstasies with the gentle graces of the young prisoner. When the knave thought he had insinuated himself into some minds, had penetrated some hearts,—although he had as yet only vague suspicions,—he hastened, in concert with his wife, to write, on Friday, 19th April, to the council of the Temple: "That the widow and the sister of the last tyrant had gained over several municipal officers; that by these officers they were made acquainted with all the events that took place, received from them the public papers, and, by their means, kept up a correspondence with their friends."* In proof of the latter statement, the woman

* The following is an account of what passed in the council-general of the Commune, on the occasion of this denunciation:

"One of the commissaries of the Temple read a report drawn up at the Temple, in presence of the mayor, of the attorney-general of the Commune, and of the commissaries on duty.

"This report contains two declarations, made, the one by Tison, on

Denunciation by Tison.

Tison sent down to the council a candlestick which she had taken from the chamber of Madame Elizabeth, and pointed out to the municipal officer a drop of sealing-wax which had fallen on it. In point of fact, the Princess had, that morning, given to Turgy, as he himself relates,* a sealed note for the Abbé Edgeworth, her confessor.

Next day, Hébert proceeded to the tower, not in the day time, during which the royal family were in a continual state of

household service at the Temple, the other, by Anne-Victoire Baudet, wife of Tison, also employed in the service of the Temple.

"It results, from these declarations, that several members of the council, viz., Toulan, Lepitre, Brunot, Moelle, Vincent (builder), and the physician of the Temple, are suspected of having furnished them with wafers, sealing-wax, pencils, paper, and, in a word, of having given them the materials and the means of secret correspondence.

"Toulan and Vincent demanded that forthwith commissaries should be appointed to place seals on everything in their abodes.

"In consequence, the council-general nominated Cailleux and Jerome to proceed forthwith to the abode of citizen Toulan and seal his papers.

"Nominated, in like manner, Favanne and Souard to proceed forthwith to the abode of citizen Vincent, and affix seals on his papers, excepting those having reference to the commission of the wounded of the 10th August, whereof he has charge.

"The four commissaries were directed to call upon the police magistrate of the section in which they were to operate, to assist them in their proceedings.

"As to the suspected citizens who were absent, viz., Lepitre, Moelle, Brunot, and the physician, the council-general decreed that the police should forthwith seal up all their papers.

"And, on the requisition of the attorney-general of the Commune, the council-general nominated Follope, Minier, Louvet, and Benoît, to proceed forthwith to the Temple, to institute there whatever researches they should think fit, and also to search the persons of the said prisoners.

"Also, that the said commissaries should remove the seals placed on the apartment of the defunct Louis Capet, in order to make all necessary search there also.

"Hébert, deputy-syndic, was nominated with the other commissaries to prosecute these searches."

(Sitting of 20th April, 1793.)

* "*Fragments Historiques sur la Captivité de la Famille Royale.*" By Turgy: published by Eckard, in the appendix to his "*Mémoires Historiques sur Louis XVII.*," 3rd edition.

The royal family searched.

anxious excitement, but after ten o'clock at night, the hour at which they were wont to expect, at least, privacy and freedom from interruption. In coming upon them thus unawares, he, doubtless, hoped to detect them in the very fact of secret machinations and clandestine correspondence. The woman Tison, who was sent for to search the Princesses, found on the Queen nothing but a red morocco pocket-book, in which were written, with pencil, some addresses, and on Madame Elizabeth nothing but a stick of sealing-wax, which had been used, and some box-wood powder in the same paper. These discoveries, insufficient as they were, creating the hope of more, the search was prosecuted with redoubled ardour. The young Prince was asleep: the commissaries of the Commune roughly pulled him out of bed, in order to search it; his mother folded him, half-perishing with cold, in her arms. They searched the mattress, the bedding, his clothes, but found nothing whatever; we are wrong: the labour of the commissaries was not fruitless; in searching among the effects of Marie-Thérèse they made a fresh discovery. "They took from me," says Madame Royale, in the narrative she has left of the captivity in the Temple, "a sacré-cœur, and a prayer for France." A prayer for the country which had left her father to die: an image of the heart of a God who died to save mankind! These were the objects which the envoys of the Revolution found on the person of the orphan of the Temple, faithful to the instructions of the immortal Testament. The visit, commenced at a quarter to eleven at night, did not terminate till two o'clock in the morning.*

* Extract from the report drawn up by the commissaries appointed to make a close search in the apartments of the prisoners detained in the tower of the Temple.

"This day, 20th April, 1793, at a quarter to eleven in the evening, in execution of the decree of the council-general, we, the undersigned, proceeded to the tower of the Temple, where, at the hour above-stated, we ascended to the apartments of Marie Antoinetta, widow Capet, and of her

The royal family searched.

Three days afterwards, Tuesday, 23rd April, the commissaries returned to the charge: deputed to remove the seals placed on the apartment of Louis XVI., they made further researches in the apartments of the surviving prisoners. The stick of sealing-wax, so far confirming Tison's statement, had inspired them with the hope of making other discoveries; but they found only a hat, which Madame Elizabeth had

children, to commence the examination of the furniture and the search of persons, as follows:

"First, upon entering the chamber of the said widow Capet we searched the furniture, amongst which we found nothing suspicious: only, on a night-table there was a small book entitled '*Journée du Chrétien*,' in which was a figure, coloured red, representing, on one side, a heart in flames, pierced with a sword, and encircled by stars, with this legend: '*Cor Maria, ora pro nobis*;' on the other, a crown of thorns, and a cross above the heart, with this legend: '*Cor Jesus, miserere nobis*.' We found, further, a printed pamphlet of four pages, entitled: '*Consécration de la France au sacré cœur de Jésus*;' it commences with these words: 'O, Jesus Christ!' and we remarked therein the following passages: 'All the hearts of this kingdom, from the heart of our august monarch down to the poorest of his subjects, we unite in the band of charitable desires, to offer them unto thee altogether.—Yes, heart of Jesus! we offer unto thee our whole country, and the hearts of all thy children.—O, Holy Virgin! they are now in thy hands; we give them to thee, in consecrating ourselves to thee, as to our protectress and mother; now, we supplicate thee, offer them to the heart of Jesus.—Ah! presented by thee, he will receive them, he will pardon them, he will bless them, he will sanctify them, he will save all France, he will cause the revival there of holy religion. So be it! So be it!'

"In the pockets of Marie Antoinette was a red morocco pocket-book, in which we saw nothing worthy to be noted, except a piece of ass skin, on which was written, in pencil, the following: 'Brugnier, quai de l'Horloge, No. 65,' with other names and addresses of various persons whom the prisoners might require. Also, in the same pockets, a case rolled up, containing a steel pencil-case, without a pencil.

"We searched the chamber occupied by Elizabeth-Marie, sister of the late Capet, where we found nothing of a suspicious character, except that in a casket we discovered a stick of red sealing-wax, which had been used, and some box-wood dust, in the same paper. At about two o'clock in the morning we completed the present report, in presence of the said ladies, who have signed the same with us.

(Signed)

"MARIE-ANTOINETTE, ELIZABETH-MARIE,
BENOIT, &c."

The result of the search.

preserved as a memorial, it having belonged to the King, her brother.*

The municipal officers, whom Tison and his wife had denounced,—Toulan, Lepitre, Brunot, Moelle, and Vincent,—were suspended from their functions, as charged with seditious respect, and suspected of anti-revolutionary sympathies towards the royal family. The press, with malignant exaggeration, pretended that the son of Louis XVI. was treated as a king by his mother, his aunt, and his sister; that every morning they paid

. • Extract from the report drawn up by the said commissaries, 23rd of same month.

“We, the commissaries named by the council-general of the Commune of Paris to remove the seals placed on the apartment of Louis XVI. proceeded, &c.

“We declare that the books, among which we notice ‘*Horace*,’ the ‘*Imitation de Jésus-Christ*,’ the ‘*Constitution Française*,’ and the ‘*Bréviaire de Paris*,’ have been delivered over to the charge of the porter, as also the furniture; thirty-three louis, a gold watch, the shoe and garter-buckles (also of gold), the crosses of various orders, with their hooks, have been deposited in the office of the registrar of the Commune, and will be melted down, so that no rallying-token may be left to tyranny, no relic to superstition; the ribbons were burned in the tower.

“Further researches were made in the prisoners’ apartments, but there was found no vestige of any correspondence with persons abroad, or of any connivance between the prisoners and the six members of the council inculpated by Tison’s report; only, in Madame Elizabeth’s room there was discovered, in a box under the bed, a hat belonging to Louis. Upon asking her who gave her that hat, she replied that she had it from her brother, who had given it to her when they lived together in the little tower, in order, as he said, that she might have something to keep that had belonged to him; and she added that, on this account, the hat was precious to her. It was observed to her that people seldom keep a hat as a pledge of tenderness, but she persisted in her reply.

“Notwithstanding this explanation, the commissaries add that they are still of opinion that the hat must have been brought back to the tower, since, upon inspection of the register of purchases, it is clear that Louis XVI. had but one hat, which accompanied him to the place of execution. This hat, attesting the existence of some exterior correspondence, has been deposited in the office of the council of the Temple, with the promise made that it shall be returned to Madame Elizabeth, who solicited this favour with urgent entreaties.*

(See Appendix (Document No. III.), for a further report on the subject by the police.)

Fresh persecutions.

their formal homage to him as such, and that, in short, he received from them all the honours theretofore rendered to royalty.

It is probable that these rumours originated with an information laid before the authorities by Jacques-Claude Bernard, a malevolent perversion of a scene which passed in the Temple, and in which he had performed an odious part. This scene is thus related by Turgy :

"When the young King took his place at table they used to give him, as a child, a seat higher than the rest, and furnished with a cushion. One day, when this seat was occupied by a municipal, named Bernard, who had been a curate of the Hospital of La Pitié, they placed the child on one of the ordinary chairs. This chair was so low that the young King could scarcely reach what was on his plate, but no one ventured to disturb Bernard, who was noted for his coarse ill-temper. Tison coming in, I made a sign to him, which he understood. He asked the municipal to let the child have the chair which he generally used, and offered the man himself another. Bernard roughly refused, saying, before the Queen and the Princesses : " I never saw chair or table either given to prisoners ; straw is good enough for them."

Hébert acted as the accuser of Toulan and Lepitre, and, papers in hand, maintained that they had been servilely complaisant, if not accomplices in guilt. The names of these two exceptional persons, who had been guilty of compassion and humanity, were, therefore, erased from the list of commissaries appointed to guard the Temple tower, and they were replaced by colleagues of tried severity.

A National Guard who, while on duty, had amused himself in making a plan of the tower, was arrested and condemned to secret imprisonment. Masons were about the Temple again, employed in building a transverse wall, with a double wicket in front of the ex-palace ;* they also cleared the environs of

* See the sitting of the council-general of the Commune of Paris of 26th March, 1793.

 Royalist testimonies.

the Rotunda and of the old chapel of the rubbish left there by the houses recently demolished, and made a road all round to facilitate the passing of patrols. Close blinds were put to all the windows which had not yet received them.*

What brought the suspicions of the council-general to a climax was that, in addition to the rumours of public opinion, and the denunciatory articles published in the newspapers, testimony of a yet more striking character was borne to the son of Louis XVI.: his royalty was proclaimed from the scaffold itself by men who died as they proclaimed it. The "*Courrier Français*" of Tuesday, 31st April, 1793, contained the following article:

"Boucher, a dentist, condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, displayed upon the scaffold a degree of rage which can only be attributable to the fanaticism of royalty; after hearing his sentence, he cried out several times: '*Vive Louis XVII.!*' To the Devil with the Republic!' When he reached the place where he was to suffer, he addressed the numerous spectators who surrounded the scaffold as follows: 'Is it not a very curious thing to see a man perish for having said a king was necessary? Yes, you do need one! *Vive Louis XVII.!*' Then turning to the executioner, 'Guillotine me!' said he to him. Thus died this unfortunate man, a victim to his anti-revolutionary frenzy."

The authorities now kept eye and hand on the Temple more carefully than ever. Precautions the most minute were taken to prevent any communication with the prisoners from without, and all comfort was at an end for them.

As a climax of misery the young Prince fell ill in the beginning of May. A municipal officer, on arriving that day

* "Decree of the Temple-council, dated 24th April, ordering repairs to the windows in the apartment of the late Louis Capet, and in that of Madame Elizabeth.

(Signed) "FINEAU, TANCHOU, and ARTHUR."

Illness of the young King.

at the tower, took pleasure in informing the Queen that the constituted bodies of Paris had just made a decree for raising *a corps of twelve thousand citizens, destined to march against the rebels of La Vendée*. Without showing any emotion at this intelligence, or dwelling on it at all, Marie Antoinette replied quietly: "If you could induce the council-general, Sir, to send M. Brunier, the usual medical attendant of my children, to me, I should feel greatly indebted to you." The municipal acquainted the council with this request.* Her maternal entreaties were at length attended to; but M. Brunier was not the person sent to the tower. The motive of the Commune for making a different choice deserves to be preserved in history:—"After hearing a letter from the commissaries of the Temple read through, which announces that little Capet is ill, the council-general decrees that the physician-in-ordinary of prisons go and attend little Capet; as it would be an injury to equality to send him any other."†

M. Thierry, physician to the prisons, received an order in consequence to repair to the Temple. He examined the young invalid attentively, and, at the Queen's entreaty, hastened to consult with M. Brunier, in whom she had every confidence. She had great cause to be satisfied with the zeal, assiduity, and attention shown by M. Thierry. The illness lasted several weeks, during which the doctor came daily to the Temple, and

* Extract from the register of the deliberations of the council-general of the 9th May, 1793, 2nd year of the Republic, and 1st from the death of the Tyrant.

"The council-general, after deliberating on the illness of the son of the late Capet, just announced to them, and on the demand of Marie Antoinette for a physician to attend him:

"Decrees, that the commissaries on duty to-day at the Temple be heard on the subject.

(Signed)

"PACHE, Mayor.

"DORAT-CUBIERES, Secretary-registrar.

"Exact extract;

"COULOMBEAU, Secretary-registrar."

† Sitting of Friday, 10th May.

Position of the factions.

during which Marie Antoinette and her sister-in-law never left the pillow of their dear child. After his convalescence, his wardrobe, which had been very much neglected since his coming to the Temple, was renewed.*

This illness, though it had been serious,† had not occupied the public mind, which was absorbed in the struggle that had arisen in the heart of the Convention: it was inevitable that such a struggle must take place. Good or bad, there must always be one directing influence in society; now, as there were several, each desired to have the upper hand. The Gironde had the majority in number in the Assembly, and were certainly favoured by the greater part of the departments; but the Mountain was supported by the terrible Commune of Paris and the revolutionary population of that capital, to say nothing of their being less scrupulous and considerably more audacious. The whole discussion might be reduced to the question, whether the Gironde was to kill the Mountain in a regular, or the Mountain the Gironde in a revolutionary, way. In fact, the sceptre of that period was the handle of the axe: men governed solely by the headsman's arm.‡

The Girondists, who could talk better than they could act, and who, besides, had not all their forces on the battle-field,

* See Appendix. (Document No. IV.)

† The symptoms re-appeared the next month. We read in the register of the deliberations of the council-general of the Commune, of Saturday, 11th June, 1793:

"The Temple council states that the son of the prisoners has had a rupture, and submits the proposition of the doctor who has visited him that he be attended by citizen Piplé, trussmaker.

"The council-general decrees, that citizen Piplé, trussmaker to the prisons, visit the son of Marie Antoinette.

"Also decrees, that the trussmaker to the prisons be informed of this, in order that he may repair to the Temple without the least delay.

"DESTOURNELLES, Vice-president.

"DORAT-CUBIÈRES, Secretary-registrar."

: The following letter, which has never been published before, supports what we have said:

Isolation of the prisoners.

were necessarily destined to be conquered. Their defeat was the inevitable result of their situation, and of the line of policy, they had pursued. They had not taken the head of Louis XVI., but they allowed it to fall; now, whoever once draws back in revolutionary matters must always recede. There was but one more thing to ask of them, after receiving the head of that King whom they had abandoned—their own heads, and their adversaries did not make them wait long.

Of these stormy debates, those threatening commotions, the prisoners of the Temple now heard no more. No newspaper reached them, no news was told them; the voice of the great city died away at their gates, as did the victorious cries of the Vendéan army; they knew nothing, either, of the execution by guillotine of Generals Miasinsky and Phil. Devaux, accomplices of Dumouriez, or of the departure of Santerre

“Commune of Paris.

“Paris, 6th May, 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“(On pressing business.)

“An abuse has been complained of to me, citizen administrators, to which I have to direct your attention and your feelings of humanity.

“After the public executions of condemned criminals, the blood of the sufferers remains on the spot where it was shed. Dogs come and lick it up, while crowds of people feast their eyes on this spectacle, which excites their minds to ferocity. Men of a milder character, whose sight is more easily offended, complain of being thus obliged to walk through human blood against their will.

“You will feel that such an abuse ought to be promptly put down. I sent for the executioner of condemned criminals, but he assured me that he did not deserve any reproach on the subject, since, by the wording of the law, he is only charged with the execution, and has no control over its consequences.

“Therefore, as you are intrusted with the repairs, construction, &c., of the instrument which is used in public executions, I beg you will direct the carpenter appointed to that business to make some arrangement, in order to prevent any trace of blood remaining after an execution.

“I trust in this matter to your love of order and good morals.

“CHAUMETTE.

“Attorney-general of the Commune.”

“To the President of the Directory of Paris.”

Santerre's letter.

with numerous levies for the army of the west,* or of the defeat of the republican army at Fontenay-le-Péle (Fupontenay-le-Cômte), by those rude and simple inhabitants of the Bocage, whom a great man, some years later, called the "giants of La Vendée."

* Santerre had left Paris on Sunday, 19th May, as we are informed by the register of the sittings of the council-general of the Commune. Some days afterwards he wrote the following letter from Orleans :

" Still at Orleans, 26th May, 1793, 2nd year of the Republic.

" Citizen Mayor,

" I have to give you an account of my operations and observations. .

" The road, for a republican, is as fine a sight as can be desired ; we see the vehicles that were used to convey crime carrying virtue now ; no longer serving oppressors, but, in good truth, the defenders of the republic.

" When we see soldiers coming from the north, short of everything, and yet all content as those of Paris, and all the people receive one because one has the same principle as they, and may have served one's country perhaps a little, we can fear no disaster, and nothing can mar our enjoyment. As you perceive, I have seen that you were sent for to the bar.

" You will be, perhaps, surprised to know that I am still at Orleans. I have organised the troops here, and set out this morning. This town, which, like our own, has an excellent municipality and a virtuous mayor, has, however, some vexatious circumstances in its organisation. No longer has it the Prieurs, the Bourbotes, and Juliens, in its bosom. In their stead, it has four men who hold no communion but with aristocrats and wealthy persons. One Manuel is member for the department.

" It has an excellent popular society.

" Citizen Giot, of the arsenal, and member of the society of Paris, has, like myself, been present at several sittings, in which we have advocated republican principles, and consoled our friends a little in reference to the fears they entertained lest the aristocracy might raise their heads and join the sections of Fraternity and the grenadiers of the National Guard of Paris, who are to be inserted in the bulletin.

" Where are we then, republicans ?

" We are setting out to join the body of the army, and, with such soldiers as the republic has, we shall be able to realise the presage of the president of the Commune—' *Vent, vidi, vici !*'

" Be so good, citizen mayor, as to assure the whole Commune of my gratitude ; it is to them I owe the happiness of serving my country. I will be free, and a republican, or I will die content.

" Your friend,

" SANTERRE."

Efforts of the Mountain.

However, on the 31st May, they heard so great a noise outside that they imagined the whole neighbourhood must be in flames; the call to arms, the alarm guns, and the tocsin, shook the walls and awoke the echoes of Paris. At L'Abbaye, at Saint-Lazare, and all the state-prisons, the prisoners sent forth lamentable shrieks, thinking they heard the cut-throats of September already at their doors. Madame Elizabeth interrogated the municipals as to the cause of the tumults, one of whom naïvely replied: "It is the commission of Twelve that occasions all this stir." In fact, the revolutionary city was in great disorder; a commission of twelve deputies, whose duty it was to search out all conspiracies set on foot against liberty, was loudly accused of carrying on a most iniquitous system of inquisition against the best patriots. This was the subject worked upon with unparalleled ardour by the supporters of Robespierre, who was desirous of arriving, by means of an insurrection, at the dictatorship. Several arrests had taken place in the very neighbourhood of the Temple, and had put the whole quarter in a ferment, every one crying out that the most zealous defenders of liberty were being taken to prison. The decree by which this commission had been formed, made on the 18th May, repealed on the 27th, and once more established on the 28th,—so rapid were the changes at this critical period,—excited a general insurrection, which called out the whole of the disaffected population, closed the barriers of Paris, and produced a "decree of accusation against all deputies unfaithful to the charge they had received from their constituents, in order to seize traitors and discover conspiracies formed to ruin the republic:" so fertile was this day,—which gave the pre-eminence to the Mountain,—in denunciations against the royal family, and all persons suspected of being their active agents, or secret partisans. Hérault de Séchelles, one of whose maxims it was, that "the force of the people and of reason was one and the same thing," applauded this triumph, as was natural, and manifested his approval by revealing a

Fall of the Girondists.

piece of information given him in confidence about the month of March, by Lullier, attorney-general of the department of the Seine. In presence of Robespierre and his other colleagues, who were employed with himself in modelling the Constitution of 1793, he declared he had been told by Lullier that, "from the reports made to him, in virtue of his office, he had been acquainted with the real existence of certain plots in favour of the son of Louis XVI., not only in the departments, but in the very Convention itself; that the anti-revolutionary party, already very numerous, only waited till it should attain the degree of strength necessary to carry off the heir of the Capets from the Temple; and lastly, that Danton, proclaimed Regent, with the Constitution of 1791 in his hand, was to bring forward the young constitutional monarch, surrounded by the representatives of regenerated France." The Gironde was attacked exactly in the same manner as Louis XVI. had been; calumny first made the breach by which insurrection entered, and Pache, who was to the Gironde what Pétion had been to the King, allowed it to pass. The majority in the Convention abandoned their leaders, to earn the pardon of the Mountain for having supported them, and under the guns of Ronsin they passed whatever decrees were required of them. The Convention experienced among themselves the same terror that they inspired without,—bowed down as they were by the yoke of the Mountain, coalescing with the Commune of Paris, who had the disposal of the revolutionary forces formed by so many sudden changes in the capital. In consequence of this the arrest of thirty-two members was voted, among whom figured Vergniaud, Lanjuinais, Gensonné, Pétion, Brissot, Barbaroux, Louvet, Buzot, and the ministers Lebrun and Clavière. The fall of the Girondists produced a profound sensation of alarm throughout France. They were, compared with their adversaries, the last representatives of moderate opinions, and, now that they no longer had the object of overturning monarchy, they were trying to restore some ideas of

Michonis.

order and authority, which their position as a government rendered necessary. It was easy to comprehend, therefore, that, when they fell, men with extreme theories would take their places, and the Girondists were regretted in proportion to the fears entertained of their successors. But the movement, first excited by themselves, would not now stop before anyone, nor for anyone.

The month of June passed in as violent a state of agitation as that which had preceded the events of the 31st May: the boats loaded for the provisioning of Paris were stopped in their progress and given up to pillage; the shops were continually menaced with despair and famine; at night, armed men, scoured the streets to seize the miserable people pointed out by Robespierre. Men trembled for what they held most dear; two friends, two relations, did not meet now without astonishment at seeing each other again, at being free—and alive! And, thenceforward, the friends of the Queen were fully convinced that there was no safety for that Princess save in flight.

Among those members of the municipality who had been spared in the denunciations just mentioned was Michonis, who, no less decidedly a royalist, but more skilful in dissimulation than Lepitre and Toulan, had passed through circumstances the most difficult without compromising himself, and had always vindicated his conduct from the suspicion that had arisen of his sentiments; more fortunate in this respect than his colleagues, whose names had been struck out from the list of the Temple commissaries. When on duty at the tower, Michonis gave Marie Antoinette information of what had just occurred, endeavouring to re-assure her concerning the intentions of the Mountain, who, he said, although victorious, would not venture to bring her to trial; and on his adding that the Emperor would, in all probability, demand her: "What does it matter to me?" replied the Queen, with an accent of calm and settled grief; "at Vienna, I should be but what I am

The Baron de Batz.

here,—what I was at the Tuileries ; my sole wish is to be reunited to my husband, when Heaven shall deem me no longer necessary to my children."

A few days afterwards, Michonis engaged in a plot to carry off the mourning widow from her prison. Baron de Batz was again at the head of this dangerous enterprise. The incessant search after him ever since the attempt of the 21st January, had not driven from Paris this intrepid servant of a cause that misfortune had rendered so noble, and which, besides, presented the allurements of danger,—irresistible to all generous spirits. The obstinate struggle maintained by this man against the fearful power that oppressed the nation, is one of the marvels of those times. Everywhere present, though nowhere to be seen, as skilful in laying his own snares as in avoiding those of the enemy, he had the most prudent agents at his devotion, and the most active spies in his pay. His words were even more insinuating than the arguments of his purse were persuasive, and with admirable address he had gained over several members of the Convention, who, if circumstances did not allow of their rendering him any useful assistance, at least remained faithful to him by preserving inviolable silence upon his affairs. Unwearied in conspiracy, no sooner had his enterprises failed than he began again with renewed ardour, and fearlessly remained in a town where a price had been set upon his head. His name was the signal for serious measures being taken, and the strictest possible search being made. The trackless conspirator had many impenetrable places of refuge in Paris and its environs ; but his most usual, and, perhaps, securest retreat, was in the house of Cortey, a grocer in the Rue de la Loi, whose reputation for civism had recommended him to the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, by whom he had been chosen captain in command of the National Guard of the Lepelletier section. Cortey also enjoyed the friendship of Chrétien, a member of the revolutionary tribunal, whose influence was all-powerful in the committees of that

Plan of escape.

section. It was in consequence of his recommendation that Cortey was appointed one of the officers of the post to whom the guard of the Temple was intrusted, whenever a detachment from their battalion formed part of the armed force there. Sheltered by the revolutionary renown of his host, and concealed in his house, Baron de Batz confided his plans to him and Michonis, and, in concert with them, took all the measures relating to their execution. The first time that Cortey was on guard at the Temple after this disclosure, Batz desired him to include him, under a fictitious name, in the list of the men whom his company furnished to the post, in order that, by being thus introduced into the tower, he might, as a preliminary step, be enabled to form an exact idea of the locality. The officer yielded to his desire, and having put him down on the roll of the men on duty, under the name of Forget, he thus gave him admission into the Temple, where he mounted guard. It was also necessary, for the execution of the plan agreed upon, to wait until Cortey's turn on guard should coincide with Michonis's turn on duty. The mutual understanding of the two authorities was indispensably requisite, and several days passed before the captain and the civil commissary were on duty together. Batz took advantage of this delay to secure, conjointly with his host, the assistance of thirty men of the section, whose sentiments either one or the other had discovered, whose character they had had cause to appreciate, or whose discretion they had tried. The good-nature of Cortey seduced some, while the flattering words of Batz persuaded others. Michonis, with his customary prudence, did not appear in person in this dangerous recruiting; however, he reserved as bold a part for himself when he took upon him to direct everything within the tower.

The expected day arrived; the officer and the municipal were on duty at last together. Cortey entered the Temple with his detachment, among whom figured De Batz, under his assumed name. The officer of the post arranged the turns of

Discovery of the plot.

duty in the manner most favourable for the success of the enterprise; *twenty-eight men on whom he could depend* were to be on patrol or sentry from midnight until two o'clock, A.M.: while the civil commissary, on his part, was to take his measures for being on guard himself in the apartment of the royal family at the same hour. The men on sentry on the staircase of the tower were to wear above their uniforms ample military cloaks; Michonis was to take this extra clothing from them, and dress the Princesses in it, who, under this disguise, and with arms in their hands, were to be incorporated with a patrol, in the midst of whom the child-king would be concealed. The sentries on guard in the court-yards who were acquainted with the secret would be silent, if the night turned out bright or the lamps not discreet. Cortey was to command the numerous patrol in person, and have the great gate of the Temple opened for them, a prerogative which, during the night, belonged only to the officer commanding the post. Once without the walls, the safety of the royal family was certain; carriages were placed ready in the Rue Charlot to ensure a rapid flight: by this street the patrol would pass, and was then to leave the prisoners together with De Batz, Michonis, Cortey, and several others who, like them, had entered on this forlorn hope.

The day, which had passed over without any sign of bad weather, seemed to give hope of a favourable night. It was half-past eleven o'clock. Michonis had been on duty some time in the apartment of the prisoners, and his colleagues were resting or playing in the council-room, with the exception of Simon, who had left the tower about an hour before. All the men who were to enter upon their turn of duty at midnight were at their post, when suddenly Simon arrived, and, noisily entering the guard-room, he roughly ordered the roll of all the men present to be called. "I am most happy to see you here," said he to Cortey; "I should not be easy without your presence." M. de Batz saw that all was discovered, and the thought came into his head to blow Simon's brains out, and to

Discovery of the plot.

attempt the escape by force. But speedily mastering his first impulse, he reflected that the explosion of fire-arms, by causing a general stir, would ruin his enterprise, and probably aggravate the sad condition of the royal family; he reflected that the posts on the staircase and on the tower were not yet in his possession, and that the very men around him, on whom he might rely for passive co-operation, would, perhaps, fail him if the question became one of a struggle, and, after all, of almost certain death. Batz remained immoveable; after the roll-call, Simon went up to the tower, and displayed an order from the council-general, commanding Michonis to give over his charge to him, and instantly repair to the Commune. Michonis heard it without surprise, and unhesitatingly obeyed. He met Cortey in the outer court: "What is the meaning of all this?" said he to him. "Be easy," replied the captain, in a low voice; "Forget is gone."

The head of the post had not, indeed, lost a minute. As soon as Simon had left him to go up to the tower, he had, on pretence of a noise in the next street, sent out a patrol of eight men, who were but seven in number when they returned. The coolness of Batz and presence of mind of Cortey had saved the lives of all.

Simon had not been idle; he had instituted a strict search in the apartment of the Princesses, in the towers, and in all the out-buildings within the enclosure; he had examined all the men on duty: but all his inquiries were fruitless. Nothing at all suspicious was visible within the Temple bounds, where all was as quiet as usual. Ashamed of the useless alarm he had occasioned, Simon then doubled the number of men on duty, endeavouring to give weight to an idea of danger in which he no longer himself believed, by the precautions he deemed it prudent to take.

We will now relate all that had occurred, according to the account given by Simon. A gendarme on duty at the Temple had, at about nine o'clock that evening, found a paper,

The plot discovered.

without any address, lying on the pavement before the great gate, within the second fold of which were written these words: "Michonis will betray you this evening:—Watch!" The gendarme having opened the paper gave it to Simon, the only one of the six commissaries with whom he was personally acquainted * Simon repaired with this note in all haste to the council-general, who ordered him to relieve his colleague, and desire him to repair without delay to the bar of the Commune.

Obedient to the summons, Michonis had to undergo a most

* It is as well to call the attention of our readers here to the circumstance, that the number of municipals sent to the Temple varied several times. At first four were sent; then eight, at the time when the trial of Louis XVI. was going on; six, subsequent to the 21st January; afterwards eight again; then four; and then three. The number varied according to the importance of circumstances.

It became so difficult at times to find commissaries to go to the Temple, that it was necessary to have recourse to rigorous measures, in order to overcome the resistance made by the recusants. The denunciation and arrest of the citizens thus reluctant were not long sufficient for the purpose required, and the council-general found itself compelled to take the following resolution, under date 12th September, 1793:

"The council-general decrees, that whenever one of its members whose name has been inscribed for the duty of going to the Temple shall refuse to obey, two gendarmes be directed to proceed to his house, and bring him to the Temple by force.

"Also decrees, that the present resolution be stated in the letter of summons."

It was not long before this measure had to be enforced. "On Wednesday, 18th September, 1793, the council decrees, respecting Forestier, the strict execution of their former decree, bearing that whenever a member refuse to go to the Temple, on being summoned to do so, he be conveyed thither by two gendarmes.

"Decrees, in consequence thereof, that two gendarmes go and bring Forestier."

Agreeably to the same decision two gendarmes brought—

Municipal Souless, 26th September;

Municipal Mourette, 3rd November;

Municipal Gilbert, 21st November;

Municipal Follope, 13th December, 1793; and

Municipal Laurent, 21st January, 1794, &c.

The emigrants.

rigid examination. He answered all questions skilfully; refuted, with authoritative honesty of manner, the testimony of an anonymous paper, forged by some political adversary; and also,—which was indeed the case,—represented Simon to be his personal enemy. The open countenance and apparent candour of the accused had already won him an acquittal from his supposed crime, when next evening, his adversary of the previous night having given an account of the meagre results of his mission, the council-general remained impressed with the conviction, that although Simon, with his restless temper, might be capable of imagining a conspiracy, Michonis, with his frank disposition, was quite incapable of forming one.

Disappointed in his attempt, Simon looked higher for some one to appreciate his zeal. He informed Robespierre of the written warning he had received, and of the secret intelligence constantly conveyed to him; he depicted the Temple to him as a den of daily plotting, a focus of constant discord. Robespierre was but too well disposed to listen to these denunciations; every day several members of the Convention were pointed out to him as nursing the hope of raising the flag of royalty once more. At length the report of an attempt to carry off the prisoners was circulated; a circumstance that strengthened this opinion was, that the committee of public safety had received intelligence that a number of emigrants had re-entered France, from various points on the frontier, in the last two or three weeks. It was said that people who risked their heads by returning, would not venture to do so unless actuated by some powerful motive, and this motive was supposed to be found in the formation of a plan for the deliverance of the royal family. On the 21st June, 1793, the committee ordered vigorous investigations to be made, of which Henriot himself was the principal agent at the Temple. They caused to be republished the decree of the 23rd October, 1792 (moved by Osselin, deputy of Paris), which condemned to death every emigrant convicted of having

Progress of alarm.

set foot again on the soil of France; every Frenchman convicted of having assisted any person wishing to emigrate in his flight, or any emigrant in his return; and lastly, every citizen convicted of having given shelter to an emigrant. Next day, 22nd June, a new decree was promulgated, that every man provided with a passport, by which it appeared that he had taken an oath to Louis XVII., should be arraigned before the revolutionary tribunal. To this measure were added very positive threats against anti-revolutionary persons, and the agitators loudly expressed their indignation and hatred of traitors and aristocrats.

The alarm of the republicans was well-founded, for there was conspiracy everywhere: it was in the souls of Christians, regretting their fanes deserted and their God proscribed; it was in the hearts of royalists, mourning the death of their King and the captivity of his son; it was in the horror inspired by brutal laws; it was in the blood that had been shed, crying for vengeance—in the blood still to be shed, crying in sad presage of the future; it was in the intestine struggles of jealous and rival factions, and even in the antagonism of ambitious men, mutually accusing each other of a retrograding spirit, in order to send each other to the scaffold.

The name of the young King was always brought forward as the hope, and the excuse for recrimination, of the royalist and revolutionary conspirators. It was ever for or against him that all the plots, more or less obscure, of that period were formed. Parties disputed on both sides for his frail existence; it was against him that all denunciations, ill or well-founded, were directed, still increasing his misfortunes. On the 30th June, some municipal officers of the Pont-Neuf presented themselves to the committee of public safety, and deposed that a plan had been formed for the re-establishment of monarchy; that it was evident that this plot had numerous ramifications in the south and west, and that, in every section of Paris, some trusty associates were labouring to

Rigorous measures of the Convention.

gain over the majority, on pretence of restoring order and re-assuring well-intentioned persons; that General Dillon, in concert with several other general officers who were ready to second him, was to take the command of the insurgent army, which, after spiking the alarm-gun, and overpowering all the guard-houses, was to re-assemble on the Place de la Révolution, with the guns carried off from the different posts, and march thence in two columns,—one by the Boulevards on the Temple, whence they would take the young King; and the other on the Convention, where they would cause him to be proclaimed King of France, under the regency of Marie Antoinette during his minority. Lastly, to give their revelation a more positive character, they added that all the agents armed in this revolution were to be formed into the privileged guard of the monarch; and to receive medals suspended by a white watered ribbon.

In consequence of these street rumours, converted into formal denunciations without attempting to inquire into their truth, the committee of public safety signed, on the 1st July, an order for the arrest of General Dillon and his supposed accomplices; and then another decree, the tenour of which was as follows:—

“The committee of public safety decrees that the son of Capet be separated from his mother, and committed to the charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the council-general of the Commune.”

These two measures, sanctioned by the Convention, were carried out on the 3rd July.

It was about ten o'clock at night; the royal child was in bed, and sleeping soundly. His bed had no curtains; but a shawl, ingeniously disposed by his mother's hand, prevented the light from falling on his closed eyelids, and disturbing the calm smile of his gentle face. They had sat up rather later than usual that evening. The Queen and her sister were busy mending the clothes of the family, and Marie-Thérèse,

Removal of the young King.

sitting between them, after having read a few pages of the "*Dictionnaire Historique*,"* had, to finish the evening, just opened the "*Semaine Sainte*," which Turgy had found means to convey to Madame Elizabeth, towards the end of March, 1793.† Often when the young girl made a pause, either after a chapter of the work on history, or at the end of a psalm in the prayer-book, or in turning over a leaf, her mother would raise her head, let fall her work upon her lap, and, looking towards the bed, would listen to the calm breathing of her other child: and thus the evening passed away.

Suddenly the tread of many feet sounded on the staircase; the locks and bolts were moved, the door opened, and six municipals made their appearance in the room. "We are come," said one of them brutally, "to acquaint you with an order from the committee, that the son of Capet be separated from his mother and family." At these words, the Queen rose up, pale with the suddenness of the shock. "Take away my child from me!" she cried; "No, no—it is not

* This work, which had been demanded by the prisoners on the 14th June, was placed at their disposal on the 23rd :—

"Friday, 14th June, 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic.

"On demand of the commissaries on duty at the Temple, the council decrees that Baron, librarian, furnish, on receipt of this order, the following books :

" '*Dictionnaire Historique*,' 4 vols. 8vo.

" Nos. I. II. III. and IV. of the '*Œuvres de Voltaire*.'

" SILLANS, CAZENAVE, FOUCAUX."

"We, members of the council-general of the Commune, on duty at the Temple, acknowledge the receipt of four volumes, entitled, '*Dictionnaire Historique*,' and '*Œuvres de Voltaire*,' which have been brought to the tower.

"Temple council, this 23rd June, 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

" MENNESSIER, Member of the Temple council.

" DANGE."

† "Historical Fragments on the Captivity of the Royal Family." By Turgy: published by Eckard, at the end of the third edition of his "Historical Memoirs of Louis XVII."

Removal of the young King.

possible!" while Marie-Thérèse stood trembling at her mother's side, and Madame Elizabeth, her two hands resting on the sacred volume, looked on and listened, with an anguished heart, but without shedding a single tear. "Gentlemen," said the Queen, striving with all her might to check the feverish shudder that shook her voice, "the Commune cannot think of separating me from my son; he is so young, so weakly, he needs my care so much!" "This decree has been made by the committee," replied the municipal; "the Convention has ratified the measure, and it is our duty to carry it out immediately." "I never can resign myself to such a separation," cried the unfortunate mother; "in the name of Heaven, do not lay this terrible trial upon me!" and her two companions mingled their prayers and tears with hers. They were standing, all three, before the child's bed; they defended the approach to it, sobbing and clasping their hands; no lamenting could have been more touching, no supplication more humble than theirs! The scene might have softened the hardest heart—but what effect was it likely to produce on the envoys of the Commune? "What is the use of all this disturbance?" said they; "we are not going to kill your child. Give him up with a good grace, or we shall use means to take him:" and they already began to use force. As they approached the bed, the substitute for a curtain, violently shaken in the struggle, became unfastened, and fell on the young Prince's head. He awoke, and seeing what was going forward, he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying out, "Mamma! Mamma! do not leave me!" And his mother, pressing his trembling form to her bosom, soothing, and defending him, clung with all her strength to the "bed-post." "Let us not fight with women," murmured one of the commissaries, who had not yet spoken; "citizens, let us call the guard;" and he turned, accordingly, to speak to the porter, who was standing in front of the door. "Do not do that," said Madame Elizabeth; "in Heaven's name, do not do that! We

Removal of the young King.

must, indeed, submit to what you require of us by force, but give us time to breathe. The child needs sleep, and he will not be able to rest anywhere else. He shall be given up to you to-morrow morning. Let him at least sleep here to-night, and allow him to be brought to this room every evening." No answer was vouchsafed to these words. "Promise me, at least," said Marie Antoinette, "that he shall remain within the tower, and that I be permitted to see him every day, if only at meal-times." "We have no account to give *thee*, and it is not *thy* place to question the intention of the country. God! *thou* art very miserable because *thy* child is taken from *thee*! Ours are forced to go every-day, and have their heads broken by the bullets of the enemies that *thou* hast drawn to our frontiers." "My son is too young to serve his country yet," replied the Queen, mildly; "but I hope,—God willing!—that he will one day be proud to devote his life to her."

Meanwhile she was dressing him, and, although she was assisted by the two Princesses, never did a child's toilet last so long. Every article of clothing they put on him was turned about in every direction, passed from hand to hand, and bathed in tears. By this means, the moment of parting was delayed for a few seconds; but the municipals began to lose patience.

At length the Queen, concentrating all the remaining strength in her heart's core, sat down upon a chair, drew her son before her, laid her two hands on his little shoulders, and calm, motionless, and composed in her distress, without shedding a tear, or heaving a sigh, she said to him in a sad and solemn tone: "My child, we are about to part. Remember your duty when I am no longer present to remind you of it. Never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, and straightforward, and your father will bless you from Heaven above!" She said, kissed her son on the forehead, and gave him in charge to his jailers. The

Grief of the captives.

poor child rushed once more to his mother, embraced her knees, and caught hold of her dress, which he held with all his might. "My son, you must obey, you must!" "Come, come! I hope you are not going to preach any more," said one of the commissaries; "it must be owned you have greatly abused our patience." "You might have dispensed with your lessons to him," said another, violently dragging the young Prince out of the room. "Don't trouble yourself any more about it," continued a third; "the nation, *always great and generous*, will provide for his education!" And the door was closed once more.* Ah! then came tears and sobs, and cries of despair, and gnashing of teeth! The poor mother, in the paroxysm of her grief, rolled herself on the deserted bed of her child. She had resumed all her royal dignity, for a moment, in the presence of those ravishers of her treasure; all her maternal gravity before her child, whom she was blessing for the last time; but that terrible effort had exhausted the energy of her character and the power of her reason. Never was despair greater than theirs! The three captives looked at each other, embraced each other, but were unable to utter a single word. This separation seemed, by the loss of their

* We give an extract of the register of the Temple relating to the seizure of the Prince, to which we shall merely add, that the reader will judge how ironical is the expression "consideration." The following is the report:

"On 3rd July, 1793, at half-past nine o'clock, P.M., we, the commissaries on duty, entered the apartment of the widow Capet, to whom we made known the order of the committee of public safety of the National Convention of the 1st inst., desiring her to conform to it. After various entreaties to the contrary, the widow Capet at length determined to give up her son to us; he was taken into the apartment indicated by the decree of the council of to-day, and given into the keeping of Simon, who has charge of him. We may observe, moreover, that the separation was carried on with all the consideration that could be expected in such circumstances, the magistrates of the people having shown as much kindness as was compatible with the severity of their functions.

(Signed)

"EUDES, GAGNANT, ARNAUD, VERON,
CELLIER, and DEVEZE."

Marie Antoinette's last affliction.

child, to prognosticate all other kinds of misfortune. It is true, that these noble remains of the royal family had long been pursued, hourly, by agonising recollections and melancholy thoughts; but united and, as it were, sheltered by their mutual affection, they softened each other's grief by kind words, and fortified their courage by pious thoughts; and this angelic child by the vivacity of his spirits, the charm of his tenderness, and the graces of his age, had thrown a sort of halo of joy and hope around their darkest days:—a mother always hopes when she is near her child's cradle.

From that moment all illusory expectations were dispelled from the mind of Marie Antoinette. Her Christian principles had taught her to submit to all former sacrifices, her queenly pride had sustained her so as to enable her to bear all humiliation without a murmur; but, in her sad conjectures as to the future, her mother's heart had never once conceived the idea that she could be separated from her children.

BOOK TWELFTH.

SIMON, TUTOR OF THE DAUPHIN.

3RD JULY, 1793—10TH JANUARY, 1794.

Louis XVII. committed to the care of Simon—The household of Simon—Three witnesses—The child's request—Simon's sentiments—First outrage—Resistance of the Dauphin—Instructions given to Simon by the Convention—Death of Marat—Louis XVII. wears mourning for him—Walks on the tower—Simon and his wife served by Louis XVII.—The Prince dressed in the carmagnole and red cap—The Queen and Tison—Marie Antoinette sees her son—She is transferred to the Conciergerie—Revolutionary festival—Remark of the Dauphin—His songs and lamentations heard in the upper story of the tower—The young King, becoming ill, is attended by Simon's wife—M. Le Bœuf—Mauguin's tavern—Fine observation of the Dauphin to Simon—Hébert at the Temple—Tison confined in the turret—New decrees—Moral and physical loss of strength of the Dauphin—Testimony against his mother obtained from him—He is confronted with his sister and then with his aunt—Trial of the Queen—Her condemnation—Her death—Account of an eye-witness—A wager—The billiard table—Barelle—More depositions by the Dauphin—The cage arranged—Conspiracy of the canaries—Simon's foot-bath—Simon's weariness—Doctor Naudin—The Dauphin's gratitude—Brutality of Simon—His departure from the Temple—Reflections.

Escorted by six commissaries and a porter, the young King was conducted to that part of the tower formerly occupied by his father. There a host was in attendance, who appeared to have been a long time waiting there. The room was ill-lighted; the municipals spoke for a few moments with this man, gave him some instructions in a low tone of voice, and then retired. The child found himself alone in the presence

The Simons.

of Simon, whose features he did not perhaps immediately recognise, but the easy gait, gruff and short way of talking, and insolent gestures of this new personage, soon told him who his master was.

Our researches have enabled us to devote a page to the dark biography of Simon, our information coming directly from three persons who were privately acquainted with both himself and his worthy helpmate, and who, throughout this chapter, have furnished us with many details collected by them at that period, and almost day by day, from the very mouth of the woman Simon, concerning what passed in the interior of the Temple.

The personal appearance of Simon may be described in a few words, as follows: fifty-seven years old, he was above the middle stature, of a square, robust make, tanned complexion, coarse face, had black hair, coming down to his eyebrows, and thick whiskers.

He was a working shoemaker, occupying a small apartment on the first floor, looking out on the back of that narrow house in the Rue des Cordeliers (Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine), which is now numbered 16, between the Ecole de Médecine and the house with a carriage entrance, where Marat resided, now numbered 20. Long after this period, more than one orphan of '93 could never pass between these two houses without being struck with rage and horror, so many recollections were connected with the thresholds of those two fatal dwellings!

The woman Simon, named Marie-Jeanne Aladame, was about the same age. She was very little, very fat, and very ugly; her complexion, like her husband's, was naturally very brown, and their occupation did not tend to whiten it. She usually wore a cap tied with a red ribbon, and a blue apron.

She was a woman from the country, without any education, and had been long a servant in the house of Madame Séjan, who kept a wine shop in the Rue des Cordeliers, at the corner of the Rue de Touraine, who had settled upon her a

The Simons.

a small annuity.* She afterwards entered the service of a certain old Madame Fourcroy, who lived in the same house with Simon, and who died there at the age of eighty years and upwards, bequeathing a sum of fifty crowns to her servant. On this, Simon, being doubtless tempted by the two legacies received by his neighbour, made her his wife.

They had been but a short time married when the Revolution broke out.† The woman Simon, notwithstanding her age, often talked about her wish to have children, or rather, I ought to say, her regret at not having any.

Simon had not the reputation, in his house, of being ill-natured; he was rough, but he was accommodating in the affairs of his trade, and carried this disposition into his behaviour to

* Madame Séjan, mother of Séjan, the organist, and of the Abbé Séjan, chaplain-in-ordinary to their Majesties Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The wife of Simon died at the Incurable Hospital (for women), Rue de Sèvres, on the 10th June, 1819, when the little income above alluded to reverted to the family of Séjan, in the person of Madame Weiss, whose maiden name was Séjan.

† We give their marriage certificate; they were married in the parish of Saint-Cosme, the church belonging to which was situated at the corner of the Rue des Cordeliers and the Rue de la Harpe.

"On the 20th May, 1788, after the banns had been three times published in this parish, without any objection being made, the requisite papers having been examined, and having been betrothed the evening before, were married before us, and received the nuptial benediction:—Antoine Simon, of age, widower of Marie-Barbe Hoyan, and a master shoemaker, and Marie-Jeanne Aladame, also of age, eldest daughter of Fiacre and Reine Geneviève Aubert, both of the Rue des Cordeliers, in this parish. Their unmarried condition and place of residence were certified to us,—on the husband's side by Louis Houette, currier, Cour du Commerce, in the parish of Saint-Sulpice, and Jacques le Roy, citizen of Paris, Rue des Quatre-Vents, in the parish of Saint-Sulpice; and, on the wife's, by M. Jacques Séjan, barrister in parliament, prior of Hostung, ex-canon of the church of Saint-Louis du Louvre, and professor in the University of Paris, Rue Saint-Jacques, in the parish of Saint-Etienne du Mont, and by Henri Delamare, formerly a grocer, and ex-churchwarden of this parish, where he resides, in the Rue des Cordeliers, and by René Lormeau, grocer, also of this parish, Rue des Cordeliers, signing with ourselves as follows:

"SIMON, ALADAME, LEROY, HOUETTE, J. SEJAN, DELAMARE,
MAER, LORMEAU."

The Simons.

his neighbours. Some young girls of the neighbourhood, who went as apprentices to a certain Madame Dablemont, residing on the third floor of the same house, never failed, as they descended the staircase and passed before Simon's door in the evening, to sing him the "Shoemakers' Song," and he was never affronted at their jocosity. But he was far from carrying this forbearance and moderation to the club of the Cordeliers, of which he was one of the most ardent members. Once covered with the red cap, the shoemaker's brain involuntarily heated; the frenzy of political passion carries people so far, that this man, who was patient enough with the children of the populace, displayed unparalleled violence and harshness to the unfortunate descendant of kings. Marat had often remarked him as one of the most attentive citizens at his conferences beneath the trees of the section, under the shade of which he was in the habit of declaiming to the people. Having entered into some communication with him, he valued him as a steadfast *sans-culotte*, and easy tool.

The woman Simon, on her side, had had an opportunity of displaying her patriotic zeal. The church of the Cordeliers, turned into a barrack, had been appropriated to the Marseillais wounded on the 10th August, and the citizeness had dressed their wounds.

Therefore, when the question arose about providing a tutor for "little Capet," Simon was called to the notice of the council-general by Marat. The candidate was also supported by Robespierre, who had more than once, but most especially in the business about Michonis, had occasion to remark the patriotism of Simon. Thus, the two political fathers of this man were Robespierre and Marat: he was destined to show himself worthy of such a double parentage. The woman Simon went up to Madame Dablemont's room, and said to her: "I am going to have a good place; they are coming for me in a coach, and perhaps something better still!" She was, in fact, carried in triumph that same day to the Hôtel de Ville, for the women had their

The three witnesses.

ovations also ; and, two days afterwards, Simon installed himself at the Temple tower. His salary, like that of Tison, was five hundred francs a month ; but when this sum was granted him by the council-general of the Commune, he was enjoined by that body never to leave his prisoner, and not to leave the tower on any pretence whatever.

He was not even permitted to walk in the garden, except with his pupil at the hour appointed by the municipals. He was faithful to his engagements : the man suited the work, and the work suited the man.

Before proceeding further, we shall say a few words about the three persons whose information, religiously collected, has served us as a clue to this hitherto unexplored labyrinth ; viz., the widow Crévassin, Mademoiselle Ménager, and Mademoiselle Semélé. The first had been an early friend of the woman Simon, of whom she did not lose sight until her death, and whom she survived many years. She said to me once, in the depth of her misery and deserted old age, " Marie-Jeanne was more fortunate than I, she died at the hospital."

Mademoiselle Ménager was a household servant, like the woman Simon, whom she knew when the latter was in place. She was long in the service of Count Saur, senator ; and kept up a constant communication with Marie-Jeanne during her residence at the Temple, and subsequently to that period. She had a wonderful memory for facts and dates.

Mademoiselle Semélé was one of those young workwomen, who, going to work as an apprentice in the apartment of Madame Dablemont, was in the habit of singing the "Shoemakers' Song" as she passed Simon's door. During the residence of the latter, together with his wife, at the Temple, she still continued to visit their former dwelling, whither the woman Simon also went from time to time, on the days when she was allowed to go out ; for she was a welcome guest there, and the people of the house used every means to attract her

Commencement of the new tyranny.

to come, in order to hear the news that only she was capable of giving. Mademoiselle Semélé, who was younger than the other two apprentices, and their superior in intelligence and education, had preserved notes of the stories told by the woman Simon, which have been of great service to me. The statements of these three women have greatly assisted me in clearing up many points in this dark phase of the Dauphin's life, in distinguishing truth from falsehood in the reports collected by contemporaries, and in completing the authentic documents deposited in the registers of the Commune and in the National Archives.

It was half-past ten o'clock at night when Simon's future pupil was brought to him. It will readily be comprehended what poignant recollections must have been recalled to the young Prince's mind, by the apartment where he had seen his father for the last time. It has not been given to us to know how that first night passed, nor by what scenes the frightful struggle between the child and his destroyer began. We only know that the child wept long, that he remained for hours seated on a chair in the darkest corner of the room, and that Simon had great difficulty in gaining a few brief answers to the questions that he imperiously put to him, swearing and smoking his pipe as he spoke.

The next morning, the woman Simon arrived :* she came, a faithful companion to such a man, for the purpose of installing herself with him at the Temple, and assisting him in his duties as tutor ; and the nation, *always great and generous*, made no opposition to the help thus offered in the liberal education of the son of Capet !

* An annual salary of three thousand livres was allotted to her, as is shown by the register of the council-general of the Commune of Paris :

"On motion of one of its members, the council-general decrees that Simon and his wife remain in attendance on little Capet, with the same allowances that Tison and his wife had, when they waited on the father Capet."

Oh ! Simon !—husband and wife !—you have a great task to perform ; you are right in setting to work together ! So much good counsel has been given to your pupil, so many examples of virtue have been shown before him, so much affection, gentleness, and charity have been sown in his young mind, that you have much to efface before you can inscribe your ideas there.

The young Prince remained two days without accepting any other food than a morsel of bread. His new situation, of which he could not comprehend the cause, plunged him into the depth of despair. Sometimes he mourned in silence ; sometimes through his large tears there shot a gleam of indignation, and angry words were heard amid his moans. “ I wish to know,” said he, in an imperious tone, to the municipals ; “ I wish to know what law it is by which you are ordered to separate me from my mother and keep me in prison. Show me the law, I wish to see it !”

The municipal officers stood confused before a child of nine years old, who struggled beneath their authority, finding kingly words to express his indignation. But Simon the orator came to their assistance, silencing his pupil with the air of a pedagogue : “ Hold thy tongue, Capet ; thou art only a reasoner !”

The captive child had his eyes constantly turned towards the door, whither they were drawn by irresistible attraction ; he knew that he could not pass the threshold without the consent of his jailer, but his eager glance sought the entrance every time he heard the noise of the bolts, and the grating of the keys in the locks. Often he remained motionless, and then a tear rolled down his cheek : a sad recollection—a thought of his mother—had struck his youthful heart.

Meantime two days had passed, during which he had attempted to act independently and according to his own will. At length he resigned himself to go to bed with a good grace, and next morning he dressed himself of his own accord, without being ordered to do so. He wept no longer, but he did

Simon's insulting demeanour.

not speak at all. "Ah, ha! little Capet!" said his master to him; "so you are dumb, are you? I shall have to teach you to talk myself, and to sing the 'Carmagnole,' and cry '*Vive la République!*' Ah! you are dumb, are you?" "If I were to speak out what I think," said the royal child, "you would call me mad; I am silent, because I should say too much if I spoke." "Oh, Oh! Monsieur Capet would have too much to say,—that, smacks strongly of the aristocrat; but it does not do for me, do you understand? You are young, and therefore you are excusable; but I, who am your master, I ought not to let you remain in your ignorance; I must bring you on, give you new ideas!" There was, at first, in the manner in which he was treated by Simon, a singular mixture of very open disdain and studied severity. He considered his pupil only as a creature criminal by birth, as a mere child of no consequence whatever; but around that child there was, as it were, a winning reflex of serenity, a perfume of the atmosphere of royalty, that sometimes aroused against the Prince all the hateful susceptibilities of the cobbler.

Yes, it was especially because he was a dignified child, whom one would have remarked in the street, and loved in a foreign land; one of those children who attract one's notice and affection; a gentle creature, towards whom hatred seemed impossible, and whose look, disarming anger and cruelty, seemed to silence every breath of passion, that love alone might reign in his presence; yes, it was this especially, that rendered Simon so pitiless. His petty self-sufficiency could not long accommodate itself to the little airs of severe dignity displayed by his victim; and besides, the mind of the patriot was too well-pleased with this entire subjection of the sovereign race for his unbounded vanity to admit of a single atom of pity, for a child on whom he deemed it his mission to avenge the long oppression of the people.

Still, to show that he was invested with both attributes of a master,—the power to punish and the power to reward,—Simon,

Personal outrages.

in a moment of generosity, or because he deemed it his interest to do so, made his pupil a present of a Jews'-harp, which is a favourite instrument with the little Savoyards. "Your she-wolf of a mother and bitch of an aunt play on the piano," said he, "and you must accompany them on the Jews'-harp. What a fine row that will make!" The child felt that there was a mockery in the gift, and he would not mingle insult with his amusements; he pushed the Jews'-harp aside, and declared that he would not play upon it. This refusal was considered as at once an act of rebellion and ingratitude, which aroused the wrath of Simon, and drew down on the descendant of Louis XIV. the first blows he had ever received.

Two days afterwards an almost similar scene occurred: the child did not yield. His energy, not yet mastered by bodily exhaustion, led him to revolt still more, to assume a prouder bearing in proportion as he was menaced.

These acts of insubordination brought on the Prince, not only the most abusive verbal reprimands from Simon, but also the most brutal treatment. "You may punish me if I fail to obey you," cried the child; "but you ought not to beat me, do you hear? You are stronger than I." "I am here to command you, animal! My duty is just what I please to do; and—*Vive la Liberté—l'Égalité!*"

On Sunday, 7th July, 1793, the report was circulated in Paris that the conspiracy formed by General Dillon had, notwithstanding the arrest of that general and of his principal accomplices, been entirely successful; that the son of Louis XVI. had been carried off from the tower, that he had been seen on the Boulevards, and had been carried in triumph to Saint Cloud. Crowds hastened towards the Temple, eager to assure themselves of the truth. The Temple guard, who had not seen Louis XVII. since he had been given up to Simon, replied that he really was no longer in the Tower; and from that time the popular falsehood gained ground and strength continually.

Inspection of the young King.

In order to put a stop to this rumour, which excited everyone, a numerous deputation from the committee of public safety, repaired in all haste to the Temple, in order to make an official report of the presence of the royal child in that place. Chabot and Drouet formed part of this deputation, and signalized their zeal in noisy manifestations. The moment they reached the Dauphin's, or more properly speaking, Simon's room, they ordered him to bring down the "tyrant's son" that instant into the garden, in order that he might be seen by the guard coming on duty. Then, assembling in the council-room, and closing the doors, they made inquiries as to the manner in which Simon acquitted himself of his duties, and followed the secret instructions that had been given to him. There, nearly the same scene was repeated that took place on the day (3rd July) when the shoemaker-tutor had gone to those who had appointed him in order to ascertain his future powers. Simon's simple mind had not at first comprehended the pitiless instructions of the committee; he had thought, seriously, that the sole thing required of him was to make little Capet a good little citizen, to efface the stain of his royal origin from his brow, and to shade it with a red cap instead of a crown. His frankly revolutionary intelligence had only enabled him to comprehend the stupid aim of transforming the son of T'arquiu into the son of Brutus! Still, from the vague instructions laid down for him, he had at last conceived a misgiving as to the ultimate destiny of his pupil. In the manner of people of his stamp he roundly questioned the intentions of the superiors now visiting him, and addressed to them the following plain inquiries: "Citizens, what do you decide about the wolf-cub? He has been taught to be insolent, but I shall know how to tame him. So much the worse if he sinks under it! I don't answer for that. After all, what do you want done with him? Do you want him transported?" Answer:—"No." "Killed?"—"No." "Poisoned?"—"No." "But what, then?" Answer: "We want to get rid of him!"

Inspection of the Queen

And this was the secret thought of the Revolution, which we shall see perseveringly pursued and carried out for the space of two years ; a thought, clear enough, though veiled in the foregoing dialogue, unique in history, and which has been transmitted to us in a manuscript note of Sénart's, who adds these words : " He was neither killed nor transported. But they got rid of him."

From the time he had been taken down into the garden, the Prince had never ceased crying loudly for his mother ; some of the men on guard were trying to quiet him, when, showing them Simon, who was coming out of the tower, with several persons employed about the establishment, he replied indignantly : " They will not, they cannot, show me the law which orders that I should be separated from my mother !" Astonished at his firmness, as well as affected at his filial distress, some of the men on guard began to question the tutor, the latter merely replied : " The wolf-cub is hard to muzzle ; he would like to know the law, like yourselves ; he is always asking the reasons of things, as if reasons were made for him ! Come, come, silence Capet ! or I'll show the citizens how I *work* you when you deserve it." The unhappy prisoner turned again to the municipals, loudly claiming their protection ; but the energetic appeal he addressed to them had no other effect than to compromise him, and give weight to Simon's assertions.

The commissaries of the Convention, after their conference with the latter in the council-room, went up to the apartment of Marie Antionette, while the tutor rejoined his pupil in the garden. Their visit to the Queen of France resembled a police search in a haunt of robbers. Their scrutinising glances examined every corner of the room, and the smallest article left at the disposal of the prisoners. At length, Drouet, taking up the conversation, said : " We are come to see if you want anything, and that you have nothing superfluous." " I want my son," said the Queen ; " it is really too cruel to

Report of the committee of public safety.

separate him so long from me." "Your son does not want for attention; he has been assigned a patriot tutor, and you have no more reason to complain of the manner in which he is treated than of that in which you are treated here yourself." "I complain of but one thing, Sir, and that is the absence of a child who had never before left me. It is now five days since he was torn from me, and I have not been permitted to see him once, although he is still ill,* and has need of all my care; it is therefore impossible for me to think that the Convention will not acknowledge I have just cause to complain."

Poor mother! She was bewailing her not having seen her son for five days! Oh! how many days must pass before the 16th October comes!—that day of mercy!—when she will again be permitted to look on him from Heaven above; but, Ah! in what a state!

Returning to the Convention, the commissaries relieved the minds of their colleagues as to the reports that had so violently agitated public opinion. Drouet expressed himself as follows: "Some evil-disposed or senseless persons have been pleased to spread a report that Capet's son had escaped, and had been carried in triumph to Saint-Cloud; although they were convinced of the impossibility of such an escape, your committee of public safety directed us,—Maure, Chabot, Dumont, and myself,—to make an official report of the presence of the prisoner. We repaired to the Temple accordingly; and, in the first apartment, found Capet's son, quietly playing at draughts with his Mentor. We then went up to the women's apartment, and found there Marie Antoinette, her daughter, and sister, all three enjoying perfect health. There are persons who still make it their delight to spread reports among foreign

* We have before us the accounts of the medicines furnished to Marie Antoinette, her children, and sister, at the Temple, during the months of May, June, and July, by citizen Robert, apothecary authorised by the Commune, and under the direction of citizen Doctor Thierry, by which we see that, during the whole of the month of July, there were medicines furnished daily for the son of Marie Antoinette. (See Document No. V.)

Increased severity.

nations, to the effect that they are ill-treated ; while from their own confessions, made in presence of the commissaries of the Convention, it appears that nothing is wanting to their comfort.*

It will be seen that Drouet said nothing of the complaints made by Marie Antoinette, relative to the cruel separation from her son. The cries of a child, the tears of a mother ; that secret and mutual sympathy that passed from the garden to the tower, and from the tower to the garden ; that bond of love and sorrow, that drew the widow to the orphan so closely, and the son to his mother,—all this was passed over in silence ! They merely said : “The child was playing quietly at draughts with his tutor, and there was nothing wanting to the comfort of his mother, and aunt, and sister.”

From that day forth the master redoubled his severity towards his pupil. The tender age, the innocence and grace of the prisoner, were unable to disarm the inflexibility of the jailer. On the contrary, the pure complexion of the child, his clearness of eye, his beautiful hair, his little well-formed hand, the air of nobility impressed on all his features, his distinguished manners and refinement of mind,—all that dignity and grace, that seemed a reflection of royalty itself, did but inflame against him the coarse passions of the Simon establishment. That worthy pair would take offence, as much from personal vanity as from their political sentiments, at a mere attitude, a gesture, or a word that was at once a criticism on their own peculiar manners and the living tradition of aristocratic feeling. Their envious spite, implacable as deadly hate, taught them thus to find a pleasure, and—might I be allowed to say so ?—a duty, also, in degrading their pupil to their own level, and in effacing every peculiarity in the scion of royalty that might betray his ancient race and early education.

The events that occurred in public affairs had also a great

* Sitting of the National Convention of Sunday, 7th July, 1792. (*Moniteur* of Tuesday, 9th July, 1793.)

Death of Marat.

influence on the conduct of Simon towards the child, to whom he stood in the capacity, not merely of keeper, but also of tutor, director, and companion. On the 12th July, when he heard of the capture of the town of Condé by the Austrian army, he threw himself upon him, crying out in his fury: "D—d wolf-cub, you are *half* an Austrian, and therefore deserve to be *half* murdered!"*

Two days afterwards, on the 14th, Simon's wife returned to the apartment, looking quite scared; she had just heard of the death of Marat, who had been assassinated in his bath by a young girl the night before. Simon could not at first believe that such an event could have occurred; his astonishment equalled his wrath, and his grief equalled his indignation. Marat had that sort of popularity, derived, not from universal esteem, but from the very vices of humanity. When the breath of envy inspires the wicked, the poor, and the mean, the wicked are pleased to see the just fall victims; the poor, to see the rich stripped of their wealth; and the mean, to see the mighty degraded to the dust.

For the first time Simon left his prisoner in charge of his wife and a commissary, and went down for a moment to the guard-house and council-room, the only places where, without going out of the tower, he was likely to obtain information as to the facts. The news was known by all; it occasioned a great sensation in the tower; but nowhere, perhaps, and to no other person, did it give so much pain as to the Jacobin shoemaker, whose protector, neighbour, and political model, Marat had been. Simon went up stairs; he was in a state of excitement, which soon exploded in swearing and blows. He had taken advantage of his going out to send Lefèvre for some wine and brandy, and he himself drank, and made his wife drink also. "And yet," he exclaimed, "to-day is the anniversary

* The expressions employed by Simon are reproduced in all their coarse virulence, in order the more emphatically to convey the sad realities of this melancholy, but instructive story.

Death of Marat.

of the taking of the Bastile!" Then, unable to rest, his brain thoroughly heated, his face flushed with drink, and his pipe in his mouth, he dragged his pupil and Marie-Jeanne up to the platform of the tower, where he waited to breathe a little fresh air, and catch, in the rumbling noise of the great city, an echo of the distant and confused homage paid to his expiring idol. "Capet, do you hear those noises down there? It is the groans of the people round the death-bed of their friend. I did intend to have made you leave off your black clothes to-morrow, but you shall keep them on now. Capet shall wear mourning for Marat. D—d viper that you are, you don't look distressed at all; you are glad of his death!" And so saying he laid his hand heavily on the Prince's head, driving it violently down upon his shoulders. "I did not know the person who is dead," replied the child; "but do not think that I am very glad of it; we do not wish for the death of anyone." "Ah! *we* do not wish, don't *we*! Do you pretend to talk to *us* in the style of your tyrants of fathers?" "I said *we* in the plural," said the child; "for my family and myself." Appeased by this grammatical excuse, which a master ought at least to pretend to understand before his pupil, the smoking demagogue walked up and down quietly for a moment, sending puffs from his pipe in every direction, and repeating again and again, with a Satanic laugh, the phrase which he was charmed to have devised: "Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!"

I should not wish to be reproached with giving too many details and anecdotes, too many of those little facts and incidents, till now unknown, that passed in that part of the tower. In the vast picture of the Revolution, exhausted by our fathers, there is one little corner, into which, by means of my researches, and of meetings with certain persons, which seemed almost miraculously brought about, I, and only I perhaps, have had the sad, the harrowing good fortune to have been able to penetrate. I consider it as an act of conscience

Funeral of Marat.

towards the public, to throw the same truthful light on this mysterious struggle between a child and his jailer, by which I myself have been enabled to comprehend it. A detail, of little importance in itself, becomes, sometimes the very essence of a history; it is through little circumstances that we interest ourselves in great ones; and while the monster city, a prey to various contradictory feelings, is throbbing at the recital of that murder,—equal in audacity to those of antiquity,—and which has made known to the world the name of Charlotte Corday, the reader will, I hope, pardon me for having mentioned the little isolated scene passing on the top of the Temple tower.

On the following Wednesday, 16th July, the funeral of Marat took place; it was celebrated with much pomp, the National Convention being present in a body, as were also the constituted authorities and popular societies. Under such solemn circumstances, it was a subject of bitter regret to Simon that he could not leave his post; and he was continually envying the good fortune of his wife, who, though she had already seen the public show of Marat's body,* was also able to have the comfort of being present at his obsequies. The whole day long he walked up and down his room like an imprisoned tiger. Although condemned by his duties to be absent from the funeral solemnities, he joined it in thought at least, and in costume, having put on, for that day, his fine red cap with the cockade, and his tri-coloured scarf. At length, his wife arrived, and the narration began; but the account of a ceremony from which he had been forced to be absent, and which in his eyes did not sufficiently discharge the debt of

* It is well known that the remains of Marat lay in state in the church of the Vieux-Cordeliers, and that this man, after his death, became the object of a sort of idolatry among the demagogues. The monster was likened to the Saviour of the world, and Litanies were published, in which these words were introduced: "Heart of Jesus, pray for us! Heart of Marat, pray for us!" This production was the work of citizen Brochet, member of the revolutionary committee.

Admirable fortitude of the young King.

popular gratitude, was far from pleasing to him. "It is very surprising," exclaimed he, again and again, in the course of the evening; "It is very surprising that Marat should be laid in the Cordeliers' vault, whereas Lepelletier was buried at the Pantheon!" Some days afterwards, on the 22nd or 23rd July, when he heard of the terrible check sustained by the republican army on the 18th, near Saumur, Simon fell into a passion, the effects of which were borne by the poor bruised body of his unfortunate pupil. "It is your friends that are cutting our throats!" and the blows fell faster and faster. It was of no use for the child to say, "It is not my fault!" the pitiless jailer took hold of him by his hair, and shook his head so as almost to dislocate his neck. The child stifled his lamentations, large tears rolled down his cheeks, but no cry of distress escaped him, so much did he fear that such a cry might be heard in another part of the tower, and occasion suffering as great as his own. Oh! this is praise that we ought not to deny him! The fear of giving pain to his family inspired him with heroic courage; it taught him to overcome his nature; of a hasty disposition, as he was, he had the glory of becoming patient by his thought for others.

His heart had long been a stranger to gaiety, the roses of health had faded from his cheek; his bodily powers were as much fatigued as his mental faculties were discouraged; he slept less than he had formerly done, and the strength of both body and mind were becoming exhausted in an unequal struggle, and in inconsolable sorrow; but the instinct of what was right and good still maintained its empire in his breast.

Simon made him go down into the garden every day, in compliance with the orders given by the members of the committee of public safety, at the time of their visit of the 7th July. He also sometimes took him up to the top of the tower, but this latter walk, which had not been prescribed by the committee, he only took for his own private pleasure, when he was tired of his life as a prisoner, and wished to take

Total neglect of the King's education.

the air, and smoke freely. The child followed him thither, like a dog tamed by blows, and with bowed head, not daring to meet his master's eyes, in which he was sure to find nothing but hate and menace.

I have not mentioned that, under the new regulations, appointed by Simon, books and pens were laid aside; but my readers will have understood that instruction went for nothing in the novel mode of education practised by such a tutor. The idleness to which the active faculties and quick intelligence of the child were condemned, became a constant source of weariness and grief, inaction causing his mind to revert continually to the saddest thoughts and most painful recollections. The day after that on which her son had been taken from her, the Queen, having learned that at least he had not to leave the tower, had begged that his lesson-books, copy-books, and playthings might be taken to him. His papers were thrown in confusion into a corner, his books were used to light Simon's pipe, and his playthings, either broken or imperfect to begin with, were left in the dust, with the exception of a clapper, with which the Prince could amuse himself alone, and the foot-ball which he usually carried with him into the garden,—I say nothing of the Jews'-harp, for he would not even touch that. Together with revolutionary lyrics, patriotic choruses, sanguinary jests, and fashionable oaths, it was all that was necessary to occupy little Capet's hours of study and recreation. The rudiments of education,—writing, history, geography, the adventures of Telemachus, and Lafontaine's fables,—could only have served to cultivate his mind, and this to ennoble his heart.

It was now a fortnight since the Queen had seen her son, the son his mother. And the Queen did not know into what hands her child had fallen; she knew not that he had been taken from her only to destroy at once his bodily strength, and moral purity, and intellectual life. Her anxious fears on that head went very far, but they stopped short of the fearful

Degrading services.

truth; she did not suspect that it was the wish of those in office to lead her son by every degree of shame to the adoption, not only of brutal habits, but of revolutionary opinions and ignoble sentiments, and even to sing the regicide songs of his jailers, who had received the mission to debase by oppressing him.

Simon, as has been seen, made him serve him; he obliged him by dint of blows to descend to the vilest occupations and most humiliating household details. Hastening to give him a costume in the fashion of the day, he took away his mourning, to which he was doubly attached,—first because his mother had touched it, and also because it was in this dress that he had passed his last months with her: it was another fragment of the past forsaking him, to be replaced by the revolutionary uniform.* In fact, among the summer clothes ordered by

* Little Capet's bill, by order of the Temple council.

(The French *aune* is about 3ft. 10in. English measure.)

To Bosquet, Tailor,

2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

	frs.	s.
5½ aunes nankeen, for vest, waistcoat, and trowsers, at 9frs.	49	10
Lining for the back and sleeves of the waistcoat and vest, and for the trowsers	15	0
Making	16	0
24th September, 1½ aune of Louviers cloth, for a little coat, waist- coat and trowsers, and lining for the front of the coat, at 90frs.	120	0
Silk sleeve linings, pockets and back	10	0
Buttons	10	0
Making and trimmings	12	0
1½ aune of Louviers cloth for a little coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, and facings for coat, at 90frs.	135	0
Back, sleeves, and pockets	8	0
Lining for the waistcoat	6	0
Lining for the breeches	8	0
Making	16	0
Buttons for the coat and waistcoat	10	0
Total	415	10

. Correct, and received the articles stated in the above bill by the commissaries of the council.

"LEFEVRE, Commissary of the Commune."
(National Archives, Case E, No. 6207.)

The red cap.

Simon for his pupil, was a little coat of red cloth, made in the *carmagnole* shape, and which, together with trousers of the same colour, and the red cap, was to constitute the classic uniform of the Jacobins. "If I make you leave off mourning for Marat," said Simon to the Prince, "at least you shall wear his livery; that will befit his memory." However, to make the uniform complete, the scarlet cap was wanting. In the permission demanded by the master to have a coat of fine cloth made for his pupil, he had forgotten the head-dress; he was now to supply this important omission. The cap arrived, and Simon wanted to adorn the prisoner's head with it immediately; but in this he met with an opposition he did not expect; the child's resistance was indomitable, and blows had no effect in shaking it. He had become the servant of his jailers, he had borne a thousand affronts, endured a thousand privations which only affected himself; but he absolutely would not put on his head the head-dress of his father's murderers. Simon gave in, at last, tired with scolding and beating, and mollified by his wife's saying to him: "Come, let him alone, Simon, he will be less obstinate another time, he'll come to reason." This was not the only time that this woman interfered in the disputes; but then she had good cause to be pleased with the child. One day, as she was giving her former mistress, Madame Séjan, an account of what passed at the Temple, she said: "The little fellow is a very amiable and charming child; he cleans and polishes my shoes for me, and he brings me my foot-stove to my bed-side when I get up!" Alas! you remember who engaged his attention, who was the object of his endearing kindness in days gone by! The morning nosegay, gathered daily from the parterre at Versailles, and laid on the dressing-table of a mother,—the most charming of women, the most dignified of queens,—was now replaced by the foot-stove laid by the royal child at the feet of the wife of Simon the cobbler!

On the other hand, when she had imparted this confidential

Progress of degradation.

intelligence: "But, Marie Jeanne," exclaimed old Madame Séjan, "it is infamous of you to suffer the son of your King to serve you in that manner."

Marie-Jeanne, in whom the organ of self-interest was more developed than any other, considered that, by giving her an income, her former mistress had purchased a right to say anything to her. Notwithstanding this remonstrance, she continued to visit Madame Séjan; only she made no alteration in her conduct. She was not brutal by nature, but she was mean; she did not like the child to be beaten, but she was very willing that his mind should be debased: "Let him alone, Simon, he'll come to reason!"

Yes, he will come to reason! will come—by dint of gross injuries, threats, and suffering—and alas, it must be owned, with the help of wine! My God! what reason!

Ere that great day, now near at hand, arrives, prepare his mind and head to receive that emblem of sanguinary anarchy as becomes it! His honest amiable heart was assailed on all sides, confused by the most perfidious insinuations, disturbed by the most odious influences, and accustomed by slow degrees to the most revolting expressions, while his charming head was deprived of its most beautiful ornament. The woman Simon cut off that splendid hair, whose soft shade gleamed so, beauteously, and whose pearly waves rippled on the whiteness of his transparent skin. His hair, besides, had been guilty of many offences, for it had been the pride of his mother, and was like a last diadem reposing on his royal brow.

Just as the scissors had completed this sacrifice, the commissary on duty came into the room, followed by Meunier and Vandebourg, who were bringing up the dinner. The commissary looked on with a satisfied air at what was passing; but the good-hearted Meunier cried out at once: "Oh why have you hacked about his hair, that so became him, in this manner?" "There," replied the governess, "don't you

see that we are playing at the game of the *King despoiled!*" And all, with the exception of Meunier, began to laugh round about the shorn lamb, who bowed his enslaved and dishonoured head, as that of one of those early Mérovingian princes who were shaven in order to degrade them. The child remained sad and cast down the whole day. I know not whether the railery heaped upon him, the novel sensation of his head being shaved, or the very want of sleep came to the assistance of two glasses of bad wine, that he was forced to take in the course of the evening; but, however it might be, the unfortunate boy, completely overcome, yielded at last. Simon proclaimed his victory by crying, "Capet, after all you are a Jacobin!" and the red cap shone on the forehead of the grandson of Louis XIV.

The first step was taken. Next day the shame of being shorn, and a few slight blows on his bare temples, sufficed to induce him to accept his new head-dress, the only one left him. Fortunately his mother was ignorant of his fate. That poor mother, who never failed to interrogate the jailers, keepers, and municipals, about his welfare; all answered her that she had no occasion to be uneasy about her son, for that he was in good hands, and the greatest care was taken of him. These assurances were not, however, such as could fully tranquillise the heart of a mother, so fond, so sorely tried, so justly suspicious. She must *see* her child to be at rest. She implored to have him restored to her, besieging every one with the most heartrending supplications. The municipals confined themselves to the reply that the measure had been judged necessary by government, and that it was requisite to comply. Weary of appealing to the justice of the commissaries, Marie Antoinette had recourse to the pity of Tison. What will not a mother do to gain information of her child! Marie Antoinette was not yet a mother when some of the courtiers, in order to prevent her from supporting the petition of a poor mother, imploring pardon for her son, under sentence of death for having fought a duel, represented to her that she had addressed herself to

Remorse of the Tisons.

Madame Dubarry in the first instance, the Dauphiness said: "She did very right; nothing can degrade a mother; in her place I would have embraced the knees of Zamore." Now Zamore was a little Indian, whose business was to bear the train of the favourite. Therefore, when the Queen had become a mother, it is not surprising that Marie Antoinette should have entreated Tison's aid. Tison was not deaf to her grief. Placed about the Princesses in the character of a spy, the greatness of their character, and their sublime resignation had, in the end, seduced him from his first principles. He had been their enemy at the outset, but now very little was wanting for him to become their accomplice. His wife disavowing all her former ideas more entirely than he, and at an earlier period, threw herself one day at the Queen's feet, exclaiming, regardless of the presence of the municipals: "Madame, I beseech your majesty's forgiveness! I am the cause of your death, and of that of Madame Elizabeth!" The Princesses raised her kindly, and tried to soothe her, but the nervous affection from which she was suffering continued a long time, and becoming ill, not merely did the Princesses grant her pardon, but they loaded her with kind attentions. "Yes, I pity them," said she, one day to Meunier; "they are a generous family, whose loss cannot be replaced to the poor. If you could see them as near as I do you would say there was nothing so great on earth. Those who have seen them at the Tuileries, as you have done, have seen nothing at all; you should see them as I have at the Temple."

This poor woman's remorse deprived her of her senses * She fell into frightful convulsions; a nurse was provided

* "The commissaries of the Temple write that the citizeness Tison's brain is affected, as is proved by the certificates of Doctors Thierry and Soupé.

"The council-general, after hearing the statements of the mayor and attorney-general of the Commune, decrees:

"1st. That citizeness Tison be attended within the Temple, but not in the tower.

"2nd. That she have a private nurse.

Remorse of the Tisons.

her,* and she was carried into a room in the palace. Several men were needed to keep her down.† Six days afterwards, she was taken to the Hôtel-Dieu,‡ and was never seen again in the Temple. A woman belonging to the police was placed about her, in order to catch anything that might drop from her in her delirium relating to the royal family.§

As we have said, the conversion of the wife had been followed by that of the husband. In the hope, therefore, of earning absolution for his past offences, Tison sought to atone for them by an entirely novel course of proceeding. He made himself acquainted with everything that might be interesting to the Queen; he gave her almost daily accounts of her son,

“3rd. The council leaves to the Temple officers the plan.”

(Council-general of the Commune, Sitting of the 29th June, 1793.)

“The Temple council states the measures adopted respecting the illness of citizeness Tison.

“The council-general adopts these arrangements.”

(Sitting of the 1st July, 1793.)

• Municipality of Paris.

Extract from the register of the deliberations of the Temple council.

“And on the same day we made inquiries immediately for a nurse to be appointed for the time being. We were told of the person now appointed, Jeanne-Charlotte Gourlet, usually residing at the Temple. We accepted her, and desired her to take the discretion oath, directing her not to hold any communication with any one, which she accordingly promised, and made declaration that she did not know how to sign her name.

“An exact copy,

“MERCIER, DUPAUMIER, QUENET, MACE, Commissaries.

“Seen and approved by the council-general of the Commune, this 1st July, 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“DORAT-CUBIERES.”

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6206.)

† Turgy's narrative.

‡ There is a letter from the commissaries on duty at the Temple, accompanied by a certificate from the surgeons and physicians, stating that citizeness Tison, whose mind is affected, requires to be conveyed to a private house, established for those suffering from that sort of disease. The council-general decrees that she be transferred to the Hôtel-Dieu, and attended there at the expense of the Commune.

(Council-general of the Commune, sitting of the 6th July, 1793.)

§ Marie-Thérèse's narrative.

Maternal watchings.

but took good care not to inform her of the shameful treatment to which he was subjected, and of which he himself had a complete abhorrence. He spoke of Simon without describing him, and was particularly careful not to remind the Princesses that he was the same municipal who had always affected to employ the most insulting language to the King, as well as to themselves. He told them that the child went down into the garden every day, that he played with his foot-ball there, that sometimes, even, he was taken up to the platform of the tower, and that he had every appearance of being in health; but when the royal hearers sought to enter into more minute details about his education, Tison prudently left off speaking, alleging that he could not know what went on within the apartment. It will be readily understood with what satisfaction these accounts, meagre and imperfect as they were, were received, and how eager the Princesses became to hear more. The discovery of his ascending to the platform inspired them with a hope to which they gave themselves up with frenzied joy. First they went up a little winding stair, leading from the wardrobe up to the attics. At the head of this little staircase there was a loophole, made in the thickness of the wall, and by this means the Queen and Madame Elizabeth could see the poor child from turret to turret, as soon as he appeared on the platform. It was but a glimpse, a passing vision; nothing could be distinguished, no opinion formed from that apparition, fugitive as the flight of a thought that crosses our imagination, and it required a mother's eyes to recognise the child in this manner. Madame Elizabeth, in her correspondence with Turgy, makes mention of this circumstance, "Tell Fidèle,"* she wrote, "for my sister wished you to know, that we see the little one every day from the window on the wardrobe stair; but do not let that prevent your sending us news of him."†

* Toulon.

† This note, which was preserved by Turgy, was published in his "Historical Fragments relating to the Temple."

Maternal watchings.

This first, but very insufficient, ray of comfort gave them the idea and hope of a still greater happiness.

The walk on the platform was divided for the prisoners on the two floors by wooden partitions, so arranged that they could see each other through the cracks, and though certainly from a distance, still much nearer than from the little staircase, and for a longer time, which was the great object. Henceforth the mother, aunt, and sister, had but one thought, that of making their walk upon the tower coincide with that of "the little one," as they called him in their tender converse. "We went up to the tower very often," says Madame Royale, in her narrative, "because my brother also went there, and my mother's sole pleasure was to see him pass by, through a little crevice." But to choose the hour for their walk on the platform was not in the prisoners' power: the time when the Queen, her daughter, and sister, were permitted to go up was fixed by the municipals, and the caprice of Simon determined, the moment of the day when the child came up to take the air. It was, therefore, only by a lucky chance, or by the con-ning pity of commissaries well-disposed to the royal family, that the presence of the prisoners on one side of the partition that divided the walk on the platform could be made to coincide with that of the child on the other side. It was no matter; as Madame Royale tells us,—they always went up; they were not sure that the young Prince *would*,—but he *might* come. How many long hours were thus passed in watching for the child to come! With ears pressed against the partition of planks, the poor recluses, attentive and hushed to silence, listened for the least movement on the stair, and anyone may imagine how their hearts beat when they heard the sound of footsteps coming up. How many times were they disappointed in their impatient anxiety! The sound that echoed along the winding stair was made by the sentinels posted on every floor, or, perhaps, by the municipals going their round. Notwithstanding so many fruitless attempts, however, the Queen was

Terrible revelation.

not discouraged: no, though always disappointed, hope never quits the heart of a mother. At length, on Tuesday, 30th July, Marie Antoinette did catch a glimpse of her child once more; but that shadow of joy so long looked for, for which she had prayed to Heaven with so much fervour, Heaven granted in such form that it became a withering blight upon her soul. Yes, her child did pass by; he passed before the eyes of his mother, who was able to turn a momentary, inquiring look upon her son; he had left off mourning for his father, he had the red cap on his head, and with him was the insolent municipal who had distinguished himself by heaping the most brutal insults on herself, and on Louis XVI. As fate willed it, too, Simon, who had just heard of the capture of Valenciennes by the Duke of York, was at the moment in a paroxysm of fury, which discharged itself, as usual, on the royal child, whose progress he was harassing with oaths and blasphemies. Thunderstruck with what she had seen, the unfortunate Queen threw herself, without uttering a word, into the arms of her sister-in-law, who had witnessed the cruel scene with her, and both drew apart young Marie T  r  se, who was hastening also to the partition, and whose feelings they determined to spare; giving each other, as if struck with a mutual idea, an electric glance to counsel that all should be concealed from her. "It is of no use to wait any longer," said they aloud; "he will not pass by to-day." And they moved towards the other side of the platform. But in a few minutes tears forced their way into the poor mother's eyes; she turned aside to hide them—and to go back and watch for her child. She saw him, accordingly; some little time afterwards he passed slowly by with a bowed head: his master was not there swearing, and she heard not a word. This silence was almost as distressing to her as Simon's abusive language had been. She remained in the same place, standing motionless and mute; there Tison found her, at whose approach she raised her head, leaning on her hands.

Maternal misery.

and exclaimed : " Ah ! you have deceived me ! " " No, Madame, I have not deceived you, for all that I told you was true. Only, out of consideration, I did not like to tell you everything. Now that I have no longer anything to hide, I will for the future tell you faithfully whatever I shall be able to discover."

Thenceforth the Queen and Madame Elizabeth knew the deplorable condition of the Dauphin : they learned that he was only spoken to with oaths, only commanded by threats, and that they wanted to force him to sing obscene couplets and regicide songs : they also learned that the heroic child resisted still, and that as yet blows had not extorted compliance. These details were not told to Madame Royale, as Madame Elizabeth anxiously requested Tison and his wife, and all who, from compassion, gave them news of the Dauphin, not to let his sister know any painful circumstance connected with these accounts.

This was, perhaps, the most distressing period of the long trials of Marie Antoinette. To hear that her child was ill, and be unable to nurse him ; to hear that he was miserable, and be unable to console him ; to hear that he was in danger, and be unable, alas ! to aid him ; and to know, perhaps, that his innocent mind was weakening, and be unable to support him ! Is there any suffering of a mother to be compared to this ? It seemed to her as if her child was being hourly torn from her, and that she was powerless to retain him,—as if he was being poisoned and she could not defend him : " My presentiments did not deceive me," she said to her tender sister-in-law ; " I knew quite well that he was suffering. Were he a hundred leagues away, and unhappy, my heart would tell me he was so. I had been suffering, agitated, trembling for two days before ; it was the tears shed by my poor child, far from me, that I felt falling back upon my heart. I care for nothing now !—God has forsaken us !—I dare not even pray ! " Here, suddenly struck with repentance for her last words : " Forgive me, my God ! " she resumed, clasping her hands in prayer ;

Maternal misery.

"and you, my sister, forgive me too! I believe in you as I do in my own self; but I am too miserable not to dread some new misfortune is approaching. My child! my child! I feel by the anguish of my own heart that his is failing him."

. That evening young Marie Thérèse said to her aunt, "Good Heaven, how sad my mother has been to-day!" Madame Elizabeth tried to raise her spirits by a few encouraging words, and the young girl said her prayers, and was soon fast asleep; but her mother and aunt were awake; they were long awake that night; they walked up and down, recalling to each other's minds all the gloomy past, to dwell lovingly on the thoughts, and words, and kind-hearted actions of their lost child; they traversed the humble asylum where they had seen him for so many long days—notwithstanding privation, and imprisonment, and insult—so bright, so light-hearted, so affectionate, and sometimes laughing so gayly, studying, singing, and praying. They remembered that, whenever he saw them sad and ill, the poor child had known how to summon back some sparks of his own lively humour to cheer and divert them. They could not restrain their despair, and tears began again to flow.

On the next day, and the day following, they went up on the tower again, where they spent many long hours; but nothing was to be seen. Ah! why had that cruel revelation been made to them? Marie Antoinette saw not her child on either of those days, nor was she ever to see him again; and she was now to carry with her from the Temple a new and most bitter source of distress and uneasiness, and tears more bitter still than any she had shed before.

For several days a great agitation had been visible; men's passions were becoming more and more inflamed against the prisoners in the Temple, and the feeling had displayed itself in the heart of the council-general by violent manifestations. There was a great famine; and the punishment of death, decreed against monopolisers by the National Con-

Public excitement.

vention, had brought no alleviation to the sufferings of the people.* To the checks sustained in the north, the west responded by the victories of La Vendée, where, at the Pont de Cé, the republican army was completely routed; in the south, Lyons, always in commotion, was now in a great ferment, and on the eve of a bloody collision of parties; while Toulon and Marseilles saw the threatening fleet of England hovering round their ports. Everything seemed to forebode to the leaders of anarchy that their tyrannical power was bending towards its ruin. They felt the necessity of striking some great blow. The blood of Louis XVI. was still reeking: they deemed it better not to leave it time to cool

On Thursday, 1st August, Barrère presented a report to the Convention, relating to the combination of all Europe against the liberty of France. "The committee," said he, "has just obtained proofs that England has paid agents in our cities, ports, and throughout the country, who have orders to set on fire our magazines and arsenals, and to incite women and refractory priests to assassinate the patriots; already have these wretches in part effected their horrible purpose. Dubois-Crancé writes us word that Pitt has transmitted to Lyons four millions in specie; and we know that, from a fleet of twenty-four English ships, stationed in one of our southern ports, a vessel has been despatched thither under pretext of holding a parley."

The orator, continuing to heap together many most absurd and incoherent scraps of intelligence, as food for popular passions, read a letter, found at Lille, addressed to an Englishman, without any signature, but attributed to the Duke of

* "A deputation from the Cordelier Society demands that the commissaries on duty at the Temple always keep their hats on.

"The council will pass to the order of the day, as every one of its members is sufficiently aware of the respect due to himself not to uncover before such individuals as those confined at the Temple."

(Council-general of the Commune, sitting of the 19th July, 1793.)

Barrère's denunciations.

York, or one of that prince's most confidential agents. The person to whom it is addressed is mentioned under the title of "My lord." Almost all the personages who figure in this letter are spoken of by the initial letters of their name only, excepting La Marlière, whose name is given at full length. It appears that several of our generals were in the conspiracy, and that one branch of the alleged plot was to burn up the forage of our armies, throughout the towns belonging to the republic on one and the same day. The writer recommended that republican assignats should not be credited, that all such as did not bear the royal effigy should be refused acceptance; that means should be taken to raise the price of bread, to form monopolies of all necessities, and to buy up candles and grease at any cost, so as to raise them to five livres the pound. "I beg you will not be sparing of money. We hope that the assassinations will be carried on prudently; women, or disguised priests, would be the people most fit for this business. Send 50,000 livres to Rouen, and 50,000 livres to Caen."

Barrère then read some of the declarations made, as he stated, by Charrier, leader of the rebels of Lozère, and "which seem to be connected with the English writer above-mentioned. It will be seen that Bourbon (the ex-duke) was to be commander-in-chief in the north; that the Spaniards made a feint of attacking Perpignan, only to make sure of Bellegarde; that the sole object of Savoy, in alluring us into her mountain passes, was to destroy us there; and that a landing was to be effected at Cette, or at some other port in the Mediterranean."

Barrère then cited "to the bar of nations and of history, that English people, who boast of their love for liberty, and who wish to poison us with that royalty superstitiously adored by themselves; that people whom avarice inspires to commit so many sins,—politics, so many crimes." He cited to the same bar: "The government of Britain, that knows no spring of action save gold, that has in itself the tarif

 Decrees against the royal family.

of men, orators, and legislators." He summoned thither Pitt, the minister—"that young slave of a monarch in his dotage; the man who made himself a name solely by the baseness of his intrigues and vices. Is it our forgetting the crimes of the Austrian," he cried; "our indifference as to the family of Capet, that has thus misled our enemies? Well! it is time to root out every branch of royalty!"

Last of all, Barrère read a letter, giving an official account of the capture of the town of Valenciennes, which had been for several days threatened by the army of the enemy.

At the end of this alarmist report, which would appear simply ridiculous if we did not perceive the object proposed, the National Convention adopted, without deliberating on them, several important measures,* from which we select those connected with our subject. It was once more to fear that they had recourse, in order to complete their crime.

1st. Marie Antoinette is sent to the tribunal extraordinary; she will be immediately conveyed to the Conciergerie.

2nd. All the members of the Capet family will be banished from the territories of the republic, with the exception of the two children of Louis Capet, as also of those members of that family now under the hand of the law.

3rd. Elizabeth Capet will not be banished until after the trial of Marie Antoinette.

* Among the measures was that directing the transfer, by posts, of the garrison of Mayence into La Vendée, and for that purpose placing three millions at the disposal of the minister of war; and that appointing General Houchard to the command of the armies of the north and of the Ardennes, in lieu of Custines.

Houchard, who was serving under Custines, had denounced his chief, in order to obtain his situation, and had accused him of having been the cause of the loss of Mayence. Custines laid his head on the scaffold in consequence.

Houchard, notwithstanding some brilliant successes, was, in his turn, denounced by Hoche, and sentenced to death on the 15th November, 1793.

The army were devouring each other, as well as the Convention!

Removal of the Queen.

4th. Those members of the Capet family, who are not under the sword of the law shall be expelled the country after the trial, if absolved.

5th. The expenses of the two children of Louis Capet will be reduced to what is necessary for the food and maintenance of two persons.

6th. The tombs and mausoleums of the ex-kings, in the church of Saint-Denis, and in the temples and elsewhere, throughout the whole extent of the republic, will be destroyed on the 10th August next.

The first measure was carried out immediately. At two o'clock on the morning of the 1st August the Princesses were awakened, in order to hear read to the Queen the decree which directed her being transferred to the Conciergerie. "She heard the decree read through without emotion, and without uttering a single word. But Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale hastened to beg that they might be allowed to go with the Queen, which was refused. During the whole time that the Queen was packing up her clothes, the municipals never left her; she was even obliged to dress before them. Her pockets were demanded, and she gave them; they searched them, and took everything they contained, though there was nothing of consequence in them. They tied them up in a parcel to be sent to the revolutionary tribunal, and told the Queen that it would be opened before her there, leaving her only her pocket-handkerchief and smelling-bottle. She departed, after having embraced her daughter, exhorting her to keep up all her courage, and recommending her to take good care of her aunt, and obey her as a second mother. Then she threw herself into her sister's arms, recommending her children to her. The young Princess was so much shocked, and her grief at parting with her mother was so intense, that she had not power to answer. Madame Elizabeth having said a few words in the Queen's ear, the latter departed without venturing to give

Removal of the Queen.

another look on her daughter, least she should lose her self-command. She was obliged to stop at the foot of the tower in order that the municipals might make out a report of the transfer of her person. As she passed out she struck her head against the gate, from not stooping; and when she was asked whether she had hurt herself: 'Oh, no!' said she; 'nothing henceforth can hurt me.' She got into a carriage with a municipal and two gendarmes."

I shall add nothing to this account, left us by Marie Thérèse.* I will not even attempt to describe the last look turned by Marie Antoinette to the door of her son's room, as she went down the stairs. What a departure! What a moment! The poor mother knew that she was going, never to return, and she was leaving her son,—whom she could not embrace for the last time,—in the hands of Simon.

On the same day, Friday, 2nd August, when the Queen was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, Chaumette recollected the royal child, and sent him some toys, among which was a little guillotine, like those which, under permission of the police of the period, were worked in the streets, at the expense of poor little birds, by the vagabond jugglers, as a rehearsal of the great sanguinary drama performed in the public squares, in which the victims were men. This mode of outraging a child, by giving him as a plaything a model of the instrument of his father's death, and of that preparing for his mother, was certainly novel. It might have pleased some revolutionary fancy, but on that day there happened to be certain commissaries at the Temple who had no taste for it, and one of them threw the ill-omened plaything into the fire, so that it never reached the child. On that day, also, there appeared a decree from the National Convention, placing a sum of fifty millions of francs at the disposal of the committee of public safety; and another, ordering the directors of the Paris theatres to have the tragedies of "Brutus," "William Tell," and "Caius Gracchus," performed

* Narrative of the Captivity of the Royal Family in the Temple.

Horrible device.

three times a week, as an amusement given, gratis, to the people, and paid for out of the national treasury.*

Barrère, after having enumerated all the bloody days of the Revolution in an enthusiastic strain of panegyric, had said : "The republic must strike England, Austria, La Vendée, the Temple, and the Bourbons, on one and the same day."

Thus it will be seen that the Queen's death was already announced, even before her trial began. The trial could not yet be commenced ; it was necessary to invent a foundation to uphold the structure, and such a foundation was soon found. The same corrupt spirit that had conceived the idea of enervating and debasing a child to the level of a beast, took pleasure, and hardened itself, in the thought of making the most tender-hearted of children the accuser of the most excellent of mothers, and of thus employing the moral destruction of the former to bring about the judicial murder of the latter. But Simon had many battles to fight before he could gain that point.

On Wednesday, 7th August, 1793, Simon's wife went to see the tragedy of "Brutus," and she came back wild with enthusiasm. She gave them an account, after her manner, both of the plot of the piece, and of the performance of the actors. Simon was greatly charmed, and began to laugh at his wife's narration ; but, suddenly perceiving that his pupil had

* We give the exact terms of this decree.

"Article 1st.—Beginning from the 4th instant, and up to the 1st September next, will be represented, three times a-week, in those theatres of Paris appointed by the municipality, the tragedies of 'Brutus,' 'William Tell,' and 'Caius Gracchus,' and other dramatic pieces which depict the fortunate events of the Revolution, and the virtues of the defenders of liberty ; one of these performances will be given weekly, at the expense of the Republic.

"Article 2nd.—Every theatre in which plays tending to deprave the public mind, and revive the disgraceful superstition of royalty, shall be closed, and the directors arrested and punished according to the rigour of the law.

"Article 3rd.—The execution of this decree is intrusted to the municipality of Paris."

Anniversary of the 10th August.

turned away his head with an indifferent air, and with a very evident intention not to listen. "D—d wolf-cub!" he exclaimed; "you *won't* listen then to the citizeness, when she is instructing you and enlightening your ignorance! You wish then to remain an idiot, and son of a tyrant for ever!" "Every one has parents whom he ought to honour," replied the child, with angelic calmness and a feeling purely filial; but this very mildness made the furious tutor's blood boil, and, with a back-handed blow and a kick, he sent the Christian child, who had been guilty of honouring his father, ten paces off, flat on the floor, while a storm of sarcasms pursued him to the other end of the room.*

Simon always made his pupil pay for the anti-revolutionary movements that broke out in different parts of the country. On Tuesday, 6th August, Montbrison having risen in arms, to the cry of "*Vive Louis XVII.!*" it will be seen how this seditious cry was responded to within the Temple tower three or four days afterwards. "Wife, I present to you the King of Montbrison!" said the master, ironically, taking off the child's republican cap; "I am going to anoint him for you: consecrate him, and put incense before him!" and he rubbed the child's head and ears roughly, puffing out of his pipe into his face; and, pushing him towards Marie-Jeanne, he exclaimed: "Come on, wife; in your turn present your compliments to his majesty."

The Convention had fixed on the anniversary of the 10th August to proclaim the sanction given by the people to the new constitution of the republic. A solemn festival, under the direction of David, the painter, was held at Paris, on that

* The newspapers and playbills of the day gave notice of the performance as follows:—

Wednesday, 7th August 1793.

THEATRE DE LA NATION.

This day,—"*By and for the people!*"—"Brutus," a tragedy, by Voltaire, and "*Le Babillard*," a comedy in verse, one act, by Boissy.

To commence at 5 o'clock.

Anniversary of the 10th August.

day, with a pomp reminding one of the ceremonies of pagan antiquity. In token of the ancient bond between agriculture and legislation—typified in ingenious Greece, by Ceres being appointed legislatress of societies,—each member of the Convention carried a bouquet of blades of corn and fruit in his hand. The regicide Assembly, preceded by the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the constitutional edict, joined the festival in a body, and, on the spot where the blood of Louis XVI. had been shed, they sang and listened to hymns in honour of liberty, saluting the instrument of death at the same time. Eight white horses, adorned with red rosettes, drew a triumphal car loaded with garlands and crowns, in which was the funeral urn intended as a receptacle for the ashes of citizens who had died in the cause of regenerate France. The relations of these, their foreheads wreathed with flowers, walked beside the triumphal car, to the sound of warlike music, and, enveloped in clouds of incense, rising from numerous golden censers. The popular societies opened the procession, with their banners bearing the emblems of vigilance; and then came the primary assemblies with their pikes, the weapons of liberty against tyrants. Five times, in the space it traversed between the Place de la Bastille and the Champ-de-Mars, did the mighty procession pause in its progress, and, at every resting-place, monuments recording the principal acts of the Revolution were presented to the view. About half-way along the Boulevards, a triumphal arch had been erected to the heroines of the 5th and 6th October, 1789, on the four sides of which were inscriptions recording the results of those events, whilst the women themselves figured amid the monuments of “their glory!” seated on their gun-carriages, as had been the case on the road from Versailles.* The procession halted before them; Hérault de Séchelles, president of the Convention, harangued them, placed a crown of laurels on the head of each, and gave each a

* See the “*Almanach Historique*,” 1793, p. 188.

Firmness of the young King.

fraternal embrace; after which they joined the procession, which then proceeded on its way amid loud acclamations.

This fête was perhaps the most showy and pompous that ever stirred up the great revolutionary city. Simon experienced a feverish feeling of regret that he was unable to enjoy it, and cursed the stern dignity of his charge, which made him as much a slave as his prisoner. From early dawn the sound of the cannon had roused the ancient echoes of the Templars' keep. Festive days commence early. Simon and his wife were up in a moment, and awaking the royal child, the keeper commanded him to cry "*Vive la République!*" The child, whose eyes were but half-open, did not at first know what was wanted, or what was the meaning of the cannon, the sound of which reached his pillow together with his tutor's injunctions. He got up and dressed himself in silence, when Simon, placing himself in front of him, with his arms folded, repeated his commands authoritatively. "Come, come, Capet! to-day is a great day, and thou must cry '*Vive la République!*'" The child made no reply, and went on with his toilet. "To whom did I speak just now?" asked the master, with an oath. "D—d King of Montbrison, thou shalt cry '*Vive la République!*' or——" and the sentence was finished by his attitude and gesture much more eloquently than could have been done in words. The Prince raised his head, looked resolutely at his master, and said to him firmly: "You may do whatever you like, but I never will cry, '*Vive la République!*'" A reflected gleam of royal authority must have seemed, as it were, to irradiate the childish brow as the boy spoke, for Simon himself, on seeing him so noble, and proud, and handsome, experienced a sudden feeling of astonishment, almost of respect; no act of violence was put in practice to enforce the obedience of his rebellious pupil on this occasion, but he confined himself to saying: "Everybody shall know *your* behaviour!" And, accordingly, that same day, every person living in the Temple, together with all who happened to be on duty there, were

Mental torture of the victim.

made acquainted with this act of insubordination, which some called an act of great decision.

Simon seldom controlled himself in this manner. The very next day his political frenzies betrayed him into new transports of passion. Reading aloud the account of the last day's festival, he was thrown into ecstasies of admiration by the description of these wonders, and obliged his pupil to stand up and listen to the speeches made at each stopping-place by the president of the Convention. The child had listened throughout to the address to the drunken rioters of Versailles, who had been transformed into heroines, with a tolerably good grace; but when he came to the speech pronounced on the Place de la Révolution,—beginning with these words: "Here fell the axe of the law on the tyrant's head! Perish, too, these shameful signs of a slavery that despots have sought to re-produce under every imaginable form; may flames devour them, so that nought be left immortal save the sentiment of virtue which has effaced them! Justice! Vengeance! Ye tutelary deities of all free nations,—for ever and ever add the execrations of all the human race to the name of that traitor, who, on a throne raised for him by the generosity of a magnanimous people, basely betrayed them!"—the child could not restrain his emotions, he turned his back upon his master, and went to the recess of the window, there to hide his face and his tears. Simon came up to him again, dragged him violently back to the table by the hair of his head, ordering him, under pain of beating, to remain standing before it, silent and attentive. The child, with his eyes fixed on his moistened handkerchief, appeared to be listening, without shrinking or murmur. The Jacobin reader observed him with defiant attention, watching his movements at every expression capable of agitating him. He read the concluding paragraph of the harangue pronounced at the last stopping-place, the Champ-de-Mars, over again, laying a great stress on each of these words: "*Let us swear to defend the Constitution to the death: the Republic is eternal!*"

Noble conduct of the young King.

Notwithstanding the provocation given by his master, the pupil had remained calm, and had not displayed any excitement; but this quiet, resigned attitude was still displeasing, or, at least, was not entirely satisfactory. "You understand, do you, Capet? 'Let us swear to defend the Constitution to the death: the Republic is eternal!'" The child made no reply, and did not raise his head, which was resting on the handkerchief in his hand. "D—d wolf-cub!" exclaimed Simon, in a fury; "you would not cry '*Vive la République!*' yesterday, but you see very well, idiot, that the Republic is eternal. Come, you are to say with us—the Republic is eternal!" Saying this, he had taken hold of him by his two shoulders, and was shaking him with all his might, to wrest from him the required sentence. "There is nothing eternal," said the child; and immediately a furious arm lifted him up and threw him upon his bed, with an oath that shook the very walls of the room. "Let him alone, Simon," said his wife; "he is blinded, that little fellow, he has been brought up amidst abuses and lies;" while Simon, walking up and down the room, gesticulated, with his journal in his hand, trying to find a vent for the overflowing of his wrath in the agitation of his limbs. Some few moments afterwards, he stopped beside the bed of the young Prince, who was crying bitterly. "It is your own fault," he said; "if I treat you so, you have well deserved it." "I was wrong," said the child, his voice raised higher than usual by his sobs; "I was wrong; God is eternal, but none but He!"

We relate these scenes as they have been told to us, the words just as they have been many times repeated to us, certain that if the lips through which they have passed have involuntarily varied their form, they neither invented nor altered their meaning.

During the celebration of the Saturnalia, in which the emblems, insignia, and attributes of royalty were burned, and on the same day when the heroines of the 6th October were crowned, the heroes of the 10th August and of September, carrying

Contrasts.

out the sacrilegious will of the Convention, had repaired to the ancient abbey of Saint-Denis, had destroyed the mausoleums that religion had raised, and scattered to the winds the royal dust that twelve centuries had respected,—the work of destruction, planned against the living, turned also against the dead. Inviolable sepulchres were violated; ransacked tombs were given up to spoil and mockery; bones long stiffened by death were broken up with the hatchet, to be thrown or swept up together pell-mell into a hole, like a heap of common dust; and the Convention loudly applauded the account that was given of these disgraceful insults showered on the revered remains of Charles V., Saint-Louis, Louis XII., Henry IV., and Louis XIV.

Simon, on his part, who never missed an opportunity of impressing the idea of equality on the descendant of the "great Kings," had extraordinary pleasure in acquainting him—and indeed was cruelly eager to do so—with the insults to the remains of his ancestors, perpetrated by "national justice." The child began to cry, not that he could very well understand this profanation, but still, doubtless, he comprehended that they had, as it were, tried to slay the great men of his race over again!

The sacrilege committed at Saint-Denis was repeated throughout France. The rage of the breakers of images fell everywhere on the sacred edifices; the fallen fragments of emblazoned monuments bore the marks of their mutilation by an iconoclastic populace. And as at that period of wild fancy and enthusiasm the most incredible contrasts must necessarily meet, beside those barbarians who were thus blindly destroying the annals of their country, heroes were setting out to defend her soil; in snow, over ice, exposed to torrents of rain and grape-shot, they marched bare-foot, bread-less, a victorious army, sympathising with the vanquished, exciting among other nations the enthusiasm they felt themselves, and beginning their long career of victory with so much the more ease, that

the common people thought they were bringing them liberty beneath their sheltering banner!

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale had not been long in procuring news of the Queen; the devoted assiduity of M. Hue had succeeded in establishing a communication between the Conciergerie and the Temple tower; he had met with an auxiliary in the person of the woman appointed to take charge of Marie Antoinette, a certain Madame Richard, who passes by the name of "Sensible," in the secret correspondence of Madame Elizabeth. This woman, being authorised by the administrators of police to come to the Temple for some bottles of water from Ville d'Avray,* and for various articles required by the Queen, became the connecting link between the two dungeons.† Among the things that the Queen had asked for, were her knitting-needles, and a pair of stockings which she had begun to make for her son. These articles were eagerly given by the Princesses, but the municipals pretended that it was to be feared that the widow Capet would make use of the needles only to put an end to her life, and that, consequently, they ought not to add them to the articles sent. The unfor-

* The Queen never drank anything but water, and her stomach could not bear any but the water from Ville d'Avray. During her captivity at the Temple they had never failed to bring her some from that spring every day.

+ "Department of Police.—Commune of Paris.

"5th August, 1793, 2nd of French Republic, one and indivisible.

"We, administrators of the department of police, after conference held with citizen Fouquier Tinville, public prosecutor of the revolutionary tribunal, beg our colleagues, members of the council-general of the Commune, forming the Temple council, to send two bottles of water from Ville d'Avray daily to widow Capet, detained in the Conciergerie house of justice, from the provision of the said water brought to the Temple every day.

"We also beg them to send to the widow Capet three linen handkerchiefs out of the wardrobe used by her in the Temple, as also whatever else she may ask for, by citizeness Richard, porter at the Conciergerie, and to have each bottle of water sealed with the seal of the council-general.

"BAUDRAIS, MARINO."

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6206.)

Conduct of the young King.

fortunate Queen was thus disappointed in the hope of being able to work; but at least she had news of her daughter and sister.*

Alas! what comfort could this news have been to her? No alteration had taken place in the apartment she had quitted at the Temple, except that her departure had left the most frightful void there, with the most painful anxieties and gloomy presentiments. And with respect to her son, the constant object of her fondest solicitude, it was fortunate that the messenger from the Conciergerie was unable to tell her anything about him. What, indeed, could the Queen have heard, that would not have increased her grief and terror? Day by day Simon became more and more hard and cruel towards him. He was no longer a docile child, directed by a sign from his father, a word from his mother; he was now a slave continually struggling with a despot. The slave always bowed his neck to the yoke as long as he was only attacked in his independence and personal tastes; but the moment he was outraged in his affectionate feelings, he held up his head again, and opposed the despot; and this was precisely what most irritated the fiend. At that period, the police were in the habit of distributing, or selling, in the streets, pamphlets and songs against "Madame Veto!" against the "Austrian she-wolf!" It was a prefatory step to the Queen's trial. These writings, preserved by Simon for his odious purposes, poisoned the atmosphere of the room where filial piety was tortured every moment, both in the hallowed memory of a father who had perished on the scaffold, and in the sacred thought of an absent mother. "Come along, Capet," said his master to him one day, giving him some infamous verses against his mother; "here is a new

* Deprived of her knitting-needles, the Queen pulled out the threads of an old suite of hangings, and, with the help of two ends of pens, she knitted a sort of garter, which M. Bault, keeper of her prison, carefully preserved, and gave to M. Hue to present to Madame Royale, who received it with religious veneration.—("Last Years of the Reign of Louis XVI.")

Aggravated cruelty of Simon.

song, which you must sing to me," From the hand that gave the paper, the child naturally took it with distrust ; he glanced his eyes over it, and though he did not quite seize its meaning, his heart told him clearly enough that his fears were just. He laid down on the table, without uttering a word, the obscene song, which, while it puzzled his mind, was a revolting insult to his tenderness. Simon rose up in wrath, as was his custom after a refusal of obedience, and said, in an imperious tone: "I thought I said you must sing." "I never will sing such a song," replied the child, with a haughtiness of resolution, which served only to increase the passion of his angry tutor. "I declare to you that I will kill you, if you don't sing." He caught up an andiron at the word "Never!" which was the sole reply given by the filial determination of the youthful martyr ; the iron flew from his hand, and the noble child would have fallen a victim had he not avoided the blow by his address.

Every true heart that reads these lines must feel what I must have suffered in tracing them. It must be remembered that it is, unfortunately, only from the most undeniable sources that I succeeded in obtaining the materials of this narration, which I never would have given except in its pure and sad simplicity.

Simon, in the Temple tower, acted as the true agent and exact representative of the Mountain members of the Convention. He was too deeply imbued with their ideas not to carry them out faithfully in all his actions. After the Queen's departure, he studied more and more strenuously the means of fortifying his talent in the art of depraving his pupil. Perhaps he had received orders to take measures, in order speedily to arrive at the object I have stated. He changed the mode of living of his royal scholar ; he obliged him to eat more than usual, and to drink a great deal of wine ; he allowed him to take but little exercise, shortened the time of his recreation in the garden, and put a total stop to his walks upon the tower.

The young King's illness.

These new regulations had a sad effect on the health and moral condition of the child; he became fat, and stopped growing. Before he had fallen under the discipline of Simon he had never drunk anything but water; he had an utter aversion to wine, and the violence done to his taste and habits by his taking this beverage at first produced nausea and insupportable sickness, and ended by making him quite ill. At last he was attacked by a violent fever. Simon, yielding to the advice of his wife, did not apprise the government of this disease. Marie-Jeanne, who, like most women of her class, pretended to know certain remedies for the illness of children, wished to prescribe for the young Prince after her own fashion; she went with one of her friends, a certain Madame Crevassin, to procure one of those innoxious drugs which usually produce neither good nor bad effect; but the medicine, being administered at a wrong time, acted perniciously; the fever rose higher, and kept the invalid four days burning and coughing in his bed. However, he was restored to health at length; his good constitution having carried him through, notwithstanding bad remedies and worse treatment.

I said he was restored to health, but, rather, I ought to have said to ill-usage. The excesses that had made him ill were renewed as soon as he was well again: the same perseverance in making him eat beyond measure, and drink till he was intoxicated, and, when his reason was thus obscured, the same eagerness to make use of his aberration of mind to induce him to utter horrible oaths and sing infamous songs.

In those days fear often imposed silence on the pity of those men who had hearts susceptible of its emotions. The commissaries, who did not loudly applaud the conduct of Simon, dared not express their disapprobation. A great number of them, I do not doubt, were moved with compassion, but they had breathed the air of the street,—they had seen the guillotine erected, and they were silent. Still,—we say it to the praise of humanity,—still there were some among them

Denunciation of Lebœuf.

who had the courage to avow their sentiments; of these was M. Lebœuf, who never attempted to disguise his sympathy and compassion for the misfortunes of which his municipal functions made him a witness. One day, the 19th August, Simon, as was his custom, was being served at table by the young Prince. Simon was drunk; and, being displeased with the manner in which the royal child obeyed his orders, or interpreted his intentions, he very nearly put out one of his eyes with a blow with a napkin. M. Lebœuf came in while this was going on, and just as he was opening his mouth to express his astonishment and disapprobation, before he had time to speak: "See here!" exclaimed the tutor, "see here, citizen! how awkward the d—d wolf-cub is in waiting at table! They want to make a king of him, and he is not fit for a servant! Come, sit down, and drink along with us; he must wait upon you also. Come along, come! don't be either afraid or ashamed!" At these words M. Lebœuf raised his head indignantly: "I am not afraid," said he to Simon, in a firm tone of voice; "are not *you* ashamed of yourself?" And as Simon did not rightly understand what he said, he went on: "Yes, I repeat it; are you not ashamed to ill-use a child like this? You exceed your orders; it would be a calumny against the government to believe it capable of sanctioning your brutality!" Simon made no reply, but the shaft rankled in his heart, it lacerated his wounded pride. He knew very well that it was no calumny against the government; and he carried his complaint to the authorities. Lebœuf was denounced to the council-general;* he sought to excuse himself; but a few days afterwards, the attorney-general of the Commune desired "the

* "Lebœuf has been denounced because he, being at the Temple, complained of the too republican kind of education given to little Capet, and because he wished the tyrant's son to be brought up like Telemachus, who was the son of a *sans-culotte* king."

(Council-general of the Commune of Paris; sitting of Wednesday, 28th August, 1793.)

Denunciation of Leboeuf.

council to purge from their body all friends of kings and queens, and have them arrested that same evening.* He accused Leboeuf of having conducted himself in a vile manner, when on duty in the Temple, and of never having borne the character of a republican there. He reproached him "in particular that he had reprimanded the patriot Simon, to whom the education of Capet's son was intrusted, and that he had not been pleased at his being brought up like a *sans-culotte*." Leboeuf, who was present at the sitting, began to speak in his defence. He said, that "from his profession,† he did not like to hear improper songs, and that he had testified his disapprobation to citizen Simon, who had often taken a pleasure in repeating such before little Capet, whom he wished should receive an education more consistent with good morals." Chaumette, as a general measure, demanded that, "all members of the council, convicted of moderate opinions, be immediately dismissed, and that they be brought before their respective sections, who should be acquainted with the decree made concerning them."‡ Leboeuf, and several of his

* "The council passes to the order of the day upon a letter of citizen Leboeuf, relating to the accusation preferred against him yesterday."

(Council-general of the Commune of Paris; sitting of Thursday, 29th August, 1793.)

+ He was a schoolmaster.

‡ Sitting of the council-general of the Commune of Thursday, 5th September, 1793.

This sitting of purification gave occasion to a strange scene, which marks the period. Jacques-Claude Bernard, who had taken Louis XVI. to the scaffold, accused himself of the crime of having been a priest, which produced the following incident :

"Bernard, beginning to speak, observed that there existed, in the heart of the council, a citizen, who, though a good patriot, had upon him the original stain of priesthood. The attorney of the Commune interrupted Bernard, who wished to speak of himself. He observed that the priest had never been guilty of the crimes of his order, that he had fulfilled his duties to nature and society by taking a wife, and giving citizens to his country. He thought he ought not, therefore, to be considered as a priest, or included in the proscription affecting that class of citizens. The civic mention of Bernard's proceeding was called for, but, from

Madame Elizabeth's devotion.

colleagues—Michonis, Léger, Frémont, and Macé—were arrested; but this time the prison did not open the way to the scaffold. The council-general, who perceived that they were about to be decimated, as the Convention had been, prudently took up the defence of their members, who were acquitted.

Tison, who had remained at the tower with his daughter, continued to give Madame Elizabeth whatever information he could procure, and, among other news, gave her the details which I have related; but the Princess would not believe them, so far beyond all human wickedness did the barbarity of Simon appear to her to be. But this remaining delusion was soon forcibly destroyed. For several days Simon had raised his voice so loud that his oaths and blasphemies reached her ears, and, more shocking still, these oaths and blasphemies were often followed by the plaintive cries of a feeble child, though he tried to suppress them with all his might. Now too well assured of her nephew's fate, the Princess could no longer even seem to doubt it before her niece, from whom she had concealed it previously, but who recognised her brother's lamentations, and distinguished his voice, mingling with that of his master, Simon, in the songs of the "Marseillaise" and "Carmagnole." "We heard him every day," she says, in her narrative of the captivity of the Temple, "singing the 'Carmagnole,' and other horrible songs with Simon. The Queen, fortunately, did not hear them, for she was gone,—it was one suffering spared her by Heaven!"

The young girl's grief was profound. Nothing but Madame Elizabeth's words could have had power to comfort her. Who can tell with what self-denial, and devotion, and solicitude, Madame Elizabeth fulfilled the duties to her niece imposed on her by the absence of the tenderest of mothers! Herself

modesty, the latter opposed its being given; but Bernard being unsupported in his opinion, the civic notice was decreed."

(Council-general of the Commune of Paris; sitting of Thursday, 5th September, 1793.)

Visitation of the Queen.

disposed to accept every sacrifice, with what ingenious precaution and delicate art did she turn aside the cup of bitterness from beings she cherished! Her persuasive tenderness softened every evil to make it bearable; her pious enthusiasm directed every sorrow to Heaven to make it meritorious. It was in her holy school,—a severe training for a hard life,—that young Marie-Thérèse learned those lessons of religious courage and masculine heroism that raised her heart to the level of the greatest dangers, and her mind above the most grievous misfortunes.

To the distress occasioned by knowing the child to be in such a state, and in such training, was afterwards to be added the grief of being unable to learn anything as to the destiny of the Queen.* As long as the means of communication were

* She was treated as if she had been found guilty even before she was tried. We give the report of the visit made to her by the administrators of police, in the name of the nation, to get possession of those articles from which we seldom part but with life:

“Department of police.—Commune of Paris.

“10th September, 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“We, administrators of the department of police, in virtue of the orders of the committee of public safety of the National Convention, under date of yesterday, repaired to the Conciergerie house of justice, where, on reaching the room occupied by the widow Capet, we summoned her, in the name of the law, to give up her rings and jewels to us, which she immediately did; they consisting of a gold ring, which opens, in which she made declaration that there was some hair, and on which there were various initials; another ring with a stone and an amulet; another with a pivot, enamelled, having a star on one side, and the letters *T* and *L* on the other, which she said also contained hair; another, in the form of a little collar, intended for the little finger; a gold repeater, which shows the date of the month, manufactured by Bréguet, No. 46, Quai de l’Horloge, Paris, marked *R. A.*, and then *A. M.*, together with another hand of which we do not know the use, on a steel chain with a branch, with a gold seal that opens, one part of which represents an *A* and an *M*; another seal of steel, engraved with two flambeaux, and the motto “*Amour et Fidélité*,” and having letters on the sides like an almanack; a gold locket, suspended from a little chain, also of gold, used as a necklace, which locket contained

Visitation to the Queen.

in her hands, Madame Elizabeth had sent her news of her children. These accounts, as will readily be believed, were some hair, plaited together, and an open-worked button, which appeared to us to be of silver.

"Having read which list through to her, she said it contained truth, and persisted in her statement, and signed with us; the two citizens of gendarmerie on duty about her person, and citizeness Harel, also on duty; citizen Leblanc, chief of the central office; Le Bussière, secretary of the police department; and citizeness Richard, wife of citizen Richard, porter to the said house of the Conciergerie; and, after said reading, we perceived that it had been stated that the watch marked the date, whereas it should have been said that it had a second-hand.

(Signed)

"MARIE-ANTOINETTE, DES FRENNES, GILBERT, HEUSSEE,
Administrators, LEBLANC, LA BUSSIERE, RICHARD, and HAREL.

"And immediately afterwards, we, the administrators named above, repaired to the domicile of citizen Richard, porter, which having reached, we desired citizens Des Frennes and Gilbert, gendarmes, and citizeness Harel, to withdraw immediately, with all their effects, from the room occupied by the widow Capet, where they have kept guard till now, which they instantly obeyed; and we also desired them to remain in the said house of justice until after we had made our report to our colleagues. We also enjoined citizen Richard, porter, to take all measures and precautions towards the said widow Capet that are usually employed with such as are kept in close prison; and we have also enjoined the commandant of the post of gendarmerie, summoned before us for the purpose, to put a man on duty immediately at the door of the said widow Capet, on the outer side, who shall be directed not to permit any person whatsoever to approach the said door, except the citizen-porter and his wife; and another man on duty in the court-yard near the windows of the said room, occupied by the widow Capet, who shall be directed not to permit any person to approach within a distance of ten paces, and not to permit any person whatever to speak or hold any communication, on any pretence whatsoever; which directions were immediately given, and the men posted according to the report of the said citizen-commandant of the guard, and the brigadier on duty at the reserve-guard, which directions the said citizen-commandant engages to have renewed each time the men are relieved, and to have repeated to those who take their places.

"This being read through to them, they said it contained truth, that they would obey the contents, and they signed with us.

(Signed)

"DE BUSNE, LEBLANC, HAREL, GILBERT, DES FRENNES,
RICHARD, LA BUSSIERE, and HEUSSEE, Administrators.

"Copy agreeable to the original,

"N. FROIDURE."

 Mode of intercommunication.

worded so as to calm the anxieties of the unfortunate mother. Madame Elizabeth tried to inspire her with a confidence that she did not herself feel concerning the Dauphin, and against which the echoes of the tower would have protested; for seldom did a day pass over without an oath or a plaintive cry being heard from Simon's room.

The guard set upon the tower became more and more strict. The municipals, continually on the watch, were perpetually making searches there. The prisoners had preserved some pencils and a few sheets of paper, concealed in a corner beneath the papering of the Queen's room, but, on the night when Marie-Antoinette was taken to the Conciergerie, Madame Elizabeth had destroyed them all, fearing to compromise her, which made the correspondence with Turgot exceedingly difficult. But what will not be achieved by the genius of captivity? There were no walls sufficiently high, no doors sufficiently thick, to prevent two sorrowing spirits from holding converse and sympathising communion with each other, from the Temple prison to the dungeon of the Conciergerie.

Sometimes it was in the form of requests from the Queen for articles she had left at the Temple,* and of which she

* "Citizen colleagues, Marie-Antoinette has begged me to send her four chemises, and a pair of shoes, without any number, of which she is in pressing need.

"I hope you will be so good as to give them to the bearer of this paper.

"I am, with fraternal salutation,

"MICHONIS."

"Conciergerie, 19th August."

~ (National Archives, Case E, No. 6206.)

"Commune of Paris.

"Citizens and colleagues, the police administration, on the demand made to us by widow Capet for various articles of clothes, desire you to look through whatever clothes may remain in the Temple for the use of the widow Capet, in order to know whether such articles are necessary for her, and whether there are such in the wardrobe at

Efforts to soften Simon

said she was in the most pressing need; at other times it was the secret correspondence carried on by means of Turgy.

Madame Elizabeth attempted to work another miracle, but it was an impossibility—to engage Simon to lessen the brutality of his manners, and the ruffianism of his words. She addressed her complaints to every municipal whose physiognomy and deportment gave the slightest indication of feeling, and entreated them to intercede with the pitiless tutor: almost all of them thought her complaints were unjust or exaggerated, and rejected them with disdain, or only replied by praising the very man against whom they were directed; others, less bigoted, but unfortunately timid, saw clearly enough what the conduct of Simon in the tower was, but knowing his high credit, did not dare to make any objection. Only one of them, whose name was Barelle, was not inexorable, for he was a father; he listened kindly to the grievances of Madame Elizabeth, and was courageous enough to make a few observations to the hard-hearted master, whose oaths he had heard himself when he was with the Princesses. Although these observations were made in the form of polite and most courteous advice, they were very ill taken: there are some rugged tempers which are only irritated by fair words. Simon threw all the blame upon his pupil, and attributed the reprimands he was sometimes forced to make use of entirely to his indocile character. Reader, do you not seem to hear Cain complaining of the brutality of Abel? “Besides,” added the master, “I know what I am about, and what I have got to do. In my place *you would go* perhaps even faster.” These words have been reported exactly as they were spoken. Were they the private and spontaneous reflection of an accused person

the Temple, and, in case there may be any, they be sent directly, because it will be more convenient than buying new.

“MENESSIER, CAILLIEUX.

“Administrators of police.

“26th September, 1793, 2nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible.”

(National Archives, Cote E, No. 6206.)

Tison's daughter.

defending his own conduct, or the involuntary indiscretion of an accomplice betraying himself? However that might be, the interference of Barelle had no other effect than to increase the rigour of Louis XVII.'s captivity, and to render the fierce disposition of his guardian more irritable still.

On the 26th August, Tison's daughter left the Temple; she asked to see little Capet before she went. Had Madame Elizabeth suggested this step to her, that she might thus hear some news of her nephew; or did the young girl herself wish to say adieu to the charming child, whom, notwithstanding the early influence of her parents, she had never been able to look on without emotion? The second explanation seems to me the more probable. Not only was her request denied her, but it was the cause of her being subjected to the most minute examination, both of her person and of the parcels she was carrying to her mother at the Hotel-Dieu.* Simon was immediately acquainted with this step, and with the refusal that followed it. "They did exceedingly well indeed," he exclaimed, with an oath, "not to let the young citizeness come here: she had nothing to see, nothing to do, and nothing to say here,—had she, Capet?" added he, raising his voice, and fixing on his slave a despot glance that demanded approval of his words. "They did very right," replied the child, trembling; "still I should have had many things to ask her about." "Tell me what they were, this moment," returned Simon. "I should have asked after my mother and sister, and aunt; it is so long since I saw them!" "Bah! have done, will you, with your d—d family; it is longer still that they have been our oppressors. They would see something

* "We desire the citizens in command of the armed forces to allow the daughter of citizen Tison to pass out, with a parcel in a towel, containing some old shoes and a packet of old gauze, which we inspected at the Temple, this 26th August, 1793.

"N. GUERIN, ARNAUD, LUBIN, PAQUOTTE, Commissaries."

"Municipality of Paris."

Proclamation of the King at Toulon.

to find fault with even here if they were to come down. The best thing you've got to do is to forget them, and above all not to bother me about them." These sharp words fell on the child's heart cold as the steel of a sword; he was silent, and his filial tears alone protested against the insults offered to the tomb and the prison-house. He was still, for he saw burning in his master's eyes the bitter rancorous feelings and choleric propensities that had been kindled by the imprudent advice of Barelle. The sovereign-cobbler had revealed himself to view in all the omnipotence of his rights, as an absolute monarch insulted by opposition, and fully resolved never again to allow criticism to penetrate his realm.

On Friday, 6th September, the commissaries on duty informed him that the city of Toulon had opened her port to the English on the 28th August, had proclaimed the Constitution of 1791, and the royal rights of Louis XVII. Among these municipals was M. Binet, partner to Maugin, a publican, whose house, situated in the Boulevard du Nord (No. 67), was the rendezvous of all the drinking patriots in the neighbourhood. His sign-board had at first borne the head of Henry IV., with these words: "The good King;" his brandy, wine, and cider, having sold perfectly well under the auspices of the grey-beard and white feather. Some years past the features of the Béarnaise monarch had been slightly altered, and under the new head the painter had written, in letters of gold: "The Great Voltaire." The great Voltaire had been succeeded, a few days previous to the present circumstance, by "Marat—the Friend of the People." It will be seen that citizens Maugin and Binet progressed with their age, and did not remain behind in the march of ideas. They were acquaintances of Simon, who, at the time of his marriage, used to go sometimes with Marie-Jeanne to drink at "The Great Voltaire." "Let us see the King of Toulon!" exclaimed Binet, as he came into the room. "You mean the King of Montbrison!" was Simon's reply. "No; the King of Toulon!" "The

Maugin's tavern.

King of La Vendée," said another municipal. "Citizens," replied Simon, authoritatively; "at least he shall never be King of Paris;" and his fatal arm, extended towards the young Prince, seemed devoting his head to every malediction on earth. Explanations were given, and the occurrences in the south and west related in full detail. "There is something in the air, though," resumed Binet; "it would be very funny if that young monkey did become King somewhere!" The child's eyes sparkled for a moment with a sudden flash of hope, but a blush immediately afterwards overspread his brow, as if he was ashamed of his own boldness.

The master had sent the child to sit down on the foot of his bed "till further orders." The discussion grew animated, every one directing a sanguinary jest at the son of Louis "the shortened one!"

The child did not stir from the place where he had been ordered to remain during the whole conversation, which lasted a long while, and the concluding words of which were: "The republic is eternal!" Simon, looking at the absent child, repeated very loudly, with malevolent meaning: "The republic is eternal! the republic is eternal!" And, as Binet was retiring with his colleagues, he added: "Citizen Binet, tell Maugin that there will be no occasion ever to change his sign-board again." "So much the better, citizen," replied Binet, "for it is tiresome and expensive to send for the painter every two years."

After their departure Simon walked up and down a very long time, exchanging some sentences on politics with his wife, in which apprehensions for the future were partly visible through their republican enthusiasm. The child had not dared to stir; on his countenance, altered though it was, were still to be recognised some few traces of French vivacity; but it was a vivacity which wanted the blithesome scenes of other days to give it life and motion. Besides, he had understood the news brought in by the commissaries, and he knew from experience what he had to expect from such intelligence.

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Vulgar brutalities.

He had heard Simon exclaim that, if ever the Vendéans came to Paris, he would smother the wolfcub sooner than give him up to them. He remained, therefore, still and silent, fearing if he made the least sound or movement that he would draw down on himself a storm of wrath. Simon went up to him, and dragged him by one of his ears to the table in the middle of the apartment. A moment afterwards he said to him: "Capet, if the Vendéans were to set you at liberty, what would you do to me?" "I would forgive you," replied the child. The soul of Louis XVI. must have bounded with joy to see his royal heir so well disposed to receive the injunctions of his will; and Marie Antoinette would have recognised her beloved child if, from the depths of her dungeon, she could have heard words so agreeable to the sentiments she had ever endeavoured to instil into him, and which some days afterwards she was to recommend to him in that last letter, interrupted by the headsman's hand. Clemency here below is a foretaste of heavenly things: the dead, who have entered into the designs of Providence, love not revenge.

On Saturday, 21st September, Hébert made his appearance at the tower, together with Grenard, Lelièvre, Camus, and Jonquoy, municipal officers; he brought a decree from the Commune, commanding that the Princesses should be kept in more rigid confinement, and that the person who waited on them should be withdrawn. "In all the prison-houses," said he to them, "the prisoners have no one to wait on them; the exception made in your favour is an offence to public justice and morality; equality should reign in prisons, as in all other places. For the future, Henriot and the water-carrier only shall have the right of entrance here." *

* The following is the account given in the council-general of the Commune of the business of the day.

"The deputy-attorney-general of the Commune proposed, as a measure of security agreeable to equality, that the whole kitchen-establishment of

Vulgar brutalities.

Hébert, with his party, went down into Simon's room. It will be seen that the object of his visit was more the little prisoner than the captive ladies. He had a long conversation with Simop, looked at the child without speaking to him, took leave of the master with the words: "Very soon," and withdrew.

No official order or direction was given on that floor; "Very soon," is the sole portion of the visit that we have heard of: a farewell word, simple and common enough, but which, under these circumstances, seems frightfully significant!

Hébert was obeyed: Tison, in disgrace, was sent back to the turret, where he was kept in confinement; the Princesses, for the future, were to make their bed and sweep their room themselves; their door was not to be opened, except to take in their food; they were never more to look on a human face,—never more to hear a human voice. The terrible visitor they had just received proposed measures calculated to render yet more rigid the regulations of their prison-house. The two following decrees were carried by the Temple committee:

"Municipality of Paris.

"22nd Sep., 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"The Council, taking into consideration that the greatest economy ought to prevail, and be observed, makes the following decree:

the Temple be reduced, and all the servants and valets discharged, and that the prisoners confined there be treated exactly in the same manner as the prisoners in other places of confinement; and that, on the same evening, a committee be named to carry this decree into execution at the Temple. His proposal was unanimously adopted.

"The members named for the committee were: Grenard, Lelièvre, Camus, and Jonquoy.

"The same measures were adopted with respect to the widow Capet; the council decrees that the food of the said Capet be reduced to the bare necessities of life; that, out of regard to equality, she be treated indiscriminately like the other prisoners, and have no attendants but those connected with the prison; also that this decree be sent to the porter of the Conciergerie."—(Archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville.)

Vulgar brutalities.

• “ 1st. That, from this day forward, the use of poultry and pastry at every table be abolished.

“ 2nd. That the prisoners have but one kind of food for their breakfasts.

“ 3rd. That they have only some broth, boiled beef, and one other dish for their dinner; half-a-bottle of common wine to be allowed to each of them.

“ 4th. At supper to have two dishes.”

The second decree directed :

“ 1st. That, from this day forward, no waxlights be allowed within the tower; the prisoners to have tallow-candles only, and that no tapers be burnt, except in the office of the council.

“ 2nd. That the use of silver and china be prohibited, and that pewter forks and spoons and common earthenware only be henceforth served.

“ VIALARD, ROBIN, TONNELIER, VERON.

“ Commissaries on duty at the Temple.”

On the 24th September, a more particular search than any of the former was made in the prisoners' room.* The new

* “ One of the commissaries appointed by the council-general to search the prisoners' room at the Temple, and take away all articles of luxury, gives this account of his proceedings :

“ He says that the commissaries had taken away and put under seal all the china they had found.

“ He added that, in a cupboard belonging to Elizabeth, they found two rouleaux of forty gold pieces, each piece of gold of the value of twenty-four livres, which the said Elizabeth declared had been given to her to keep by the widow Lamballe, at the period of the 10th August, 1793, and that these same gold pieces had been confided by another person to the care of the widow Lamballe.

“ The council decrees, that the above-mentioned gold pieces, as also the thousand crowns, found at the time of Capet's death, and the decorations he wore on his person, be deposited in the national treasury, and appoints the commissaries here named as commissaries for this purpose.

Vulgar brutalities.

regulations, prescribed by the decrees we have just given, had been carried out with intense zeal. Not only were all delicacies in eating put a stop to, but stable-sheets of yellow long-cloth were substituted for white, dipped-candles for wax, pewter for silver, and earthenware for china.

This recrudescence of spite did not confine itself to the living: it attacked him who was no more! The council-general decreed that the wardrobe of Louis XVI., which had been under seal hitherto, should be burnt at the Place de Grève.*

"On demand of the attorney-general of the Commune, the council-general decrees that the bed, coats, and whatever else was used in the lodging, or for the clothing, of Capet, be burnt at the Place de Grève next Sunday. The commissaries named for this purpose are Grenard, Lelièvre, &c.

"LUBIN, Vice-president.

"DORAT-CUBIERES."

(Sitting of Tuesday, 24th September, 1793.)

* "Council-general of the Commune of Paris.

"The secretary-registrar gives his account of the burning of Capet's wardrobe, which took place yesterday, Sunday, 29th inst.

"On Sunday, 29th September, 1793, 3rd year of the French Republic, citizen Camus, the commissary appointed on purpose by the council-general, having had the wardrobe of the late Capet brought to the dépôt of the secretary's office in the common hall, I found that it was sewed up in a cloth, and sealed in six places; after having seen that the seals were perfect and entire, I opened the packet and found as follows:

"A hat, a broken tortoise-shell box, a little parcel of list and white ribbons, six coats of cloth, silk, and soft velvet, a cloth over-coat, eight vests of cloth, soft velvet, silk, and linen; ten pairs of small-clothes ditto, two white dressing-gowns, under waistcoat of wadded satin, five pairs of pantaloons, nineteen white vests.

"Which articles I had conveyed to the Place de Grève by the office-messengers, after having previously had them certified by citizens Pierre-Jacques Legrand and Etienne-Antoine Souard, commissaries, who repaired to the said place with myself, where I found a pile of wood prepared, on which all the articles were arranged, and the commissaries having set fire to them, they were reduced to ashes, pursuant to the decree of the council-general.

(Signed)

"LEGRAND, SOUARD, Members of the Commune.

"COULOMBEAU, Secretary-registrar."

(Sitting of Monday, 30th September, 1793.)

Simon's efforts at corruption.

The royal child did not as yet feel the changes passing in the tower; he was provided with coarse yellow sheets, certainly, but his food remained the same, the favour in which Simon was held shielding a state of life which was common to both. The pupil was thus exempted from a measure which, falling on him, would affect the master also. The latter understood the obligations which this proceeding laid him under; he knew that they were indulgent to the Jacobin only on condition that the Jacobin should be more hard upon the Prince. It was only by increased severity that he could prove he was not ungrateful,—and his gratitude was excessive. Sometimes he measured out to his victim his portion of food parsimoniously, and gave him water only; sometimes he forced him to eat enormously, and drink a great deal of wine,—excess succeeding to fasting, and drunkenness to privation of necessaries. After having worn out the stomach, the master tried to wear out the heart. Ah! how rightly had the poor child done, to prepare himself for resignation beneath his parents' eyes! Certainly, robust as it was, if his nature had remained as quick and excitable as it had been at Versailles, these daily combats, great and little,—sword-cuts and prieks with a pin,—would undoubtedly have driven him mad. All Simon's efforts were more than ever directed to bend the young plant to imbibe his corruptive lessons, to give false ideas to his heart, and to poison his mind. The Revolution had not done enough in establishing herself in the Louvre, while her flag floated over our deserted palaces. No; she must instil her ideas and principles into the head and heart of the descendant of Saint Louis; she must fill his mind with the anarchy that reigned in the streets; must stifle the most generous nature with demoralisation the most odious; far from pure air and sunlight, must wither the noblest flower in the most fetid atmosphere—in short, must make an accomplice of a child: crime must find support in innocence!

Preparations for the Queen's trial.

Young Louis was already much changed. The heedlessness of his age had disappeared entirely ; a dreamy veil covered his countenance, once proud and determined, and his large blue eyes, which God had, as it were, illumined with the golden reflection of the light of royal lines, now rested on the ground, languid and almost inanimate. No emotion was now to be seen, like a breath of life, upon his face, which remained calm and unmoved. He could take no amusement now in anything. His body was unequal to the valour of his heart. His courage was ready to endure all, but his strength was not sufficient. Like the lily, the ancient emblem of French nationality, he had carried his charming head high ; but that head was beginning to droop on the stalk.

Still, the name of his mother was yet held dear and sacred in his heart. On the 12th Vendémiaire, 2nd year (3rd October, 1793), Simon, adding the most insulting epithets possible to her name, wanted the child to repeat it after him. The child allowed himself to be beaten, but would not do so. To blows, which had not overcome resistance, Simon added irony and sarcasm. This wretched man was not a father ; he knew not that there is nothing more divine than filial and maternal love, and that to mock at this is to mock at God himself. Yet the heart of the victim had not now its former purity and clearness, and, unknown to himself, the pictures, recollections, and lessons of the past were now reflected there only in unconnected fragments, like the light at the bottom of a lake ruffled by a tempest, and into which muddy waters have just discharged themselves.

The Convention was eager to see the trial of Marie Antoinette fairly begun, and at their back, pushing them on, was the impatient Commune, more implacable still.

On the 3rd October, the following decree was passed :

“ The National Convention, on the proposition of a mem-

Preparations for the Queen's trial.

ber, decrees that the revolutionary tribunal proceed without delay or interruption to the trial of the widow Capet.*

But the materials for the trial were wanting; and Fouquier-Tinville himself, whose conscience, as public accuser, was neither difficult nor scrupulous, replied in the following terms to the decree of the Convention:†

“Paris, this 5th October, 1793, 2nd year of the Republic,
one and indivisible.

“Citizen President,—I have the honour to inform the Convention that the decree passed therein on the 3rd instant, directing that the revolutionary tribunal proceed without delay or interruption to the trial of the widow Capet, was conveyed to me this evening. But, up to this day, no papers whatever relating to Marie Antoinette have reached me; so that, however desirous the tribunal may be to carry out the decree of the Convention, they are unable to obey this decree until such papers are forwarded to them.”‡

* “Revised by the inspector; signed Joseph Becker; collated with the original by us, the president and secretaries of the National Convention.

“Paris, 4th October, 1793, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed)

“L. J. CHARLIER, President.

“PONS (Verdun), P. JAGOT, Secretaries.”

(National Archives, iron chest.)

† This note, the copy of which was sent to the Convention on the 5th October, is preserved in the National Archives (iron chest); it is written in Fouquier's hand.

‡ Three days afterwards the members of the committee of public safety were still searching for papers to prove the guilt of the Queen:

“Paris, 7th day of the 2nd decade of the 1st month, 2nd year of the French Republic (17th Vendémiaire, 2nd year; 8th October, 1793).

“The members of the committee of public safety to their colleague,
citizen Rabaud-Pommier.

“Citizen, our colleague, we beg you will acquaint us with all the information relating to the widow Capet, that you, as having been secretary to the committee of twenty-one, employed in drawing up the accusation of

Testimony obtained from the Dauphin against his mother.

Materials were preparing at the Temple !

On the morning of the 13th Vendémiaire, 2nd year (4th October, 1793), Simon, who had received his cue from Hébert, the head of the plot, through citizen Daujon, municipal officer, informed Chaumette that little Capet was ready to reply to all questions that might be made to him in the cause of justice. The mayor and the attorney-general of the Commune determined to repair to the Temple, accompanied by two members of the council-general.* Notice was given to Simon to hold himself in readiness for the next day but one. On the 13th Vendémiaire (8th October), Pache and Chaumette arrived at the tower with their escort. Their entrance into Simon's room was at first an alarming circumstance to the young Prince, who, having been made intoxicated before the time, was beginning to recover himself, and whose brow was insensibly losing the passing flush raised by the brandy he had been forced to swallow. The brightness of his eyes was fading by degrees, and his head was sunk on his breast, sad and unmoved as before ; but, driven to extremities, tracked and harassed like a poor gazelle, worn out with fatigue, he yielded at length : he would never have resisted so much had their object been to take him to the scaffold. Heussée, administrator of police, read an interrogatory prepared beforehand, and, if we may believe a contemporary account, drawn up by Daujon, in which the child replied as was desired ; and then they made him sign it, as they desired it should be signed. The Revolution triumphed ; it had imbued the son's lip with the poison of the calumny with which the mother's honour was to be slain. We give the trembling signature by which they pretended to accuse

Capet, were able to collect ; or to inform us where the papers and documents, on which the labours of that commission were based, have been deposited.

“ Salutation and fraternity.”

* “ The council-general appoints Laurent and Friry to co-operate with the citizen mayor, the attorney-general of the Commune, and the commissaries already appointed to go to the Temple.”

(Sitting of the 4th October, 1793.)

Lowes Carpet

Carly

~~Mr. Mc~~ ~~James~~ ~~Lester~~

Servicio
a. m. d. g. b. n.
L. M. M.

*Hewitt
Simon*

Atrocious conspiracy.

the Queen, and which really accuses only those who guided, or rather misdirected, the child's hand.

We shall state hereafter to what subject the interrogatory applied, below which this signature appeared,—at least, as far as history may say it. In fact, it relates to a crime that surpasses imagination, and which, by its extraordinary nature, almost attains the vantage ground of impunity. The hand of justice is stayed by sacred modesty: to stigmatize it, we should be obliged to relate it.

Hébert had arrived during the sitting; he had the pleasure of seeing his plan carried out, as well as that of signing his name, together with Chaumette, who was his friend rather than his chief; with Pache, mayor of Paris; with Friry, Laurent, and Séguy, commissaries at the Temple; with Heussée, administrator of police; and Simon.

Those who had sought these poisoned weapons at the Temple bore them in triumph to the committee of public safety. There they found Daujon, no doubt anxious to know how the paper of which he had been the author had succeeded, and to what high degree of esteem and confidence he was to be raised by such an act of devotion. He received much congratulation on the subject. A member of the committee said to him: "How the devil, citizen, hast thou been able to collect so many things and fix them so cleverly?" "I read them in public opinion," replied Daujon; "they are as clear as the sun."

Still the Queen's enemies understood the necessity of supporting the testimony of a captive child, whom it was easy to induce to say anything that was wanted, by more serious witnesses. On the next day, 16th Vendémiaire, 2nd year (7th October, 1793), Chaumette and Pache came again to the Temple, accompanied by David (a member of the committee of public safety), and surrounded by municipals, among whom was Daujon. They hoped, by the help of ambiguous and captious questioning, to draw from the daughter and sister of

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Louis XVI. some words, which, skilfully interpreted, might make them accomplices in all the calumnies heaped upon the Queen. Among these calumnies, the most absurd, as well as the most abominable of all, is that of which we have already spoken. Modesty cannot name it, nor virtue understand it; neither can indignation mete out its full measure of reprobation. Yet it is this calumny that the revolutionary imagination invented to attack Marie Antoinette in all that is most sacred—her honour as a wife: and in all that is most holy—her love as a mother! It is enough for us to say, our hearts swelling with indignation, and with a flush on our brow, that the Revolution sought to transform the best of mothers into a Messalina, and her saintly child into the pupil of her debaucheries, the accomplice of her orgies, the betrayer of her crimes! Let them not tell us now that Marie Antoinette fell by the headsman's hand; no, it was not the executioner that slew her, the Queen of France died like the old monarchy of France beneath the pen of a pamphleteer,—we will not calumniate the headsman!

It was to support these monstrous assertions, already signed by her son, that testimony was now to be demanded from the sister and daughter,—by men who called themselves representatives of the city of Paris, of justice, and of the nation! Pache, Chaumette, and David, on their arrival at the tower, established themselves in the council-room, and ordered that the young Marie Thérèse should be brought down. This unexpected order filled the two Princesses with astonishment and terror; they clung to each other, imploring that they might not be separated. Being, however, obliged to obey, the young orphan went down, and God only knows what passed at that hour in the hearts of aunt and niece. For the first time since she had been confined in the Temple, Madame Elizabeth found herself alone! Was the last object of her tender solicitude removed for ever? Up to the present time, those who had once gone down had returned no more; the father had

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found the executioner below, and, worse still, the son had found Simon. What was in store for the young girl who had just passed the fatal threshold? The mind of Madame Elizabeth lost itself amidst the most alarming fancies and the most cruel conjectures; but it was not in her nature to guess a deed without a parallel in the annals of any nation, and she would certainly have accused the echoes of the tower of falsehood, could they have borne to her what was being said in the council-room at that moment. Scarce, indeed, could she believe it, when she was doomed to hear it with her own ears.

At the foot of the staircase, Madame Royale had met with her brother, and she was about to embracé him when Simon hastily tore him away from her. The child was coming out of the room, where David had asked to see the son of his former benefactor again, in order to hear from his own lips that he acknowledged what he had been forced to sign the day before as correct and true. The unhappy child had made a sign in the affirmative, and on his master's order had replied: "Yes." His sister was admitted. Pache was the first to interrogate her, concerning the understanding between her parents and foreign princes, which he accused her of having known. The young girl's answers were so concise and firm that the commissaries pushed these introductory questions no farther, and Chaumette began at once on the subject which was the true object of the examination. Marie Thérèse heard him at first without understanding him at all; then suddenly a flush rose to her face, and Chaumette's words becoming more horribly clear and more clearly horrible, they stirred up with indignation all the filial and Christian blood of the saintly child. She replied at first only by her tears, and then by a most positive denial; but when Chaumette persisted in his statements with cynical perseverance, the word "Infamous!" broke from the lips of Madame Royale, to repel his insinuations. "Chaumette," she says, in her narrative, "interrogated me upon a number of shameful things, of which my mother and aunt were accused.

Atrocious conspiracy.

I was struck dumb with horror, and was so indignant that, notwithstanding all my terror, I could not refrain from saying that it was infamous. Notwithstanding my tears they persisted very long; they were things that I could not well understand, but what I could comprehend was so horrible that I wept with indignation." The cry of outraged nature did not disarm the shameless accusers; they thought then of subjecting her to a most painful confrontation, and most cruel contradiction: they had young Louis-Charles brought in again, crouching under the domination of his master, and for nearly three hours they made her virgin innocence suffer, in presence of a brother of eight years old, the disgraceful trial of an examination which brought the brother and sister in antagonism to each other on this melancholy subject. Below the interrogatory is a signature traced by a trembling hand: it is preceded by that of Madame Royale, and followed by those of their examiners, as the reader will perceive by the subjoined fac-simile.

This atrocious scene, which began at noon, was not over until three o'clock. Marie Thérèse ardently demanded to be reunited with her mother. Chaumette replied: "That is not possible; retire, and say nothing to your aunt, whom we are going to send for also." And, under the escort of three municipals, the young virgin returned to her chaste cell,—like a white swan, whose purity is sullied by muddy waters, plunges again into the crystal waves of a quiet lake

Still dumb with indignation and terror, Madame Royale had scarce time to throw herself into the arms of her aunt ere the latter was torn from her, and obliged to depart, without knowing what was going on, nor what there was to hope or fear. She was interrogated in her turn, and the same long tissue of infamous accusations made against the Queen was unrolled before her. Madame Elizabeth replied, as her niece had done, to all falsehoods by truth, to all pertidious assertions by the most noble frankness, and to all scurrility with an accent of contempt. Her formidable examiners soon saw that

Herese. Louis Charles Casper

Lach
Darius
Darius
H. M. pad.

us
Darius
H. M. pad.

Elizabeth Capet

Louis Charles Capet

David, Esq. ~~William~~ Raym

Sept

~~Wm. Raym~~
adm. ex. p. 10

~~Wm. Raym~~
D. C. Raym

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it would be in vain for them to seek the equivocal phrase they had been unable to obtain from the simplicity of a young girl, not yet fifteen, from the presence of mind of her aunt; and, after the lapse of an hour, they sent her away, weary and ashamed that they had not been able to seize on some word that they might be able to distort to a wrong meaning. But, with strange pertinacity, ere they closed their search, they confronted the young King with Madame Elizabeth, and put the virtue of his aunt to the blush before him, as they had done the innocence of his sister. The Dauphin's signature is to be seen at the foot of the examination, together with that of Madame Elizabeth.

At length the trial was over. When she had reached her room again, "Oh, my child!" exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, extending her arms to her niece. Silence alone could express the confusion and embarrassment of both; a flush was on their brows, and tears fell from their eyes: for the first time they shunned each other's glances. For a moment they held each other in a close embrace, and then, falling on their knees, they offered their humiliation and sorrow to the God of the humble and afflicted.

Divine wisdom had suggested to Marie Thérèse and her aunt answers which disconcerted the machinations of wicked men; they were obliged to fall back upon, and hold to, the report fabricated (at least so it has been said) by Daujon, and adopted by Hébert. Still, their visit was not unproductive of results; for the minds of the poor captives remained troubled with the images with which their chaste imaginations had been sullied. Turgy, who had found means to retain his employment within the Temple, was sent away,* and forbidden to re-enter the tower.

* The Commune had made a decree a month before to expel Turgy, Chrétien, and Marchand, from the Temple, and not only them, but all persons suspected of incivism.

"A decree of the Temple council read, demanding that several indi-

Letter to Turgy.

The following is the last note written to this faithful servant by Madame Elizabeth :

“Quarter past two o'clock, 11th October, 1793.

“I am much distressed. Take care of yourself till the time when we shall be more fortunate, and able to reward you. Take with you the comfort of having served good and unhappy masters.

“Recommend Fidèle (Toulan), not to expose himself too much for our signals (by means of a horn). If by chance you should see Madame Mallemain, give her an account of us, and tell her that I think of her.

“Adieu, faithful subject and worthy man; may God, whom you so faithfully serve, support and comfort you in whatever you may have to endure !”

M. Hue was arrested on the 13th. Thenceforward it became impossible for Madame Elizabeth to learn anything that

viduals now employed in this house, and who were formerly attached to the ex-Count d'Artois, be replaced :

“The council-general confirms these arrangements, and decrees in consequence that citizens Piquet and his family, porters; Rockentroh and his family, keepers of the linen; Baron, porter; Gourlet and his wife, turnkeys; Quenel, messenger; Chrétien, Marchand, and Turgy, men-servants; citizeness Leclerc, wife of a gendarme, ex-outrider to the Count d'Artois; the wife and children of Salmon, his ex-footman; and the Ango (ex-butler) family, in number four persons; be expelled.

“The council-general, on the proposition of the Temple council, decrees that the enclosure wall be continued up to the ex-palace, above the stabling.

“The council-general appoints Beauvalet, Cresson, Courtois, and Remy, to the duty of replacing the Temple turnkeys.

“The council-general decrees that citizeness Tison be paid in proportion to her salary, her discharge to date from this day.

“The Temple council desires that six commissaries instead of four be appointed for Sunday and Monday, in order to accompany the men who are to mend the stoves in the prisoners' rooms.

“The council-general adopts this proposal.”

(Council-general of the Commune of Paris; sitting of the 14th September, 1793.)

The Queen's trial.

was passing; intelligence from without, communication within, all failed her at once, and she heard no more of the Queen.

Let us not regret this privation, cruel as it was for her. These unceasing anxieties spared her a greater grief: the trial of Marie Antoinette was about to begin. For nearly two months and a-half that she had been confined in a damp dungeon at the Conciergerie, the Queen had been expecting her trial. Feeling her last sufferings beforehand, she had ceased to live without enjoying the repose of death.* On the 14th October the proceedings were opened. Fouquier-Tinville read to the accused a libel, that, in his jargon, he styled her deed of accusation. The Queen of France replied to all with heroic calmness. But now came Hébert, who brought the calumny he had prepared in the Temple examination against the widow Capet. The royal accused kept silence, full of mournful majesty; but Hébert having added that he had an authentic document in his possession which proved the facts he asserted, she turned on him a glance which brought a flush to his cheek, and excited a movement in the Assembly. Fouquier dared not make use of this document. The terror he usually inspired was experienced by himself on that day; he feared that this absurd and abominable mode of accusation might overstep his object, and, by its very excess of malevolence, become favourable to the accused.† He merely ordered the registrar to read the document, and then, turning towards Marie Antoinette, he only said: "What have you to reply to

* "*Præsignio malorum jam vita exempta, nondum tamen morte ad- quiescebat.*"—*TACIT. Ann. Lib. XIV.*

† "It is well known that Robespierre, on learning the details of this sitting, accused Hébert of having drawn up so libellous an accusation in order to excite the people in that Princess's favour, by making her an object of interest."—"Dictées de Napoléon."

The same Robespierre, on hearing that Fouquier-Tinville wanted to put up the scaffold in the very room where the tribunal sat, in order to her being tried, condemned, and executed in the same sitting, cried out: "Wretch! would you then demoralize the punishment?"

The Queen's trial.

the testimony of this witness?" The Queen continued to preserve a majestic silence; but, some time afterwards, one of the jury having begged the president to take notice that she had made no answer to the facts adduced by citizen Hébert, the royal accused, with one glance, struck terror into the souls of accusers, witnesses, and judges. "If I made no reply," she cried, "it was because nature refuses to answer such an accusation brought against a mother. I appeal to all mothers who may be present here!" And this last cry, wrung from her in her insufferable and holy grief, moved the coldest and most inimical hearts in the whole room.

The tribunal, in this iniquitous trial, had feigned a respect for forms by deridingly giving the Queen two advocates, officially appointed,—MM Chauveau-Lagarde and Tronson du Coudray,—and by summoning witnesses, as if it were incumbent upon the judges to seek for material evidence or moral convictions. Among these witnesses several were to appear again as accused themselves a few days afterwards; they might have bought their lives by calumniating the Queen, but, placed between the scaffold and their conscience, they knew how to die. Manuel proved, by his attitude and replies, which were full of propriety and reserve, that remorse may sometimes be sufficiently acute to atone for former crime. Bailly,—who by a single word* was soon to win other glory than that which science had procured him,—paid reverence to truth, and declared that "The facts contained in the indictment, and to which the declaration of young Louis Charles referred, were entirely false." And when the Count de la Tour du Pin, ex-minister of war, was asked by the president if he knew the accused: "Ah! yes," he replied, moved with respectful grief, and bowing low before his unfortunate Queen; "Ah! yes; I have the honour of

* Bailly was executed at the Champ-de-Mars, 10th November, 1793. As his limbs, chilled by the rain and cold, were involuntarily shaking, one of the witnesses of his death said to him: "Thou art trembling, Bailly!" "Yes," replied the old man, calmly; "but it is with cold."

The Queen's trial.

knowing Madame." Some days later the scaffold had required the repentance of Manuel, the frankness of Bailly, and the respect of De la Tour du Pin.

Still, Chauveau-Lagarde tried to combat the accusation made against his royal client by reasoning; he spoke noble words, which the journals of the epoch, fortunately for his life, but unfortunately for his glory, dared not repeat. He declared that—"In this extraordinary trial, posterity would see that if there were anything difficult for the defender, it was not to find decisive answers, but to meet with a single serious objection."

Then, having cut to pieces all the heads of the accusation, he ended by saying, "that he thought he had kept the engagement he had laid himself under, by showing most clearly that nothing could equal the apparent gravity of the accusation, unless perhaps the ridiculous nullity of the proofs."

History has left us no account of the speech of Tronson du Coudray; but it seems to prove its worth by informing us that he was arrested, together with Chauveau Lagarde, when the sitting was over. It is doubtless true that the greatest orators of France would not have saved the Queen from the fate to which she was doomed; but still it is to be regretted that, at this solemn moment, no voice should have protested against the proceedings, in the name of the honour of France and universal justice.

The daughter of Marie Thérèse had not belied her birth one single moment; she had listened to all with calmness, and refuted all with conciseness. After hearing all the witnesses, she had warned the tribunal that not one among them had advanced a single positive fact against her. And when, after the declaration of the jury and speech of the public accuser, the president asked her if she had anything to add: "Nothing in my own defence," she said; "but much for your remorse to feel. I was a queen, and you have dethroned me; I was a wife, and you have murdered my husband; a mother,

The Queen's trial

and you have torn my children from me I have nothing left but my blood,—take it then, hasten to shed it, that you may quench your thirst therewith ”

The counsel for the defence were asked in their turn if they had any observation to advance upon the verdict of the jury. M Chauveau Lagarde said nothing “I have nothing to say,” replied Tronson du Coudray, sadly, like a man who feels the uselessness of any other effort in favour of a victim condemned beforehand, “nothing, citizen president, the declaration of the jury being precise, and the law formal, I declare that my duties with respect to the widow Capet are over.”

The judges and members of the committee of public safety prolonged the duration of the sittings beyond measure and scarcely allowed the Queen time to take a little refreshment. Did they fear that she might die too courageously? Were they trying to do with the mother what they had accomplished with the son? By weakening her bodily strength, did they hope to shake the firmness of her character, and extinguish the pride of her lofty bearing?

They did not succeed On entering her prison for the last time the victim threw herself, dressed on her pallet wrapping the blanket round her feet, for she had suffered a good deal from cold Heaven sent her some hours of peaceful sleep and then she wrote to her sister that last admirable letter (the fac simile of which is here presented) in which were poured out, with all her tears, her religious sorrows and her anxieties as a mother

“I have to speak to you on a subject most painful to my feelings. I know the child must have occasioned you much distress, but forgive him, sister, think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child say whatever one wishes, even what he does not himself understand ”

Our readers will feel that the poor mother was afraid that

The Queen's religious cares.

the odious words which had been put into the mouth of her simple child, might fall on the agonised heart of Madame Elizabeth, and might be even turned against herself as an object of calumny. The Queen, addressing her son, added the following words: "Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I repeat to him here, on purpose that he may remember them: 'Never let him think of avenging our death,—I forgive all my enemies the injuries they have done me.'"

It is well known that there exists a story, founded on the most respectable testimony, according to which it appears that the Conciergerie was opened to admit a priest who had not taken the oath of conformity, and who came to console the Queen in her last sorrows, and strengthen her in her last struggle. The Abbé Magnin, who was afterwards curé of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, was admitted into the Conciergerie under the name of M. Charles, and into the Queen's chamber by one of those holy maidens whose devotion acknowledges no obstacles.

There is in existence an attestation signed by him, and couched in the following terms: "I certify besides, that in the month of October, 1793, I had the honour of being admitted into the Conciergerie with Mdlle. Fouché several times, in order to confess the Queen Marie Antoinette there, to say mass, and to give her the sacrament."*

* This declaration is in the possession of Baron Hyde de Neuville, who expresses himself as follows, in a letter written in reference to the "Girondins," by Lamartine, and which is to be found in the "*Etudes Critiques sur les Girondins*," by M. A. Nettement: "I have more than mere oral evidence that the Queen took the sacrament in her dungeon. Precious documents have been intrusted to me. I have in my possession letters from Madame Bault, wife to the keeper of the prison. In one of these she says that Abbé Magnin 'had courage to penetrate, through numberless dangers, the prison of that illustrious Princess, in order to bring her the consolations of religion.' I have also a declaration, made by a very honourable man, a friend of M. Bault, in which he expresses himself as follows: 'One evening, towards the end of September or beginning of

The Queen's execution.

On the 25th Vendémiaire, 2nd year (16th October, 1793), at five o'clock in the morning, the roll-call was beaten through all the sections of the city, and at seven o'clock the whole of the armed force was on foot. Guns were placed at the entrances of the bridges, and in all the squares and crossings from the Palais-de-Justice to the Place de la Révolution.*

The approaches to the Conciergerie, and the broad steps leading up to the parliament-house, were thronged with curious spectators; others were to be seen at the windows, on the bars and balustrades, on the cornices, and even on the roofs.

At eleven o'clock the officials came to take the Queen to the scaffold. She was found, they say, talking with a constitutional priest,† admitted to her, as she had foreseen would be the case, by order of the Commune. The Queen had not given him time to complete his first sentence. He had begun: "Your death is about to expiate—" "Yes, sir, my faults, but not a single crime." After this interruption, the conversation changed in its tone. As the priest was exhorting her to have courage: "Ah, sir!" replied the Queen; "I have been serving my apprenticeship to it for several years; and it will not be at the very moment that is to terminate my misfortunes that I shall be seen to fail."

We have before us the unpublished account of an eye-witness,‡ who, together with several friends—royalists like himself, and, like himself, dressed so as to avoid suspicion—followed the Queen from the Conciergerie to the foot of the scaffold, in the vague hope that some signal might be given to

October, as I was with M. Bault, I saw a person come in, whose appearance was very remarkable and greatly attracted my attention. Mdlle. Bault, who waited on the unfortunate Queen, told me that it was M. Charles, confessor and spiritual comforter to the Queen. I have other declarations and certificates proving the same fact."

* "History of the Last Reign of the French Monarchy," Vol. II., p. 342.

† M. Girard, curé of Saint-Landry.

‡ Viscount Charles Desfossez.

The Queen's execution.

save the Queen from the executioner's grasp. We give this faithful and interesting narrative, in which we have altered nothing, only reserving to ourselves the task of completing it by furnishing further details.

"At the moment when the doors of the entrance-arch were opened the fatal cart was dragged several paces off. There were detachments from all the sections under arms; that of the Gravilliers, my own, one of the most revolutionary, was well selected, and posted near the vehicle. The crowd in the court-yard was not very great, for no one had been allowed to pass in for above an hour before. I thought I could observe a sort of silent curiosity that augured well on the faces of all around: at so solemn a time one often thinks one sees what one wishes to see. I was close to the right wheel of the cart, sufficiently near to observe all the details; very dirty and muddy it was, with a plank for a seat, with no hay or straw upon it; a white horse, sturdy and strong, a step behind; and a man, with a stern and sinister countenance, at the horse's head. A slight movement of impatience was beginning to show itself; the troops were under arms; a superior officer of the National Guard, on horseback—it was Grammont, an actor belonging to the Comédie-Française*—gave the word of command. Everyone turned towards the gates; the wicket opened, and the victim, pale, but queenly still, appeared; behind her came Sanson, the executioner, holding the ends of a thick rope which bound back the elbows of the royal condemned. She moved forward the few steps necessary to reach the step, to which a little ladder, of four or five bars, had been attached. The executioner, who was showing

* Grammont belonged to the Montansier Theatre. He was guillotined, together with his son, General Dillon, Chammette, and Lebrasse, whom we mentioned in Vol. I., p. 390; and the register of his death is as follows:—
"Nourry Grammont, ex-actor at the Montansier Theatre, afterwards adjutant-general of the revolutionary army, aged forty-two, native of La Rochelle (Lower Charente), resident at Paris, Passage des Petits-Pères, section of William Tell.

The Queen's execution.

the Queen where she was to put her foot, was followed by an assistant. Sanson went to give his hand to support the Queen: the Queen—it was indeed herself—turned her head gravely, made a sign in the negative, and having ascended without aid, was about to sit down facing the horse, when the two executioners showed her that she was to take the opposite place, while the priest got into the car. These arrangements occupied some time. The executioner—and this circumstance struck me forcibly—took very evident pains to hold the cords very slack. He placed himself behind the Queen, leaning against the side-bars of the cart, and his assistant at the farther end, both standing, with their three-cornered hats in their hands. Leaving the courtyard, the car proceeded slowly through an immense crowd of people who threw themselves before it, but offered no insult, and uttered neither cries nor murmurs. It was not till they had proceeded a long way, and had reached the entrance of the Rue Saint-Honoré, that any clamour was heard. The priest spoke little, or not at all. I had time to examine the Queen and her dress. She had on a white petticoat above, with a black one under it, a kind of white night-jacket, black ribbon on her wrists, a neckkerchief of plain white muslin, and a cap with a small piece of black ribbon; her hair was quite white, and cut close all round her cap. She was pale, but a slight flush was visible on her temples; her eyes bloodshot, and her eyelids motionless and stiff. This portrait of her, as well as all the rest of the description, I wrote when I went home. When they reached the ‘Jacobin’ gate—it was then a passage—the Queen had not yet spoken to the priest; only, from time to time, the latter laid his hand on the left arm of the victim, who showed, by some motion, the suffering occasioned her by the pressure of the cords. On the arcade surmounting the gate of the Passage des Jacobins, there was a large bill stuck up, bearing this inscription: ‘Manufacturer of Republican weapons for overthrowing tyrants.’ I thought the Queen had not

The Queen's execution.

been able to read it easily, for she turned round suddenly to the priest, as it seemed, to ask him a question; he held up for a moment a little ivory crucifix, from which he had never moved his eyes. At the same instant Grammont, who had still accompanied the cart, held up his sword, brandishing it about in every direction; and then, rising up in his stirrups, cried out in a loud voice some words which I was unable to catch; then he turned again towards the death-cart, saying, with horrid oaths, 'There she is, that infamous Antoinette! She is done for,* my friends!' Some drunken vociferations followed. I slunk into the crowd, on a sign concerted with my friends: we were forced to abandon all hope of saving the Queen."

Thus the men who had swelled the crowd in the hope of lending their best assistance to any attempt in favour of the victim, were obliged to retire with averted heads, that they might not be present at her execution. There are but few details remaining for us to give in order to complete an account most sadly true.

Louis XVI., who had been tried as king, had been conveyed to the scaffold in a carriage; his widow, tried merely as a citizen, was obliged to go in a cart, seated on a board. But the royal condemned one, clothed in white, like the martyrs to the Christian faith in olden times, her hands bound behind her back, went to her doom dignified, and still looking compassionately and calmly on the tumult that surrounded her. The houses on her way were shut up and silent; in the Rue Saint-Honoré, nearly opposite the Oratory, a little child, held up by his mother, bowed his head before Marie Antoinette, and kissed his hand to her.† At this sight, so new to her, the

* The expression, in French, bears a double sense, and no one above the dregs of the people would use it in the presence of a woman.—TRANSLATOR.

† "Secret Memoirs, &c., on the Misfortunes and Death of the Queen of France," by M. Lafont d'Aussonne, 1825.

The Queen's execution.

Queen coloured with emotion, and her eyes filled with tears.

The victim was not destined to meet with insult except at certain points, where a multitude, rendered fanatic by their hatred, had been collected for the purpose. Thus, opposite Saint-Roch the procession halted, in obedience to a sign from Grammont,* that the multitude thronging the church-steps might insult the Queen at their leisure. A hundred yards further on, as we have seen, the cries were redoubled before the Passage des Jacobins. The Commune of Paris did not wish a Queen of France to pass through her capital without pomp, and without an escort; they therefore despatched to this festival all that crowd of drunken women, covered with rags, and with the red caps on their heads, who were enrolled and paid for the purpose of accompanying the victims, pointed out by the revolutionary tribunal, to their death, pursuing them with imprecations, and throwing mud at them, and uttering howls and cries of "Bravo!" at every fall of the fatal cleaver. And it was this troop of furies that saluted the daughter of the Cæsars with the names of Médicis, Frédégonde, and Messalina, calling for her blood to drink, in justification of the horrible name bestowed on them by the Commune—"the Blood-lickers of the Guillotine."

She was still a Queen in the Temple prison; still a Queen on the rude pallet, the straw chair, and wooden stool at the Conciergerie; still a Queen on the cart that bore her to the scaffold. A sort of dignified greatness seemed always shining round her. The august victim looked on, to the end, with calmness at this abused people; no expression of hate altered the serenity of her glance, which, loosed from things of earth, seemed to take a wider and higher range. "Alas!" said she, "my sorrows will soon be over, but yours are only beginning." When she reached the place where the blood of

* "Secret Memoirs, &c., on the Misfortunes and Death of the Queen of France," by M. Lafout d'Annonay, 1825.

The Queen's execution.

Louis XVI. had been shed, she ascended the steps of the scaffold with a firm tread, turned her gaze for a moment with mournful meaning on the Tuileries, prayed fervently, raised her eyes to Heaven, and then, turning towards the executioner, "Make haste!" she said; and bowing her head, she received the fatal blow.*

The prisoners at the Temple remained in ignorance of the murder of the Queen. The municipals on duty, the keepers, and the servants employed in the tower, were charitably discreet enough not to acquaint them with this piece of news. Simon knew about it, but he did not speak of it either; he knew that the head of Marie-Antoinette was doomed to the executioner's hand, but he was not aware on what day the executioner was to claim it. On the morning of the 16th October, he thought he heard a slight disturbance without; the rappel had been beaten, and a confused noise announced some unusual stir to be going on in that populous city. His impatient curiosity drove him up to the platform, which was the point of observation whence he was in the habit of trying to catch some passing scenes, or at least some words, of the great drama then enacting. He dragged his pupil thither with him, and his wife followed. I ought to have mentioned before an episode which occurred some two or three days previously, and which could not have occurred except in times like these. The prisons were so full, and the lists of the public accuser so overstocked with criminal affairs, that it was impossible to be very careful, or to devote much time to proving the identity of the condemned. Two persons were going to the scaffold by mistake, instead of two others who bore the same name; the latter protested against the error, and went to their doom accordingly. This fact, which so clearly shows what the tribunals and what the

* See, in No. VI. of the Documents, the inventory made two years later, when the seals on the rosewood chest of drawers, with a marble top, which contained everything that had belonged to the Queen, were removed.

The bet.

accused at that period were, had been the evening before the theme of the two Simons; and when the child was asleep, the ex-Jacobin cobbler, resuming his subject, said: "At least, when *La Veto* goes to the guillotine no one will take *her* place, and there will be no mistake. There are not two of her name and place." "She will not go to the guillotine," replied his wife. "And why not?" "Because she is still beautiful, and because she can talk, and will soften her judges." "Justice is incorruptible!" was the answer of the sententious Simon; and there the matter rested.

I know not why the woman had imagined that the Queen would not be put to death. Whether she wished she might be acquitted, or feared she might not be condemned—at all events she did not think that she would have to ascend the scaffold. Simon, on his part, had a clearer political view; he had sought revolutionary inspiration at the very fountain-head, and he knew what to think concerning the fate reserved for Marie Antoinette. When they reached the top of the tower, they heard the troops returning to quarters. Simon resumed the discussion of the night before in veiled language, saying to his wife: "I should not be surprised if all this bustle were found out to relate to the person we were talking of last night." "I am sure it does not," returned Marie Jeanne; "they would not have treated her with so much ceremony." Then a bet was laid between Simon and his wife as to the death of the Queen of France, the loser engaging to pay for and provide certain glasses of brandy, intended to cheer the quiet evening. The commissaries on duty soon appeared on the platform, and Simon learned from them that his presentiments were just; he asked them, aside, for some information on the subject, and then, approaching his wife: "Thou hast lost thy bet," said he. "What bet?" asked the royal child, ingenuously, as he rolled about his foot-ball in the narrow corridor that served as a walk. "The bet is no business of thine, but if thou art good thou shalt have a share."

A family quarrel.

And that same evening, accordingly, the son of Marie Antoinette raised to his lips some of the brandy with which his jailers were drinking themselves drunk, on the occasion of his mother's death.

These details,—I have stated the source from which I drew them,—cost me much to write; but it is my duty to give them in all their frightful simplicity, for it seems to me that this little picture of private life shows the familiar manners of the Temple tower better than any historical painting. The evening which, between drinking and smoking, had been prolonged to a late hour, ended by a little quarrel. Simon's angry humour, which had been restrained for several days, was greatly excited in the course of this orgie; and, for once, it did not burst on the head of the poor innocent, who had already taken refuge in sleep. The drunken husband was enraged at his prudent and economical wife, whose saving disposition had reduced the amount of the bet; and the rage of the drunkard, disappointed in his desires, to which he had given the rein, and in his unsatisfied longing, betrayed itself in reproaches and abuse. His words were loud enough for Madame Elizabeth to hear; and the Princess naturally supposed that the harsh voice, whose tones she recognised, was addressing itself to the usual victim. This thought occupied her mind almost the whole night long; and, hearing nothing more, either the next day or the day after, and having no means of learning anything, she went up to the top of the turret, by the little staircase we have elsewhere mentioned, and kept watch at the little window. On the second day her hopes were crowned with success: the master and pupil appeared on the platform, and stood still for a moment in full view of the patient watcher,—so much so, indeed, as to leave her uncertain whether she had herself been seen, or whether she was to attribute solely to chance the look which both turned towards her.

Some days previous to the death of the Queen, a circumstance had occurred at the Temple, which had greatly inflamed

The billiard-table.

the sufficiently irritable temper of Simon. Although his ire usually expended itself on one devoted head, yet his wife was not without experiencing its effects occasionally. His colleagues, the members of the council, could not but perceive it also though they only performed the duties of commissaries within the tower by turns. Simon's wife had, therefore, said to the latter: "My husband does not know what to do with himself. These three months he has been kept in prison along with the wolf-cub; he must not go out, he has no work to do, and he cannot play; he will become quite ill with it all, if this goes on. There used to be a billiard-table in one of the rooms of the Temple palace, when the late Capet d'Artois lived there, and we ask your permission to have that old billiard-table, which was sent back to the furniture store of the Temple when the tyrant came to live here, brought into the tower." The municipals, who saw at once the advantage they might themselves derive from this idea of Simon's wife, thought it admirable. However, one of their number, more cautious than the rest, was afraid lest the measure they had adopted might not be approved of by their successors. "They will profit by it in their turn," replied Simon's wife: "the country ought, indeed, to do something for citizens who do everything for her." These words won the day; the billiard-table was carried in, and put up in one of the rooms of the tower, which, on that occasion was hung with a new paper.*

This billiard-table was to be, alternately, a source of short recreation and additional suffering to the child-prisoner. Among the commissaries there were a few who showed some interest in him, and took pleasure in playing with him and teaching him to push about the billiard-balls; one in particular, Barelle, a mason by profession, who was a simple, uneducated man, but possessed a kind heart, amused himself with diverting the child, whose sad destiny he pitied. His colleagues at last began to joke him on the subject, and as he was a person of no consequence, and his talents were held in very low estimation,

Barelle.

the members of the committee would say to him, jestingly, as soon as he arrived at the Temple, "Come along, Barelle; go and see thy good little friend!" Barelle did not wait for a second bidding, and the child, grateful for marks of affection to which he was so little accustomed, always received him with renewed delight. Barelle had rendered him one inestimable service; he had several times got the daughter of the Tempie washerwoman introduced into the billiard-room where the Dauphin was, on the days when her mother used to bring the clean linen back to the tower.* This little girl was eight years old, and whenever she came the little captive King and the washerwoman's daughter had long games of play together, round about the billiard-table. Only think, reader, the son of Louis XVI had not played with a child of his own age since his walks to the house of Madame de Leyde! Therefore he had a real affection for the good Barelle, who took pains to please him, while all others around him seemed to vie which should annoy him most. He used to calculate beforehand, and inform Simon of the time when this commissary, an exception to the general rule, was likely to return. One day the child obtained his master's permission to keep a chicken for Barelle, who, according to his reckoning, ought to come on that day, but there was some delay, and the commissary did not come to the Temple till two days afterwards. As soon as he appeared, the young Prince ran to meet him, and offered him his chicken. Barelle hesitated to accept it, but Simon, who witnessed the scene, said to the municipal, "Come, come, take it! he has kept it for you these two days;" so saying, he wrapped the chicken up in a sheet of paper, and Barelle put it in his pocket, saying to the son of Louis XVI.: "Ah! my poor little man, I should be very glad to be able to carry you away like that in my other pocket, and get you out of this place!"

* See, in Document No. VII., the bills of the citizeness Clouiet washerwoman to the Temple.

Brutalities.

Alas! among so many municipals there were scarcely any but Barelle who showed a liking for the child; and it was not long before the brutality of the other municipals made this billiard-table, which had at first procured him some amusement, a source of renewed suffering and vexation.

It might have been hoped that this new kind of recreation, occupying the leisure moments of the master and his colleagues, would become, as it were, a time of truce, during which the slave might breathe in peace; but this was a very rare exception. Most frequently, as soon as the child entered the room, he became an object of ridicule and annoyance for every one of the jailers and municipals. Under pretence of showing him how to play, they all wanted to catch hold of him, play off their jokes, and shower their nicknames upon him. If his gentleness and the pretty ways that still remained to him succeeded in disarming them one day, on the next the municipality was represented at the Temple by their most brutal members. It was useless for him not to defend himself, and make but few complaints, for fear of irritating them,—he could not escape from their rough play, and the fancy they had for taking him up into their arms, and throwing him about, amid the stench of pipes, tossing him from one spot to another, from arm to arm, to be shaken and suffocated again and again. Yes! he had all that to bear; young as he was, he had to endure clouds of tobacco-smoke and the fumes of wine, and even to be spit upon, as smoking drunkards did upon the head of Charles I., before the headsman took it up. Things came to such a height that citizen La Bazanerie,* commanding the armed force of the Temple guard-house, and Coru, steward at the Temple, who did not like such cruel games, fearing that their responsibility might be compromised by the dangers to which the young prisoner was exposed amid these orgies,

* A carpenter by trade, Rue Fontaine-au-Roi, Faubourg du Temple, and *chef-de-bataillon* in that section.

The two Princesses.

thought it a part of their duty to give an account of these proceedings to the council-general of the Commune; and the billiard-table was taken down and put back in the store-room. Madame Royale, who had been confronted with her brother in that scene on the 7th October (which we have already described, though imperfectly), knew, as did her aunt, that the young Prince was excessively altered; but the child's ideas and language were much more changed than his countenance, and it was, doubtless, that moral change which had most painfully struck his aunt and sister. The two Princesses themselves were more to be pitied than ever. Every voice around them was silent, and every face sought to deceive them. Since Tison's confinement and the arrest of M. Hue, there was for them neither sympathy within nor communication from without. Bowing resignedly beneath the hand of God, they submitted to His will, and no longer inquired what was passing in the world. They did not even know that, from the time of the Queen's death (of which they were uninformed), the question had been mooted as to the expediency of removing them from that prison, where at least they were permitted to weep together. Chaumette had represented, more than once already, that this house of confinement was a special, exceptional, and aristocratic refuge, contrary to the feeling of equality presiding over the system of government and the regulations of the state-prisons; but, some days after the Queen's last sufferings, he thought proper to give in a more official statement* of his opinions on that head, and "brought before the council-general of the Commune the absurdity of keeping three individuals in the Temple tower, whose maintenance occasioned enormous expense, and much charge for servants." The Commune acknowledged the justice of their

* "The attorney-general of the Commune complains of the expense occasioned by the detention of those individuals confined in the tower. He demands, and it is desired by the council, that, in the next decade, the Assembly proceed in a body to the Convention, in order to desire that the prisoners in the Temple be sent to the common prisons, and treated

The two Princesses.

attorney's proposal, and resolved to repair in a body to the Convention, in order to demand that the prisoners at the Temple should be conveyed to the common prisons, and their food reduced to the regulation fare of all the other prisoners. More cautious than the municipality, the committee of public welfare did not adopt the measure proposed without examining into it. They sent for Chaumette, and heard his arguments, which they rejected, after deliberating upon them, and maintained the privileges attached to that rigid prison, of which the revolutionary Commune were seeking to deprive the descendants of the very monarchs who had freed the communes.

Repulsed in this quarter, the municipality of Paris endeavoured to obtain their revenge in another direction, they made another and a most rigorous search throughout the apartments in the Temple, in the hope of discovering some papers or matters which might compromise Madame Elizabeth, but they found nothing that could even serve as a pretext for an accusation. No matter, there were no obstacles they were incapable of surmounting, in order to bring about their designs, and once more they had recourse to the unfortunate orphan, in order to obtain weapons that might be turned against the second mother they had determined to wrest from him. But Simon and his wife were much more embarrassed this time, than they had been in the plot formed against the Queen. They wanted the instruction and advice of Hébert;

like ordinary prisoners, and that the said individuals be tried without any delay."

(Council-general of the Commune, sitting of the 26th Brumaire, 2nd year, 16th November, 1793)

This resolution was renewed five days afterwards:

"The council-general decrees that, on the next quintidi, the members repair in a body to the Convention, in order to demand to be released from the Temple guard, and that the prisoners detained there be conveyed to the common prisons, and directs Legrand to draw up a petition to that effect."

(Sitting of the Commune, of the 1st Frimaire. 2nd year, 21st November, 1793.)

Plot against the Princesses.

they had not even the advantage of Daujon's pen, and in the report which they, unassisted by others, directed to the municipals, betrayed the absence of such skilful associates. We give the document, which, on this occasion, was more absurd than disgusting, under date of the 5th Brumaire, 2nd year (26th October, 1793):—

“ Commune of Paris.*

*The 5th day of the 2nd month of the 2nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible; eight o'clock, P.M.

“ Citizen Simon came to the Temple council in order to report a conversation which he had had with little Capet, by which it appeared that a certain member of the Commune had held some correspondence with his mother. Simon not wishing to name this member before, as a preparatory step, the council had themselves taken the boy's declaration, the council named two of their members, citizens Follope and Figueh, to interrogate little Capet. They went up immediately into the room, where, in presence of Simon's wife, they turned the conversation on various subjects, and leading it imperceptibly to the members of the Commune, he said:—

“ ‘ That one day, Simon being on duty in his mother's room, together with Jobert, the said Jobert had given her two notes on that day, without Simon's seeing it, which trick had made those ladies laugh a great deal, more especially because they had eluded the vigilance of Simon, but that he, the deponent, had not seen the notes, only that the ladies had told him about the matter.’

“ The above-named commissaries having gone down to the council-room, they read this present declaration there; upon which Simon stated that it agreed with that made verbally to him by little Capet.

• This document is deposited in the National Archives (iron chest).

Plot against the Princesses.

" This present declaration having been read to little Capet, he still persisted in it, and signed his name.

" And, before signing, little Capet said that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the person who carried out plots the best "

LOUIS CHARLE
CAPET
Simon approve et
presente Declaration
ante mble

The young Prince's signature, the last of his we possess, is here faithfully transcribed, as well as a few words in Simon's hand, which accompanied it. By comparing the weak unsteady characters in which the son of Louis XVI. signed his name to this document with his former writings, of which we have given a specimen, Vol. 1., page 198, we may judge of the retrograde movement made in his education, under the tutelage of Simon.

The Commune was sensible enough not to take up such a story seriously, and modest enough not to make use of it without fortifying it with new declarations; and, on the 13th Frimaire following (3rd December, 1793), a second report was fabricated, in which Simon again brought forward the most innocent,

 Plot against the Princesses.

and yet the most terrible, accuser that ever appeared in history * This new paper presented scarce any better proof or guarantee than the preceding one had done, and the council-general of the Commune recoiled from the idea of supporting

* We give this report :—

“ On this day, 13th Frimaire, 2nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible, we, commissaries of the Commune on duty at the Temple, on being informed by citizen Simon that Charles Capet had some facts to state, which it was of importance to the safety of the republic should be known, repaired at four o'clock in the afternoon to the apartment of the said Charles Capet, who made declaration as follows :—

“ ‘ That, for about a fortnight or three weeks past, he has heard the prisoners knocking every day consecutively between six and nine o'clock ; that since the day before yesterday this noise was made later, and lasted a longer time, than on any of the preceding days ; that this noise seemed to come from the place answering to the heap of firewood ; that besides, from the step accompanying the noise, the prisoners during this time left the firewood heap, which he pointed out, and moved to the window-seat in their bedroom, which gives room for supposing that they are in the habit of hiding something in those window-seats ; he thinks it might be false *assignats*, but is not sure of this, and they might be passing them through the window to send to some one.’

“ The said Charles further made declaration that, at the time he was with the prisoners, he saw a bit of wood with a long ribbon and a crooked pin attached to it, by which he supposes they might have communicated, by letter, with the late Capet.

“ And further, Charles Capet remembers his having been told, in case he went down with his father, that he was to remind him to go every day, at half-past eight o'clock, P.M., into the passage leading into the turrets where there was a window looking from the prisoners' apartment.

“ Further, Charles Capet made declaration to us, that he was firmly persuaded that the prisoners had some understanding or correspondence with somebody.

“ Further, he declared that he had heard a letter read, in which it was stated that Cléry had proposed the means of correspondence, presumed by the deponent, to the late Capet ; that Capet had replied to Cléry that it was not practicable, and that this answer was made to Cléry solely that he might entertain no suspicion of such a correspondence.

“ Declared that he had seen the prisoners very uneasy, because one of their letters had fallen into the court-yard.

“ Citizen Simon having been asked if he knew of the above-mentioned noise, he replied that, being a little hard of hearing, he had perceived nothing of the kind ; but his wife confirmed the statement of Charles Capet respecting the noise.

 Conspiracy against the Princesses.

a capital accusation by such flimsy pretexts. One circumstance, however, strikes me in the business; it is Simon's refusal to join his wife and the Dauphin in the first deposition contained in the report, referring to the noise heard in the Princesses' apartment. The pretext he alleges of his deafness, as a reason for not having heard this noise, would seem to be a scruple of conscience which would reasonably astonish one in such a man, if one did not see that it was rather the result of cool calculation on his part, in order to give more weight to his other assertions, especially to that next following, in which he says, that, "for about a week, Charles Capet had been most anxious to make his declaration to the members of the council."

Tormented by his jailers and the commissaries, the unfortunate child knew not the serious nature of the evil reports they obliged him to make,—knew not how heavy were the blows they directed against his family. His poor mother, when about to die, had entreated Madame Elizabeth to forgive him, but Madame Elizabeth had nothing to forgive; she knew the source from whence came all these perfidious suggestions, and did not impute them to the child. His words might occasion her death, but not excite the least resentment on her part.

We have said that, ever since the 21st September, Tison had been confined in the turret. Repentant and resigned, he accepted his disgrace, and bore his captivity in silence, as an expiation of his past conduct. Still, being uneasy about his wife and daughter, of whom he had heard nothing, he petitioned to be released on the 10th December. Hébert argued against his request, alleging that, were he set at liberty, the govern-

"The said citizen Simon told us that, for about a week, the said Charles Capet had been very anxious to make his declaration to the members of the council.

"This having been read to the said deponents, they acknowledged its truth, and signed, the day and year above-mentioned.

(Signed) "CHARLES CAPET, SIMON, SIMON (Wife), REMY, SEGUY, ROBIN, SILLANS."

Plot against the Princesses.

ment would lose all the information he was capable of giving, with regard to Madame Elizabeth. Before deciding upon his petition, the committee of public welfare ordered the petitioner to be strictly examined. The interrogatory having produced no charge against the sister of Louis XVI., the committee, far from granting a favour which had not been purchased by a false accusation, ordered Tison to be placed in secret confinement, and his food reduced to the barest necessities of life. This news did not exactly distress Simon, who looked upon Tison as a traitor, but it made him uneasy, or at least led him to reflect on his own position. He asked himself what would probably be his own reward, after having spent months, perhaps years, in the rigid task imposed upon him. Although he had confidence enough in the protection of his chiefs, and the stability of their power, the general spectacle of vicissitudes so common in those stormy times, and the particular example of his neighbour Tison, necessarily caused him some disquietude. Notwithstanding the advantages and liberal remuneration, which, in his eyes, compensated for the tiresome nature of his position, and made him an object of envy with his colleagues, he began to be disgusted with his captive life, which rendered him a complete slave at the present time, and of which the future was so uncertain. Incessant beating and ill-treatment, which had been heaped upon his pupil, had indeed already altered his health in a very evident degree; but the struggle might be prolonged for some years yet, so difficult is it to wear out life at that age! Simon could not look forward to the termination of his labours at a period sufficiently near to be sure of the reward. The countenance of the victim, once so smiling, now indeed bore the impress of profound melancholy; his complexion, once so fresh and rosy, was become dull and yellow; his features were changed; his limbs had exceeded in length their natural proportions, and his back was imperceptibly becoming bent, as if bowed down beneath the heavy burden of the day. He passed sleepless nights on his pillow,

The artificial canary.

tormented perhaps by the thought that he had signed a paper of contents unknown, and perhaps fatal. Who knows what was his remorse? But the struggle threatened to be obstinate and long, inasmuch as all resistance on the part of the child had, so to speak, entirely ceased. Seeing that every word and action drew down either a rebuke, an ironical remark, or blows, he became shy; he hardly ventured to reply yes or no to the most simple question. He was like one mute, like one deaf; he doubted his past life, he doubted himself; he asked himself whether it were not just that he should be the slave of Simon; whether the Jacobin Simon were not his master lawfully. So that, having no longer even an excuse for inflicting punishment, the tutor, retarded in his progress by blind obedience on the part of his pupil, and thwarted in his design by a mechanical submission, was obliged to invent occasions for brutality. being no longer able to punish, he was reduced to the necessity of becoming an assassin.

The misfortunes of that innocent being, and the degradation to which his noble nature was subjected, did not fail, however, to inspire some compassion, and call forth some remonstrances in his favour, even within the Temple precincts. Some of the persons employed there, among others, Gourlet, one of the turnkeys, and the faithful Meunier, who had won the good will of the rude demagogue by the zeal with which he performed his duties, attempted the difficult and dangerous enterprise of coming to the assistance of the little martyr. In the Temple store-room there was a certain curiously constructed bird-cage, the works of which set in motion a little artificial canary. The bird was fixed on a perch in the middle of the cage, and could not leave its place; but the wheels by which it was worked enabled it to flap its wings, spread out its tail, move its head, and, what was yet more wonderful, sing the "King's March." Meunier and Gourlet induced Simon to ask the Temple council for this plaything for his prisoner, but they were not ignorant that the consent of Simon himself was

The artificial canary.

more difficult to obtain than that of the municipals. However, his own curiosity coming to the assistance of their exhortations, the master did not deny to his pupil an amusement in which he himself would have his share, and he took the step that had been proposed to him; it was completely successful, the commissaries on duty for the day happening to be very moderate in their opinions, for representatives of the Commune. The cage was taken out of the dusty store-room, and having been repaired by a watchmaker, was brought to Simon's room.* The magic bird greatly pleased young Charles, who, at first sight, took it for a real canary bird; his enthusiasm rose higher still when he found it was a masterpiece of art; but, if his surprise was greater, his pleasure was less, and he soon looked with indifference on the little bird he had at first thought to be alive, unhappy, and a prisoner like himself, and which proved to be only the inanimate rival of the flute-player of Vaucanson. The reason was, that he no longer recognised in it that precious characteristic of a creature capable of suffering and pleasure, bringing "life into contact with life, and reminding man of his fellow-man," according to Terence's beautiful expression.

The good-hearted Meunier went round the neighbourhood of the Temple, looking for tame canaries to amuse the Dauphin, for by this ancient royal name it was that the citizens of Paris, from old habit, still called the son of their decapitated King. Meunier's wishes were attended to in several houses which had

* "I beg the citizen commissaries of the national treasury to pay to citizen Bourdier, watchmaker, the sum of three hundred livres, the amount of his bill, for repairing a bird-cage at the Temple, in Nivôse last, according to the said bill and the certificate of the same, 22nd of that month.

"Which sum of three hundred livres is to be included in the list of distributions from the 1st to the 9th Germinal next, and the ordinance transmitted immediately to the national treasury.

"Paris, 20th Ventôse, 2nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible (16th March, 1794).

"Minister of the Interior."
(National Archives, Case E, No. 6207.)

The canaries.

been pointed out to him, and the heads of which most eagerly and willingly placed their whole stock of birds at his disposal. He returned, accordingly, with some ten or a dozen canaries—all delightfully tame and charming. Their lively ways and warblings greatly enlivened the dull room, where, from within his cage, the imperturbable automaton still repeated his eternal tune, the "King's March." "These, at least, are real birds!" exclaimed the child, with glee; and taking them up, he kissed them one after the other. Among their number he observed one more tame, or I should rather say, more attentive, more affectionate, which, at his least summons, would come and perch on his finger, and appeared to take pleasure in his caresses; the child became very fond of it, he would give it grains of millet to eat out of his hand, taking a great deal of interest in it, and that he might more easily distinguish it when it flew away among the others, he fastened a bow of pink ribbon to its leg. But it was quite as easy for him to recognise it by another peculiar characteristic; he had only to call it and it would come that very moment, fluttering round his head, and alighting on his shoulder, thence take its place on his finger. But this delightful source of amusement, which had been agreed to and authorised, I cannot tell how, by some miraculous piece of condescension on Simon's part, was not, alas! of any long duration. The frail structure of consolation and pleasure was destined to crumble into dust, on the occasion of a visit of inspection made by the commissaries on duty, on the 29th Frimaire, 2nd year (19th December, 1793); just as they came in, the seditious automaton was going through his guilty performances, and the Prince's favourite was replying, by a brilliant thrill of warbling, to the sham notes of the factitious songster. No more was needed to devote the wooden bird and his associate to proscription. The rosette attached to the leg of the canary, was also regarded as an aggravation of the crime. "What is the meaning," exclaimed one of the municipals; "what is the meaning of that seditious song, and the pink ribbon

The "Conspiracy of the Canaries."

adorning a *privileged* bird, like a *decoration*? That savours of aristocracy, and denotes a distinction which republicans cannot tolerate." So saying, he caught hold of the poor little bird, and tore off its "orders." Thrown violently out of his hand, the canary spread its wings, and broke the shock it received by being thus precipitated against the wall; it fell, but soon rising again on its wing, with a plaintive song joined the warbling band of its companions. The frightened child had not lost sight of his feathered friend; a cry escaped him when it fell, but he uttered no word in its favour, knowing well that he had no resource but to suffer this additional severity, which, for once, had been left by Simon to his colleagues to commence. Will it be believed that a report was made of this illicit amusement, which the commissaries of the Commune immediately prohibited. All the birds, alive or imitation, were comprised in the condemnatory decree; and this affair was known, within the Temple, under the title of "the Conspiracy of the Canaries;" so true it is, that at this period there was a most unheard of mixture of the odious and the absurd. The Revolution seems to have invented and laid down the fundamental rules of those modern dramas, in which laughter is mingled with sobbing, and the grotesque is allied with the horrible. Human nature was subjected to a despotism of a most atrocious kind. Knowledge, virtue, nobility, wealth, talent, youth, glory—all were trodden under foot. But, most assuredly nothing was more rigorously proscribed or more outraged than common sense. In reading the follies of that period, one feels as if one were gasping for life in an evil dream; one almost doubts the vitality of the human understanding. In the great tragedy then performing, giant efforts were mingled with the farcical humours of a buffoon; everything was made up of weeping, and laughter, and blood. Judicial irregularities, faults in grammar, errors in common sense, and excesses against morality,—all followed in the train of that formidable Convention, which levelled everything, and

The foot-bath

opened a clear field to the coming time. It was on this very day, the 19th December, 1793, that the young native of Ajaccio, whose face was seen for a moment on the day of the 6th October, 1789, gave the signal of his future fortune beneath the walls of Toulon. Paris, always eager for novelty, had turned her eyes towards the south; and, entirely engrossed with events passing in the bright face of day, hardly paused to inquire how the son of Louis XVI. was struggling ineffectually, in a gloomy tower, amid fatal influences that compassed him around like an invisible network. It seemed as if the last sigh of Louis XVII. was destined to pass unheard, stifled by the noise of Bonaparte's first gun.

Although the blame attached to the introduction of the bird-cage into the tower did not fall directly on Simon, he nevertheless considered that he should have to bear his part in it, and became very much irritated on the subject; the more so, because he had not forgotten that his billiard-table had been taken away from him. His ill-humour turned to rancour against the unfortunate child, whose mission it was to bear the brunt of his revenge. The morning after that day he took a fancy to bathe his feet, and thought fit to be waited on at his toilet as he was served at table; he consequently ordered the child to warm him some linen at the fire, to dry his feet. Trembling in presence of the all-powerful despot, the unfortunate child obeyed his mandate with more zeal than address, and let fall a towel, which narrowly escaped being burned. The master remained with his feet in the water, but swearing and shouting, and foaming with rage, he showered curses upon the awkward servant, whom he could not reach with his arm. A minute afterwards, thinking that his wrath was appeased, the descendant of monarchs approached to wipe the shoemaker's feet,—thus imitating, though he knew it not, those most Christian kings, who, following the example of the Divine Master, wiped the feet of the poor, in the holy solemnities of Maundy-Thursdlay. But the poor used to withdraw, blessing

Simon's brutality.

the sublime humility of royal greatness, which received a new lustre from the alms it bestowed; whereas, the shoemaker sent the royal child six feet off on the floor, by a kick from the brutal foot his little hands had just dried! The martyr lay still, as if crushed by the blow, but the villain had not done with him, flinging himself upon him, he struck him with his fist, kicked him, and called him by names odious to himself and insulting to his father and mother; he poured forth upon him a stream of oaths, such as his spleen, elevated by wine or political frenzy, could alone have inspired; then he commanded the sufferer to rise, and, as he had still some little life left in him, he was obliged to do so. I make no comments on facts!

Day by day the disposition of the jailer grew more intractable, his passions becoming envenomed by solitude. Idleness, seclusion, and ennui, added more and more virulent irritability, more impatient bitterness to a character naturally violent. Brooding over his recollections, he passed in review, over and over again, certain incidents, the importance of which he exaggerated in his fancy.

In the month of October, he had asked permission for his wife and himself to walk in the court-yard and gardens belonging to the Temple, and the council-general, to whom the matter had been referred by the Temple council, had denied his request in terms sufficiently harsh.*

* Extract from the registers of the deliberations of the Council-general.

“ Commune of Paris, 16th October, 1793.

“ 25th day of the 1st month, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“ Committee of the Temple.

“ On a statement made by citizen Cellier, in the name of those members of the council on duty at the Temple yesterday, to the effect that they had granted Simon and his wife a ticket for walking in the court-yard and gardens, accompanied by a member of the council, each being required to return it when they come back to the tower, but that they had reserved the right of submitting their resolution to the council in order to obtain their approbation of the same :

 Simon's annoyances.

On the 12th Brumaire (2nd November), he had expressed a wish to go to his residence, in the Rue Marat,* in order to get some articles of furniture of which he stood in need, and he had been authorised to do so, only on condition of his being accompanied by two commissaries of the Commune.

When called upon to appear as a witness before the revolutionary tribunal, he had only been permitted to repair thither escorted by two municipals.

And lastly, on 7th Nivôse (27th December), he had asked the favour of being allowed to be present at the national fête in honour of the capture of Toulon, which was to be celebrated in the next decade; and "the council-general passed to the order of the day, deciding that Simon, being at the Temple, should remain at his post."

From that time forth he thought his credit declining, but this was not the case; he was a man too worthy of his superiors, and too well adapted to the confidential business they had intrusted him with. But he felt his dignity lowered in the eyes of the persons employed about the tower, and wounded by the loss of the amusements which had beguiled the hours of his captivity—the billiard-table and the canaries. At the same time, his movements wore the air of constraint more and more. The Roman laws, in their expressive conciseness, called the person condemned to imprisonment for life "the slave of penalty" (*servus-pœnæ*): Simon was the slave of his functions, and the captive of his wardenship. His position, which had formerly been so flattering to his pride, was beginning to appear less enviable in his eyes, and nothing but

"The council passes to the order of the day, proceeding on their former decree, which directs that Simon have no ticket; and orders this present decree to be sent with the least possible delay to the Temple committee.

(Signed)

"LUBIN, Vice-president.

"DORAT-CUBIERES, Secretary-registrar.

"Correct copy;

"METROT, Secretary-registrar."

* The Rue des Cordeliers was so called after the death of Marat.

Illness of Simon's wife.

the emoluments attached to it could now have induced him to continue to hold it

The mode of life in the tower was not better suited to his wife; accustomed to the coarsest labour, she was at first very well pleased to be waited upon in her turn, imagining, like others of her class, that to do nothing was all that was required to make her a great lady; but her health, no longer supported by the incessant activity of her previous life, was sinking beneath the weight of excessive obesity. Indeed she became so ill as to require the assistance of medicine, and the worthy M. Naudin, a surgeon, belonging to the Hôtel-Dieu, who lived in the neighbourhood, was called in to attend her on the 7th Nivose, 2nd year (27th December, 1793). He prescribed for her, and promised to come again next day. As he was going out, he passed through the room where Simon was at table, with the municipals and the royal child, who, although pressed on all sides, refused to sing some impious verses which they required of him. The appearance of the doctor aroused the feeling of insulted authority in the master's vain mind, and what the commissaries had entreated as a favour, he now demanded with violence. The pupil replied, as he often did in similar circumstances, by his tears. Simon threw himself upon him, and lifting him off the ground by the hair of his head: "D—d viper!" he exclaimed; "I have a mind to crush you against the wall!" M. Naudin ran to the child, and snatched him out of the jailer's arms, exclaiming, in the energy of his indignation: "Wretch! what are you going to do?" Thunderstruck by this address, the jailer gave no reply: it is but justice to say that he did not understand it. At first it had been to please his colleagues, and then by way of honouring the doctor's entrance, that he had wished the child to sing. In his own opinion, therefore, his wrath was quite legitimate, provoked as it was by the disobedience of his pupil, and quite proper, for it showed his regret at not being able to be agreeable to his company. As to his brutal behaviour, that was

Touching incident.

nothing new. The further it was carried in circumstances such as these, the more reasonable and well-timed did it appear to the eyes of this man, in whom all sense of morality was extinct. The feeling, therefore, which had prompted the doctor's exclamation entirely escaped him, so completely was such language foreign to him. The municipals themselves were not struck by it, one of them merely contenting himself with saying: "Citizen Naudin, you have always something to say to make one laugh!"

The worthy doctor kept his word, and came again next day to see the invalid. It will readily be believed that he was attracted to the tower by another interesting motive. What was his surprise and emotion when, as he was passing from one room into the other, the little prisoner held him back with his hand, and presenting him with two pears, which had been given him for his supper the night before, said to him, in a tone of heartfelt sincerity: "Yesterday you proved to me that you take an interest in me, and I thank you for it; I have only these to show you my gratitude, and you will give me great pleasure by accepting them." The old man caught the child's hand, and pressed it between his own; he accepted respectfully the gift of indigent royalty, but it was only by a tear that he could express his gratitude, for his emotion had deprived him of the power of speech. But what are words in comparison with such a tear!

Thus, amid the decline of his strength, physical and moral, we see that the son of Louis XVI. had preserved the feeling of gratitude. The heart of this child was so nobly gifted that one friendly word re-animated it, as dying embers resume their refulgence when the ashes by which they have been covered no longer impede the contact of the air. He had never forgotten his mother's injunctions. Sometimes, too, he remembered them in his dreams, and thus it happened that his jailer surprised him once in the middle of the night (14th January, 1794), on his knees, with clasped hands, praying to

Brutality of Simon.

God in a dream, full of religious fervour. Simon awoke his wife, in order to show her the superstitious somnambulist, whom he was about to chastise with severity, and then took up a pitcher of water and poured it on the child's head, at the risk of occasioning him a mortal illness by this icy bath in a winter night.

Seized with a fit of shivering, the child stretched himself on his bed without uttering a cry; but, thoroughly awakened, either by this first sensation, or by the dampness of his couch, he got up and sought refuge on his pillow, the only plank of safety that remained dry. There he sat down, trembling with cold. Simon got up and half-dressed himself, although his wife begged him to lie still; and the child, benumbed with suffering, awaited the issue of a scene so threatening to himself.

Simon caught hold of his arm, and shaking him violently: "I'll teach you," he cried, "to say your paternosters, and to get up in the night like a monk of La Trappe!" And as the child did not understand what he meant, the jailer, whose blood always took fire at the idea of an obstacle, or suspicion of resistance, flew into a violent passion. He armed himself with his great hob-nailed shoe, and, in the paroxysm of his frenzy, rushed upon his victim, and struck him on the face, when the child stopped his arm, by holding up both his hands, saying: "What have I done to you, that you should want to kill me?" "To kill you, wolf-cub! as if I wanted to kill you! as if I ever did want to do so! Oh! the viper! it does not know, then, that if I were once to catch hold of its neck, it would never scream again!" And with his muscular arm he threw back the panting victim on his bed, which was running with water like a stream, and on which he drew up his limbs without uttering another word, trembling with cold and terror

Satisfied with his triumph, the jailer went to his bed again. The triumph was great, indeed! From that night the child

A change in the captive.

was completely exhausted. His eyes, which formerly turned upon his master, anxiously following his movements, were now always fixed on the ground; he no longer sought to discover what was about to happen.

Formerly his tearful glance addressed a silent prayer to his jailer; now his look was turned aside, and remained immovable. The captive seemed to have neither power nor will; he had ended by submitting to his fate. He had long maintained an opposing will, but the spring was broken at last; he felt his chain, he owned himself a slave, and stood in the attitude of a guilty being before his judge.

The judge was hard by nature as well as by duty. His disposition had become more rancorous still from seclusion and idleness. At the commencement he was only a coarse, violent, vain man, fanaticised by revolutionary passions, and more brutal than wicked, but his frightful office had perverted him. So that, in his violence, now no longer called forth by disobedience, no longer justified by any sort of resistance, there was a mechanical inclination disposing him constantly to petty acts of authority, a causeless irritability, encouraged by his recollection of the odious engagement into which he had entered. At the very time when, by his obedience and resignation, the unfortunate child might have had some hope of being safe from his attacks, he would suddenly rush upon him, his cruel nature being unexpectedly aroused by an impatience for which there was no apparent motive.

But it was not the will of God that all should yet be accomplished!

On the 13th Nivôse, 2nd year (2nd January, 1794), the municipal body passed a decree, which, conformably with article 8, section 3rd, of the law concerning provisional government, prohibited the duties of a member of the council-general being performed by any person holding a paid office under government. Simon, tutor to Capet, and Coru, steward of the Temple, were affected by this measure.

Resignation of Simon.

On the very next day Coru repaired to the Hôtel-de-Ville, and made declaration before his colleagues that he gave up his situation, in order that he might remain a member of the council. His disinterested conduct was applauded, and a civic mention of his name was decreed him. "Then," says the report of the sitting, "there arose a debate on the question as to whether citizen Simon, member of the council, who has the right of option, should be required to make his choice, notwithstanding the mission intrusted to him. This debate terminated by passing to the order of the day, on the ground that the law is precise on the matter."

Coru's proceeding rendered the resignation of Simon inevitable. In fact it was not possible for the latter to show himself less disinterested than his colleague, nor less desirous of the marks of esteem he had won.

On the 16th Nivôse (5th January), he informed the council general that he wished to resign a situation so richly paid, in order to resume the gratuitous duties to which he had been called by the suffrages of the people. The council made the same arrangements with respect to him that they had made with Coru, granting him a civic mention of his name in the report, and that it should be inscribed on the list of the candidates for the salaried situations in the gift of the Commune.

On the 19th Nivôse (8th January), the council-general of the Commune sent five of their members to the committee of public welfare, in order "to ask their advice concerning the nomination of the citizen who should succeed citizen Simon as guardian to little Capet."

On the 27th Nivôse (16th January), these commissaries announced to the council-general that the committee of public welfare regarded the situation held by Simon as useless, and were of opinion that the members of the council ought alone to superintend the prisoners in the Temple.

The council-general decreed, accordingly, that four of their

Farewell of the Simons.

members, commissaries on guard at the Temple, should, for the future, have the immediate charge of the prisoners in the Temple tower.

On the 30th Nivôse, 2nd year (19th January, 1794), a great noise was heard in the tower; it was Simon and his wife breaking up their establishment, and taking leave of all the people employed about the Temple.* The farewell address of the master to the pupil was just such as might have been expected,—an insult, a blasphemy. The woman had said to the child: "Capet, I don't know when I shall see you again!" "Oh! the toad!" rejoined Simon; "he is not quite squashed yet, but he'll never get out of the hole, even if all the Capuchins in Heaven make it their business to get him out!" As he spoke he pressed his hand on the head of the young prisoner, who, silent, and with eyes cast down, received unmoved this last malediction of his jailer.†

Such was this man during his short, yet long, tyranny. All the activity of his faculties, restrained by the captive life he led, overflowed in bitter and brutal bad-humour on the unfortunate child it tortured. For him it was an amusement, which he made a task; a necessity, which he made a duty. Condemned to devote all his time to him, he showered upon him, in the name of the republic, emphatic and imperious words, or frightful menaces, or cruel punishment; this was his business as well as his pleasure. He took great delight too in frightening him, and, on the days when he had drunk a little more than usual, the terror with which he loved

* Marie-Jeanne Aladame, Simon's wife, died at the Hospital for Incubables, 10th circuit, Rue de Sèvres, on the 10th June, 1819. We shall see hereafter in what manner Simon died.

† Next day, the report of the sitting of the Commune contained the following "A commissary on guard at the Temple informs the council-general that Simon and his wife have given up little Capet into the keeping of the Temple commissaries, and have required a formal release from their trust. The council-general decrees, that Simon and his wife be relieved from the care of little Capet."

Simon characterized.

to inspire him was what most of all enlivened his heavy intoxication.

He knew that nothing could appear more charming and delightful to the chiefs he served, than to avenge themselves upon the child for the remorse occasioned them by the murder of his father: he knew that the victim was not to be killed, and yet—that it must die!

With his whole heart, therefore, did he identify himself with that policy, which had said: I will make him vegetate in some obscure corner of a prison where he will die in silence; where every sort of means, save only murder, shall be employed to rid me of his life! No; it is not a dream! A man was actually found capable of shutting himself up with a child, having taken upon himself the task of injuring him, of attacking his health to weaken his mind, and weakening his mind to injure his heart; a man capable of withdrawing himself from the world, under an engagement with his fellow-men, and a fell determination on his part—in which he never faltered—to make sport of the tears of a child, to seek pleasure in his sorrows, to delight in his cries, to make his terrors a necessity, his degradation a duty; a man capable of sucking out his heart's best blood without exhausting it,—never completing the murder, but ever recommencing the attack. Yes,—such a man was found to crown that era of crime with a crime more frightful still! A hired assassin, he had not himself conceived this wickedness which surpasses the most hideous fancy of the human heart, but, during nearly seven months, he executed it with a zeal and coolness that astonished even those who had commanded the deed. “He is a man of admirable character,” said Chaumette, one day; “he is inflexible and always the same in his conduct.” Yes! Simon was always inflexible and always the same in his conduct! Never man in any situation had shown himself so exemplary, so excellently fulfilling the duties of his charge! Others go to their counter, their desk, their faction, their ship, their plough,—he went to his victim!

Simon characterized.

Never did he leave his post of wrath and vengeance. Brooding, with a jealous eye, over his incessant labour of corruption and death, he was there, day and night, employed in killing by inches a frail and innocent creature. After having tormented him the whole day, he lay down peacefully at night, like a man who has well performed his day's work, and with the firm resolution of beginning again next morning; and, on the following day, he tried some new means of giving pain to the same poor victim; after which he went to his rest, again to obtain fresh vigour for another attempt.

I know that, as history grows old she becomes indulgent, and that it is enough for a man to be seen fanatically convinced on any subject for claims to be made in his favour, by bringing forward extenuating circumstances. There is no sort of pedestal that she has not erected for the Cromwells and the Syllas; yet Tiberius had assuredly not less genius than Robespierre, though I do not see that Tacitus has glorified him.

How great soever this extravagance, I do hope that the mania for finding excuses may never think of picking this vile name—Simon!—out of the filthy sewer to which it is rightly consigned, for the purpose of washing it clean in the face of day. Oh! let there be neither grace nor mercy shown to him! May this wretched malefactor—whose hand was dyed as deep a red as is the headsman's axe—may he never be removed from unanimous and universal execration!

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

SOLITUDE OF LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

30TH NIVÔSE—9TH THERMIDOR, 2ND YEAR (19TH

JANUARY—27TH JULY, 1794).

Simon has no successor—Louis XVII.'s door is sealed and grated—Absolute isolation—Ennui and fear—Hébert and his partisans guillotined—Danton—Chaumette—Trial and execution of Madame Elizabeth—The Reign of Terror—Catherine Théot—The municipals : nocturnal visits—Inexpressible sufferings of the young King—Steps taken by M. le Monnier—Appearance of France on the 9th Thermidor.

WE have seen the sufferings to which Louis XVII. was subjected under the authority of Simon ; we have seen with what firmness and resignation he bore them, until he bent, so to speak, beneath the weight of human woe—until the destruction of his physical powers had resulted in the overthrow of his mind : in this frightful struggle, we have often seen the assassin conquered by the victim. Yet this excess of misery is only the beginning ; all that this noble and unfortunate child has endured already is as nothing compared with what will come on him hereafter. He has, as yet, had only men to contend with, but he is now to struggle against abandonment and silence, against the weariness of solitude and the phantoms of fear.

The committees decided that Simon should not have any successor. He was a person so difficult to replace ! Chaumette and Hébert, who had the direction of everything concerning

Solitary confinement.

the Temple, agreed to this resolution, by which no intermediate power was appointed between the Temple tower and the municipal authority.

They declared that they would seek in the material strength of inanimate objects the safety denied them by the absence of a permanent keeper; and the next morning (1st Pluviôse, 2nd year, 20th January, 1794), they restricted the prisoner's habitation to a single room; the child was sent into the back chamber, which had been Cléry's, and subsequently that of Simon's wife, during her illness. The door of communication between the ante-room and this room* was cut down, so as to leave it breast high, fastened with nails and screws, and grated from top to bottom with bars of iron. Half-way up was placed a shelf, on which the bars opened, forming a sort of wicket, closed by other movable bars, and fastened with an enormous padlock. By this wicket his coarse food was passed in to little Capet, and it was on this ledge that he had to put whatever he wanted to send away. The system of solitary confinement, of which the strongest natures now complain, was, as is seen, invented by that revolutionary genius which exhausted every source of suffering, and it was invented to be employed against a child. Although small, his apartment was yet large for a tomb. What had he to complain of? He had a room to walk in, a bed to lie upon; he had bread, and water, and linen, and clothes! But he had neither fire nor candle. His room was warmed only by a stove pipe, the stove being placed in the outer room; it was lighted only by the gleam of a lamp suspended opposite the grating; through the bars of which also it was that the stove-pipe passed. All these arrangements were made on the 1st Pluviôse, and were completed that same evening by the light of lanterns; and, whether by an atrociously cruel calculation, or a fatal coincidence, the royal orphan took possession of his new prison on

* See Plan, Vol I., page 204.

Solitary confinement.

the anniversary of the day on which his father ascended the scaffold (21st January, 1793).

But there was neither date nor anniversary for him ; year, month, and week,—all were confused together in his mind ; for time, like a lake whose waters lie sleeping and still, had ceased to flow with him. His days were only marked by suffering ; one was not distinguished from another, for he suffered every day.

Still he had not contemplated with terror either the alteration made in his domicile, or the solitude in which he was confined. Since the time that his ill-fortune, by separating him from his mother, had for ever closed the careless period of his childhood, the Prince had not known a single moment's peace. Alas ! perhaps he thought himself now safe from men. He felt free at last in his prison, like a young deer escaped from the hunter's dogs into the hollow of a valley. Perhaps he thought his solitude was only a transition to a happier state—how can we tell?—an improvement due to an influence which might afterwards restore him to his mother and to liberty. Hope comes so quickly to those who have not had a long experience of life, and who, thanks to their age, are yet young in misfortune !

We are now entering upon a period of suffering which will be difficult for us to describe ; of dull, gloomy, monotonous misery, without that pompous show which so often surrounds the misfortunes of kings

Who shall ever tell the sufferings borne in secret for more than six months in this dungeon ? Who shall ever tell the inward struggles of that young mind, and the unseen anguish that tore the heart which Heaven had framed so full of courage and mildness ? Yes, for upwards of six months (from the 20th January to the 27th July, 1794), the fresh air of Heaven never penetrated into this chamber : and the light was dim that entered through the grating and shutters, the thickness and solidity of which were the objects of constant watchfulness on

Solitary confinement.

the part of the council.* The victim did not even see the parsimonious hand that passed his meagre food through a sort of turning wheel made in the grated door, nor the careless hand that sometimes left him without a fire in very cold weather, and sometimes, by plying it with too much fuel made his prison a furnace. He heard no sound but that of bolts. Only, as the day closed in, a stern voice would call to him to go to bed, because they would not give him any light.

He was obliged to sweep his room himself, if he wished to keep it at all clean ; but, unfortunately, his strength, weakened as he was by ill-usage, bad food, and want of exercise, would not long allow of his fulfilling this employment.

Already sufficiently advanced to interrogate his own sensations, sufficiently intelligent to understand his position, we may judge of the sufferings of this poor little being, struggling thus in the obscurity of his prison with monsters, whose powers and whose numbers he was alike unable to guess ! For every evening, as it seemed to him, it was a new voice which

Commune of Paris.

Extract from the deliberations of the Temple council.

"Paris, 2nd Nivôse, 2nd year of the Republic (22nd December, 1793).

"On this day, 2nd Nivôse, at three o'clock in the afternoon, there presented themselves at the council, citizens Lépine, Lelièvre, and Langlois, on duty yesterday at the Temple, who acquainted us with a conference they had held this morning with the citizen mayor, regarding the delay in the carrying out the decree of the council-general about the shutters to be put up in Simon's room, on the second floor, from which it appears that every obstacle is removed, and the Temple council on duty to-day, in conjunction with that on duty yesterday, have decreed, that citizen Coru, steward to the Temple, be immediately directed to send for a workman, in order to carry out the decree of the council-general, and that a copy of the minutes be given to citizen Coru.

"TONNELIER, LEVASSEUR, LECHENARD."

This affair of the shutters had formerly occupied the council-general and the Temple council, and at the dates of the 14th and 15th December, 1793, we find two decrees "to restore the shutters against the windows of the rooms occupied by Simon and little Capet, and make them such as they were before a part was taken away."

The young King's misery.

ordered him to go to bed. He was as if in the midst of some frightful dream; his spirit floated in a void, surrounded by anxieties and fears. Solitude weighed upon his heart like a weight of lead. Deprived of all work, all play, of every object that might occupy his time, every word that might arouse his ear, how very long were his days! Still, while day lasted, he had a feeble light to cheer his deserted room. To see!—it is to live, to think, to possess, to defend one's-self! But at night!—at night!—when that appearance of life which is supported by a gleam of light ceases, when darkness and silence come to separate man from the world without, and shut him in with himself! Oh! it was then, above all, in those long hours which preceded sleep, that bitter reflection came upon him, and the painful fever of thought; and then fear!—fear as constant as a shadow, as dark as the night!—fear, with its vague threatenings and intangible phantasmagoria!—fear, abounding in excitement and sudden starts and perils! Many a fancy then passed through his mind, such as perhaps his most inveterate foe would scarce believe.

Many days, many nights, passed by: not a word, not a murmur was heard from the prison. Still he did not understand why they wished him ill; he did not understand why they injured him; he felt, deep within his heart, his desertion, his degradation, and his misery, and he did not seek to explain them to himself: he accepted his sorrows without irritation against that mysterious association which had made him an orphan. The trap-door opened every day, but he never asked for mercy or pity. He doubtless thought sometimes of his father, but without an idea of avenging his death; he thought of his Maker, but asked from Him nothing but his aid. In his young breast was nought but love and mercy, and none but God heard his sighs!

Meanwhile Robespierre and Danton, perceiving that Hébert and his partizans were endeavouring to exalt the authority of the Commune of Paris above that of the Convention, united,

Downfall of the Hébertists.

notwithstanding their mutual antipathy, to ruin their common enemies. Hébert and the Hébertists were suddenly arrested, and were condemned to death on the 4th Germinal, 2nd year (24th March, 1794).* The ruling party in the Convention

* The official warrants for execution, and the registers of their deaths, give their names in the following order :—

- 1.—Jacques-René Hébert, substitute of the national agent of the Commune of Paris, aged 35, a native of Alençon, department of Orne, residing at Paris, Rue Neuve-de-l'Egalité.
- 2.—Charles-Philippe Ronsin, before the Revolution a man of letters, then a commissary at war, intendent commissary, assistant to the minister at war, general in the revolutionary army, aged 42 years, a native of Soissons, department of Aisne, residing at Paris, No. 27 Boulevard Montmartre.
- 3.—Antoine-François Momoro, bookseller and printer, and administrator of the department of Paris, aged 38 years, a native of Besançon, department of Doubs, residing at Paris, No. 71 Rue de la Harpe.
- 4.—François-Nicolas Vincent, ex-clerk to the attorney-general, afterwards member of the Commune, and secretary-general of the war department, aged 27 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue des Citoyennes, section of Mutius Scævola.
- 5.—Michel Laumur, ex-lieutenant-colonel of marines, and colonel of infantry in the 6th regiment of the army of the north, and brigadier-general, aged 63 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 42 Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs.
- 6.—Jean-Conrad Kock, banker, aged 38 years, a native of Ulm, in Holland, inhabiting France since 1787, residing at Passy, near Paris, and also at Paris, No. 314 Rue Neuve-de-l'Egalité.
- 7.—Pierre-Jean Proly, merchant, afterwards editor of a paper, aged 42 years, native of Brussels, living in France since 1782, residing at Paris, No. 7 Rue Vivienne.
- 8.—François Desfieux, wine-merchant of Bordeaux, aged 39 years, a native of Bordeaux, residing at Paris, No. 20 Rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas.
- 9.—Anacharsis Clootz (Jean-Baptiste), a man of letters, ex-deputy in the National Convention, aged 38 years, a native of Clèves in Belgium, 27 years living in France, residing at Paris, No. 563 Rue Meunard.
- 10.—Jacob Peyrera, tobacco-manufacturer, aged 51 years, a native of Bayonne, department of the Lower Pyrénées, residing at Paris, No. 413 Rue Saint-Denis, section of Bon-Conseil.
- 11.—Marie-Anne-Catherine Latreille, aged 34 years, a native of Montréuil-Belley, department of the Rhône-et-Loire, six months resident at Paris, Rue et Maison Bussy, wife of Questineau.

Downfall of the Hébertists.

pretended that a plot had been formed between Madame la Comtesse de Rochecouart and Hébert, for the escape of the

- 12.—Jean-Antoine-Florent Armand, medical student, aged 26 years, a native of Chaylac, department of Ardèche, one year resident at Paris, Rue et Maison Bussy.
- 13.—Jean-Baptiste Aucard, employed in the search committee of the department of Paris aged 52 years, a native of Grenoble, department of Isère, residing at Paris, Rue des Mauvais-Garçons-Saint-Germain, ex-journeyman glove-cutter.
- 14.—Frédéric-Pierre Ducroquet, ex-hairdresser, wig-maker, and perfumer, and since commissary for monopolies, aged 31 years, a native of Amiens, department of the Somme, residing at Paris, No. 2 Rue du Paon, section of Marat.
- 15.—Armand-Hubert Leclerc, head of division in the war department, aged 41 years, a native of Cancy, department of the Lower Seine, residing at Paris, No. 10 Rue Grange-Batelière, and formerly keeper of the records in the bishopric of Beauvais.
- 16.—Jean-Charles Bourgeois, ex-cabinet-maker, employed in the war office, and commanding the armed forces of his section, aged 26 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue des Sans-Culottes (formerly Guisarde), section of Mutius-Scevola.
- 17.—Albert Mazuel, once a shoemaker, then an embroiderer, afterwards aide-de-camp to Bouchotte, minister at war, commanding a squadron of the revolutionary cavalry, temporary commandant of the Ville-Affranchie, aged 28 years, a native of Commune-Affranchie.
- 18.—Antoine Descombe, once a grocer's shopman, aged 20 years, a native of Besançon, department of Doubs, residing at Paris, No. 21 Rue Sainte-Croix-de-la-Bretonnerie, section of the Droits-de-l'Homme.
- 19.—Pierre-Ulric Dubuisson, a man of letters, appointed commissary at various periods, aged 48 years, a native of Laval, department of Mayenne, residing at Paris, No. 1447 Rue Saint-Honoré.

"Examined the extract of the sentence of the revolutionary criminal tribunal, and the report of execution, dated the 1th instant.

(Signed) "WOLFF, Registrar's Clerk.

"13th Germinal, 2nd year of the Republic.

"CLAUDE-ANTOINE DELTROT, Public Officer."

The "*Moniteur*" of the 5th Germinal, 2nd year, said that, "The woman Quastineau, having declared herself to be with child, obtained a reprieve." Notwithstanding this we see her name among the victims. The "*Moniteur*" adds:—

"Citizen Taboureau, of the section of Marat, was the only person accused who was acquitted."

Fresh proceedings.

royal family; that Hébert, as a reward for joining this plot, had already received one million, paid by the allied princes, and that another million would be bestowed on him after the successful issue of the enterprise. Further, it was said, the traitor, struck by fear, had himself denounced the conspiracy.

Couthon, the worthy friend of Robespierre, accused Hébert loudly at the tribune of the Convention. "An attempt has been made," said he, "to send a letter and a packet of fifty gold louis to the children of Capet in the Temple; the object of this was to facilitate the escape of Capet's son, as, the conspirators having formed the plan of establishing a council of regency, the child's presence was necessary in order to the installation of the regent. Tremble, wretches, who wished to give a master to Frenchmen! Your last hour has come—you shall perish!"*

It will be seen that the frail and deplorable existence of little Capet still disturbed the lives of the tyrants. Their dictatorship became more and more threatening from day to day. The slightest sign of compassion for the children of Louis XVI. was regarded as a crime. On the 7th Germinal (27th March), that is to say three days after the execution of Hébert, a motion was made for renewing the committee of seven members of the council-general of the Commune, who were specially charged with the superintendence of the Temple. Cressend, of the section of Fraternité, was proposed; but his appointment was opposed, and he was accused of having ventured to pity the fate of little Capet, and to have rather acted as a spy upon his colleagues than kept watch over the prisoner. Such an imputation, as may readily be conceived, gave rise to warm debates, the result of which was, to exclude Cressend from the council, and to send him immediately to the administration of police.†

* Sitting of the 26th Ventôse, 2nd year (16th March, 1794).

† "A member brought several very serious accusations against Cressend, of the section of Fraternité, a member of the council proposed to be sent to

Cressend.

In the course of the next month a similar exclusion took place. Another commissary, whose behaviour had been such as to induce Madame Royale to recommend her brother to his notice, made an attempt to reason against the solitary imprisonment, privation of fresh air, and abandonment of the son of Louis XVI.: he was immediately dismissed from the council. At that era of liberty, to be excluded or dismissed from any situation, as a matter of course transferred the delinquent into the class of *suspected persons*; from this there was but one step to the prison—one step from the prison to the revolutionary tribunal—and the revolutionary tribunal was invariably the approach to the scaffold.

However, Cressend and his accomplice did not pursue this fatal path: their examination had indeed proved that they were two men of a character but slightly revolutionary, but their colleagues, from motives of personal interest, hesitated to enter upon a system of internal proscriptions, which from one day to another might attack the proscribing persons themselves. The two dismissed members were not put in prison; and their exclusion from the council was actually the means of saving their lives, for their former colleagues, members of the Commune, were some time afterwards borne by the events of the 9th Thermidor to that avenging scaffold, ascended in turn by the various oppressors of France.

Hébert's death had given a taste for blood, and the heads of the Mountain began to devour one another; the ambitious seemed to rise to power only to pass straight on to the scaffold. When a man rises so rapidly he does not descend,—he falls!

the Temple. He said that citizen Cressend had taken upon him to compassionate the fate of little Capet, and had made a list of the members of the council on guard at the Temple. After debate, and on motion of several members, the council decreed that citizen Cressend be excluded from the council, and that he be immediately sent to the police department, with the written proofs, and that seals be affixed to his papers."

(Council-general of the Commune, sitting of the
7th Germinal, 2nd year; 27th March, 1794.)

Downfall of the Dantonists.

On the 16th Germinal, 2nd year (5th April, 1794), Danton was sent to his doom as an agent—(who would believe it?)—employed for the re-establishment of royalty! Robespierre gave him fourteen companions in death;* but this numerous

* We give the names of these fifteen men, in the order in which they were written in the report of their execution, and in the official certificate of their death.

- 1.—Philippe-François-Nazaire Fabre Déglañtine, formerly a man of letters, and a deputy in the National Convention, aged 39 years, a native of Carcassonne, residing at Paris, Rue Ville-l'Evêque.
- 2.—Joseph Launay, a lawyer, and deputy in the National Convention, aged 30 years, a native of Angers, usually resident at Antwerp and at Paris, No. 5 Boulevard Montmartre.
- 3.—François Chabot, formerly a capuchin monk, and representative of the people, aged 37 years, a native of Saint-Geniès, department of Aveyron, residing at Paris, No. 19 Rue d'Anjou.
- 4.—Lucie-Simplice-Camille-Benoist Desmoulins, a man of letters, aged 33 years, a native of Guise, district of Vervins, residing at Paris, Place du Théâtre-Français.
- 5.—Jean-François Lacroix, soldier, captain of militia, afterwards a lawyer, and deputy in the National Convention, aged 50 years, a native of Pont-Audemer, department of the Eure, residing at Paris, No. 6 Rue Lazare.
- 6.—Pierre Phelippeaux, a lawyer, and deputy in the National Convention, aged 35 years, a native of Ferrière, department of the Oise, residing at Paris, No. 3 Rue de l'Echelle.
- 7.—Claude Bazire, a clerk of the state archives of Burgundy, commandant of the guard, and deputy in the National Convention, aged 29 years, a native of Dijon, department of Côte d'Or, residing at Paris, Rue Saint-Pierre-Montmartre.
- 8.—Marie-Jean Héroult de Séchelles, deputy in the National Convention, aged 34 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 14 Rue Basse-du-Rempart.
- 9.—Georges-Jacques Danton, deputy in the National Convention, aged 34 years, a native of Darcy-sur-Aube, department of the Aube, residing at Paris, Rue et Section de Marat.
- 10.—Marc-René Sahuguet Despagnac, ex-abbé, horse-dealer, aged 41 years, a native of Brie, department of the Corrèze, residing at Paris, near the old barrier, Rue de l'Université.
- 11.—Simon Kotloo Junius Frey, army contractor, aged 36 years, a native of Bruyen, in Moravia, residing at Paris, No. 10 Rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré.
- 12.—André-Marie Gusman, aged 41 years, a native of Grenada, in Spain, naturalised in 1751.

Danton.

retinue was not enough for the great founder of the revolutionary tribunal, who cried out, as he was borne along on the headsman's cart: "I am dragging Robespierre after me! Robespierre is following me!" Four months had not passed away ere the prophetic words of Danton were fulfilled.

Danton is one of the most striking victims to that law of retaliation which it is sometimes the will of Providence to apply to mankind.

On the 5th July, 1793, Danton had established the revolutionary tribunal, and on the 5th April, 1794, the revolutionary tribunal sent Danton to his death.

This tribunal, in conformity with the peculiar rule introduced by Danton, had the right of commanding the accused to be silent, when such silence suited the judges; and when Danton was accused and wished to defend himself, the tribunal forbade him to speak, agreeably with the law Danton himself had made.

Danton had said on several occasions: "All will go well as long as people say Robespierre and Danton; but woe to me if they ever say Danton and Robespierre! In revolutions," he also exclaimed, "authority devolves to the greatest scoundrel!"

"A very striking singularity" said Riouffe,* "is that Danton,

13.—Emmanuel Frey, aged 27 years, a native of Bruyen, in Moravia, residing at Paris, No. 19 Rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré.

14.—Jean-Frédéric Deiderinchen, barrister in the court of the King of Denmark, aged 51 years, a native of Luxembourg, state of Holstein, in Denmark, residing at Paris, Rue des Petits-Augustins.

15.—François Joseph Westermann, ex-aide-de-camp to Dumouriez, afterwards general of division, aged 38 years, a native of Motzeim, department of the Lower Rhine.

"Examined the extract from the sentence of the revolutionary criminal tribunal, and from the report of the execution, dated the 16th Germinal.

(Signed) "LECRIVAIN, Registrar.

"Paris, 7th Floréal, 2nd year of the Republic.

"CLAUDE-ANTOINE DELTROT, Public Officer."

* "*Mémoires d'un Détenue, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Tyrannie de Robespierre.*" Page 93. Paris, Anjubault, 3rd year.

Execution of Chaumette and others.

Hébert, Chaumette, and Robespierre, all happened to be brought into the same dungeon, though not at the same time. So much labour, dissimulation, extravagance, and crime, resulted in winning for them four feet of earth at the Conciergerie, and a plank on the Place de la Révolution !"

The prediction of Danton was repeated some days afterwards, on the 24th Germinal (13th April), by Chaumette, who was also sent to the scaffold by Robespierre, in company with the young widow of Camille Desmoulins, Arthur Dillon, and some others, for whose accusation another crime had been invented—that of "the conspiracy of the prisons."* "The enemies of the

* This batch was composed of:—

- 1.—Philibert Simon, deputy in the National Convention, a native of Reumilly (Mont-Blanc), residing at Paris, Rue Traversière-Honoré.
- 2.—Arthur Dillon, ex-general of division, aged 43 years, a native of Braywick, in England, residing at Paris, No. 38 Rue Jacob.
- 3.—Jean-Baptiste Gobel, formerly bishop of Paris, aged 67 years, a native of Thann, department of the Upper Rhine, residing at Paris, No. 13 Quai de l'Egalité, Ile de la Fraternité.
- 4.—Jean-Michel Beysser, brigadier-general of the army of the west, aged 40 years, a native of Ribeauviller, in Alsace, department of the Upper Rhine, usually resident at Lorient.
- 5.—Gaspard Chaumette, national agent of the Commune of Paris, formerly attorney-general of the said Commune, aged 31 years, a native of Nevers (Nièvre), residing at Paris, Rue de l'Observatoire, at the Visitandines, and previously in the Rue du Paon, section of Marat.
- 6.—Marie-Marguerite-Françoise Goupile, aged 38 years, a native of Paris, and residing there, Rue Neuve-de-l'Egalité, Cour des Forges, widow of Hébert.
- 7.—Jean-Baptiste-Ernest Bucher, commandant of the National Guard of Mesnil-Saint-Denis, aged 43 years, a native of Amiens, department of the Somme, residing at Mesnil-Saint-Denis, district of Versailles, department of the Seine-et-Oise.
- 8.—Marie-Marc-Antoine Baras, formerly administrator of the Toulouse district, aged 30 years, a native of Toulouse, department of the Upper Garonne, and residing there.
- 9.—Jean-Jacques Lacombe, living on his means, aged 33 years, a native of Cajac (Lot), residing at Paris, at the Maison Garnie des Français, No. 30 Rue de Thionville, section of Marat.
- 10.—Jean-Maurice-François Lebrasse, lieutenant of gendarmerie attending the tribunals, aged 31 years, a native of Rennes, department of Ille-et-Vilaine, residing at Paris, No. 27 Rue Jacques.

Execution of Chaumette and others.

Revolution," said the victors of the day, "seem to revive from their ashes; they appear again and again, like the polypus, beneath the mutilating instrument." And that very fear of royalty

- 11.—Anne-Lucile-Philippe Laridon Duplessis, aged 23 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue du Théâtre-Français, widow of Lucie-Simplice-Camille-Benoît Desmoulins.
- 12.—Antoine Duret, adjutant-general of the army of the Alps, aged 44 years, a native of Roanne-en-Forez, residing at Montbrisse, department of the Loire, at the time of his arrest at Feure.
- 13.—Guillaume Lassalle, naval officer, aged 24 years, a native of Boulogne-sur-Mer, department of the Pas-de-Calais, residing at Paris, Maison de France, Rue Neuve-de-l'Egalité.
- 14.—Alexandre Nourry Grammont, an officer in the revolutionary cavalry, and formerly employed in the war-office, aged 19 years, a native of Limoges, department of the Upper Vienne, residing at Paris, No. 3 Passage des Petits-Pères, section of Guillaume Tell.
- 15.—Nourry Grammont, formerly an actor belonging to the Montansier theatre, afterwards adjutant-general of the revolutionary army, aged 42 years, a native of La Rochelle (Lower Charente), residing at Paris, Passage des Petits-Pères, section of Guillaume Tell.
- 16.—Jean-Marie Lepallu, judge of the revolutionary committee of Feure, 26 years old, a native of Matour, Charonne district, department of the Saône-et-Loire, usually residing at Neardor, department of the Rhône-et-Loire.
- 17.—Jean-François Lambert, turnkey of the Luxembourg prison, aged 25 years, a native of Boigne, department of the Loiret, residing at Paris, Rue de la Convention.
- 18.—Marie-Sebastien BrumEAU Lacroix, member of the revolutionary committee of the section of Unity, aged 26 years, residing at Paris, Rue du Colombier.
- 19.—Jean Rameau, priest, aged 41 years, a native of Auxerre, department of Yonne, residing at Paris, Rue Sauveur.
- 20.—Louis-Guillaume-André Brossard, secretary to the revolutionary committee of the town of Périgueux, aged 32 years, a native of Terascon, department of the Dordogne, residing at Périgueux.
- 21.—Etienne Ragondet, formerly a horse-dealer, commandant of the battalion of the section of the République, and inspector of the army waggons, aged 46 years, a native of Paris, residing at Cappy, near Péronne, department of the Somme.

"Examined the extract of the sentence of the revolutionary criminal tribunal, and the report of the execution, dated the 24th Germinal.

(Signed) "LECRIVAIN, Registrar.

"7th Foréal, 2nd year of the Republic.

"CLAUDE-ANTOINE DELTROIT, Public Officer."

New rigours.

only proved the moral existence of royalty: the shadow of a child, shut up within four walls, was sufficient to disturb the repose of the anarchists and excite the hopes of the Vendéans.

Although Chaumette and Hébert had disappeared from the councils of the Commune, the Temple was more than ever subjected to the strictest investigations and severest regulations.* Madame Elizabeth could now no longer obtain any account of her nephew; Madame Royale no more pronounced her brother's name without encountering a silent refusal to

* This rigour was sometimes carried to a ridiculous extremity, and displayed itself daily by several new decrees. We give two documents, which will give some idea of those which we do not quote.

"Commune of Paris.

"10th Pluviôse (7th February, 1794), 2nd year of the French Republic,
one and indivisible.

"Extract from the register of the deliberations of the council-general.

"The Temple council gives notice that citizen Langlois brought a bottle, holding about half-a-pint, sealed with a seal formed of several letters which we could not make out, and on which was a label, with the words, 'Broth for Marie-Thérèse.'

"The said Langlois having been questioned as to what orders he had had to bring such broth, stated that for about four or five months he had been in the constant habit of bringing it without hindrance or opposition.

"The Temple council, taking into consideration that no medical officer has ordered the broth mentioned above, and Capet's daughter and her aunt enjoying perfect health, as the council of this day has ascertained :

"Considering that it can be only from a kind of habit, and quite unnecessarily that the use of this broth has been persisted in, and that it is at once the interest of the republic and the duty of the magistrates to put a stop to abuses of all kinds, as soon as they are informed of them :

"Decrees that, from this day forth, the use of all medicaments that may be brought to the Temple for any person whatsoever be suspended, and the matter referred to the council-general of the Commune, to decide definitively as may appear best to them.

"The council adopts the decree of the Temple council in its fullest extent.

(Signed) "LUBIN, Vice-President.

"DORAT CUBIERES, Deputy Secretary-Registrar.

"Exact copy :

"DORAT CUBIERES, Deputy Secretary-Registrar."

"The secretary-registrar informs the council that, in execution of one of their previous decrees, he has purchased two ivory thimbles for the Temple

Execution of M. de Malesherbes.

answer, or an insulting reply. Terror was on all sides. From the scaffold,—their bloody fortress,—the minority commanded the whole nation to be silent, bow the knee, and humanity veil her face and submit to laws of blood. The prisons, on one occasion, had been cleared to their innermost recess; and now, if they were filled once more by suspicion, the headsman's hand was quite equal to clearing them again. The Collot d'Herbois, Lebons, Saint-Justs, and Carriers, will bear terror and death into the great cities; and the blood-stain that fell on one square in Paris will spread and spread until it covers the whole of France. The guillotine, taking its place in the public squares amid a lake of blood, its indefatigable blade will fall and rise and fall again unceasingly, between its two pillars and its moistened grooves. Magistrates and generals, clergy, common people, nobles, citizens, peasants, young girls in the spring-tide of their lives, old men tottering on the verge of the grave,—all perished together in the harvest of death, a population of martyrs following the pilgrim path pursued by their King and Queen. The sublime task that M. de Malesherbes had accomplished had just received its reward on the scaffold,* 3rd Floréal, 2nd year (22nd April,

prisoners; and that he will carry the gold thimble to the mint to-morrow, in order that its value may be distributed according to the directions of the council.

“The council-general acknowledges the declaration of the secretary-registrar.”

(Council-general of the Commune, sitting of the 8th Germinal, 2nd year; Friday, 28th March, 1794.)

* The registers of the revolutionary tribunal give the names of his companions in misfortune (among whom we find those of his daughter, his granddaughter, and grandson) in the following order:

- 1.—Jacques Duval Desprémenil, ex-member, aged 48 years, a native of Pondichéry, residing at Mériffou, commune of the Arnuée, department of the Lower Seine.
- 2.—Jacques-Guillaume Thouret, ex-constituent, ex-president of the abrogatory tribunal, aged 48 years, a native of Pont-l'Évêque, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, No 21 Rue des Petits-Augustins.

Effect of the massacres.

1794). I do not like to hear it said that France, attacked by the rest of Europe, owed her triumph to her excesses! No! it was not the massacres of September that saved liberty from destruction, not the executioner's hand that called into life the heroism of our armies; let us not lie to history, nor calumniate patriotism. On the contrary, to be just, we ought to say to the dictators of that period: "The exploits of France against a foreign foe may barely atone for your crimes against your fellow-citizens; her victories were multiplied in vain, they could

- 3.—Isaac-René-Gui Lechappelier, ex-member, aged 39 years, a native of Renne, department of the Ile-et-Vilaine, residing there, and also at Paris, Rue Montmartre.
- 4.—François Hell, formerly attorney-general syndico of the states of Alsace, grand bailiff of Landres, and administrator of the department of the Upper Rhine, aged 63 years, a native of Kesselheim, in the above department, residing at Paris, Rue Helvétius.
- 5.—Chrétien-Guillaume Lamoignon Malesherbes, ex-noble, and ex-minister to the tyrant, aged 72 years, a native of Paris, residing at Malesherbes, department of the Loiret.
- 6.—Antoinette-Marguerite-Thérèse Lamoignon Malesherbes, a native of Paris, residing at Malesherbes, department of the Loiret, widow of Lepelletier Rozambo.
- 7.—Aline-Thérèse Lepelletier Rozambo, aged 23 years, a native of Paris, residing at Malesherbes, department of the Loiret, married to Châteaubriand.
- 8.—Jean-Baptiste-Auguste Châteaubriand, ex-noble, and ex-captain of cavalry, aged 34 years, a native of Saint-Malo, department of the Ile-et-Vilaine, residing at Malesherbes, department of the Loiret.
- 9.—Diane-Adélaïde Rochechouart, ex-noble, aged 62 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Grange-Batelière, widow of Duchatelet.
- 10.—Béatrix Choiseul, ex-noble, aged 64 years, a native of Lunéville, residing at Paris, Rue Grange-Batelière, wife of Grammont.
- 11.—Victoire Boucher Rochechouart, ex-noble, aged 49 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue du Mont-Blanc, widow of Pontville.
- 12.—Louis-Pierre Mousset, carpenter, and formerly attorney-general of the commune of Donnery, aged 42 years, a native of Saint-Marcond-d'Orléans, department of the Loiret, residing at the said Donnery.

"Examined the extract of the sentence of the criminal revolutionary tribunal, in date of the 3rd instant.

(Signed)

"LECRIVAIN, Registrar.

"13th Floréal, 2nd year of the Republic.

"CLAUDE-ANTOINE DELTROT, Public Officer."

 Madame Elizabeth.

not equal the number of your assassinations, and her glorious standard had not folds enough to hide the political disgrace with which you polluted the country!"

Ever since the death of the Queen, the two august prisoners had been in a state of total ignorance as to how matters went without the Temple tower. As I have said, they could not even learn what passed immediately beside them, in the room of the young orphan: they lived on their recollections and fears, mingled but very slightly with hopes for the future, but entirely submissive to the will of God. It is to this state of pious resignation that we owe the beautiful prayer of Madame Elizabeth, preserved to us by history. Her devotion to her brother had induced her to remain at court in former times, but she had lived there only to take her part in tribulation and weeping. And now Madame Elizabeth employed all the persuasion of tenderness, all the sublimity of religion, all the consolation of feeling and sympathy, to form the mind and heart of her royal niece, of whom the headsman's hand had made her the second mother.

The storm she had expected to close or vary her lot was soon to burst upon her.

On the 20th Floréal, 2nd year (9th May, 1871), towards seven o'clock in the evening, the usher Monet repaired to the Temple, accompanied by citizens Fontaine, adjutant-general of artillery of the Parisian army, and Saruillée, aide-de-camp to General Henriot. He presented a letter from Fouquier-Tinville, public accuser to the revolutionary tribunal, to the members of the council, Mouret, Eudes, Magendie, and Godefroi, requiring them to give up the sister of Louis Capet into the hands of the persons above-mentioned.*

The Princess was preparing to go to bed when she heard the bolts drawn, and hastily threw on her dress. "Citizeness, come down stairs directly, thou art wanted," said her ill-omened

* Report of the removal of Elizabeth-Marie Capet to the Conciergerie.

Trial of Madame Elizabeth.

visitors to her roughly. "Will my niece remain here?" "That is no business of thine; she will be attended to afterwards." Madame Elizabeth embraced the young orphan, and said to her, to calm her anxiety, "Be composed, I shall come up again!" "No, thou wilt not come up again," replied commissary Eudes,* "take thy cap, and come along." She obeyed, and raising Madame Royale, who was falling into her arms, she bade her "have courage and firmness, to hope ever in God, to make use of the true principles of religion imparted to her by her parents, and to be faithful to the last exhortations of her father and mother." The aunt and niece remained for a moment locked in each other's embrace; then the aunt, tearing herself away from the arms that held her fast, moved with a rapid step towards the outer door, saying again, "Think of your God, my child!" And Madame Elizabeth was gone.

She was conducted into the council-room at the foot of the stairs, and there, while the warrant of her discharge from the jailer was being drawn up, her pockets were searched, and she was loaded with insults. In a heavy rain she crossed the garden and the outer court-yard, then being placed in a hackney coach, with the usher of the tribunal and the two officers, was driven to the Conciergerie. Here she underwent an examination by Gabriel Deliége, vice-president of the revolutionary tribunal, and next day was brought before her judges, accused of being an accomplice in the crimes of her family. Chauveau-Lagarde, who was appointed to the office of defending her, observed that there were neither any documents nor any witnesses for the trial; and that, in a case where there was no legal element of conviction whatever, there could be no legal conviction. He concluded as follows:—"She, who at the court of France was deemed the most perfect model of every virtue, cannot be the enemy of Frenchmen." Dumas,† who

* Guillotined on the 11th Thermidor, 2nd year (20th July, 1794).

† René-François Dumas, put out of the pale of the law and guillotined, 10th Thermidor, 2nd year (28th July, 1794).

Execution of Madame Elizabeth.

presided over the tribunal, rose up indignantly, and violently reproached the counsel for the defence for "corrupting public morality." All the formulæ were abridged, and the useless discussion was soon closed, in which all conference between the accused and her counsel had been prohibited, and the sentence of death was pronounced. Twenty-four other persons had been associated with her in her coming fate.* When she was taken to them, Madame Elizabeth's touching resignation edified them all. In the tumbril that took them to execution she exhorted and consoled them. On reaching the foot of the scaffold, the women, among whom were Madame de Sénozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, and the widow of M. de Montmorin, formerly minister for foreign affairs, begged her permission to embrace her, which she granted, encouraging them with her usual kindness. It is

* We think it right to give the names of all those who had the glory of sharing the martyrdom of Madame Elizabeth; it is but just that these victims should keep in history the place they held beside her on the scaffold.

- 1.—Elisabeth-Marie-Hélène Capet, sister of Louis Capet, aged 30 years, a native of Versailles, department of the Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris.
- 2.—Anne Duwaes, aged 55 years, a native of Keisnith, in Germany, residing at the Montagne-du-Bon-Air, department of the Seine-et-Oise, widow of Laigle, ex-marquis.
- 3.—Louis-Bernardin Leneuf Sourdeval, ex-count, aged 69 years, a native of Caen, department of Calvados, residing at Chatou, department of the Seine-et-Oise.
- 4.—Anne-Nicole Lamoignon, aged 76 years, a native of Paris, residing there, widow of Sénozan, ex-marquis.
- 5.—Claude-Louise-Angélique Bersin, ex-marchioness, aged 64 years, a native of Paris, residing there, the wife of Crussol d'Amboise, living separated from him.
- 6.—Georges Follope, apothecary, ex-municipal officer of the Commune, aged 64 years, a native of Ecalalix, near Yvetot, residing at Paris, Rue et Porte Honoré.
- 7.—Denise Baurd, aged 52 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 674 Rue Florentin.
- 8.—Louis-Pierre-Marcel Letellier, surnamed Bullier, formerly employed in the clothing department for the troops, aged 21 years and a-half, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 674 Rue Florentin.

Execution of Madame Elizabeth.

said that on this day, as the number of the condemned was considerable, a bench had been placed for them to sit upon. The victims rose, one by one, when their names were called,

- 9.—Charles Cressy Champmilon, ex-noble, and formerly a naval officer, aged 33 years, a native of Courton, near Sens, department of Yonne, residing there.
- 10.—Théodore Hall, manufacturer and merchant, aged 26 years, a native of Seuzy, department of Yonne, residing there.
- 11.—Alexander-François Lomenie, ex-count, and ex-colonel of the chasseur regiment called that of Champagne, aged 36 years, a native of Marseilles, residing at Brienne, department of the Aube.
- 12.—Louis-Marie-Athanase Lomenie, ex-minister of war and mayor of Brienne, aged 61 years, a native of Paris, residing at Brienne, department of the Aube.
- 13.—Antoine-Hugues-Calixte Montmorin, second lieutenant in the 5th regiment of mounted chasseurs, aged 22 years, a native of Versailles, department of the Seine-et-Oise, residing at Passy.
- 14.—Jean-Baptiste Lhoste, agent and steward to Megret de Sérilly, aged 47 years, a native of Forgère, residing at Paris.
- 15.—Martial Lomenie, ex-noble, and coadjutor of the bishopric in the department of Yonne, aged 30 years, a native of Marseilles, residing at Sens.
- 16.—Antoine-Jean-François Megret de Sérilly, formerly treasurer-general at war, and afterwards a farmer, aged 48 years, a native of Paris, residing at Passy, near Sens.
- 17.—Antoine-Jean-Marie Megret Detigny, ex-noble, and formerly assistant brevet-major to the ex-regiment of French Guards, aged 46 years, a native of Paris, residing at Sens.
- 18.—Charles Lomenie, ex-knight of the orders of Saint-Louis and Cincinnatus, aged 33 years, a native of Marseilles, residing at Brienne, department of the Aube.
- 19.—Françoise-Gabrielle Tanneffe, aged 50 years, a native of Chadieu, department of the Puy-de-Dôme, residing in the house of Megret de Sérilly, at Passy, department of Yonne, widow of Montmorin, minister for foreign affairs.
- 20.—Anne-Marie-Charlotte Lomenie, aged 20 years, a native of Paris, residing at Sens and Paris; No. 18 Rue Georges, section of Mont-Blanc, divorced wife of the emigrant Canizy.
- 21.—Marie-Anne-Catherine Rosset, aged 44 years, a native of Rochefort, department of the Charente, residing at Sens, wife of Charles-Christophe Rosset Cerey, ex-naval officer, an emigrant.
- 22.—Elizabeth-Jacqueline Lhermitte, aged 65 years, wife of the ex-count Rosset, ex-noble, and formerly lieutenant-colonel of carbiniers, an emigrant.

 Madame Royale.

and as they passed before Madame Elizabeth all bowed low before they ascended the scaffold. Madame Elizabeth was the last.

The gates of the Temple had closed again upon the young Marie-Thérèse, who was doomed henceforth to struggle alone against distress and iniquity. The hours were now to strike upon the ear of the sister in solitude, as had been the case with her brother since the 20th January, 1794; but the sister still saw either the spy who watched her or the turnkey who brought her food; while her poor little brother, cut off from all communication with humanity, like the leper of the middle ages, knew not even the countenances of the wretches who used to wake him up at night, or who by day would bring him food to give him strength for further endurance.

While Madame Elizabeth was at the guillotine, Madame Royale asked the municipals what had become of her; they told her she had gone out to take the air. Madame Royale renewed her entreaties to be united to her mother again, as they had separated her aunt from her; they replied that they would talk it over.

Next day, that is, on the 22nd Floréal (11th May), she received a visit from Robespierre. Not one word did she address to him; she merely handed him a paper on which she had written the words:—

“My brother is ill. I wrote to the Convention for per-

- 21.—Louis-Claude Lhermitte Chambertrand, ex-canon of the cathedral of Sens, ex-noble, aged 60 years, a native of Sens.
- 24.—Anne-Marie-Louise Thomas, aged 31 years, a native of Paris, residing at Passy, in the department of Yonne, wife of Megret Sérilly.
- 25.—Jean-Baptiste Dubois, servant to Megret Detigny, aged 41 years, a native of Merfit, district of Reims, department of the Marne, residing in the house of the said Megret Detigny.

“Examined the extract of the sentence of the criminal revolutionary tribunal, and report of the execution, dated 21st Floréal.

(Signed)

“LECRIVAIN, Registrar.

“CLAUDE-ANTOINE DELTROT, Public Officer.”

 More massacres.

mission to go and nurse him: the Convention has made no reply, and I now repeat my request."

After having given this paper she turned away her head, and began to read again. Frightful events were following each other without intermission; blood was flowing in every city; mourning had entered every house. But the terrible occurrences passing noisily in the streets stifled sobs and groaning. To depict those days of misery unexampled in history, the voice of the people could find no name so apt as that of "Terror." The slightest suspicion of attachment to royalty sufficed to open the prison and prepare the block. Yet royalty still possessed some friends ready to devote themselves to her interests; but an inexplicable sort of fatality accompanied all their plans, which were always ill-formed, or disconcerted, or betrayed. M. le Baron de Batz was one of the most indefatigable, active, and skilful of these praiseworthy conspirators. His plots, like his person, escaped the investigations of the Commune. Furious at being unable to retaliate on this invisible enemy, Robespierre at least avenged himself on his shadow, round which he assembled a multitude of victims destined to the headsman's axe. A report was made to the Convention by Elie Lacoste, on the 26th Prairial, 2nd year (14th June, 1794), in the joint names of the committees of public welfare and general safety. This report, which was as long as it was incoherent,* handed over to the revolutionary tribunal numberless victims,† strangers to each other, different

* See the "*Conjuration de Batz, ou la Journée des Soixante*," published in 1795. 8vo.

† We give their names as they appear in the official statements of their execution and decease. Among these fifty-four victims there were three young men of from 17 to 23, and three young women of from 18 to 20 years of age.

1.—Henry Admiral, aged 50 years, a native of Auzolet, department of Puy-de-Dôme, residing at Paris, No. 4 Rue Favart, formerly a servant, afterwards attached to the ex-royal lottery in the capacity of a clerk.

 More massacres.

in position, rank, and opinion, and yet accused by the committees of having acted as accomplices; condemned to death

- 2.—François Cardinal, tutor and schoolmaster, aged 40 years, a native of Bussière, department of the Upper Marne, residing at Paris, No. 7 Rue de Tracy.
- 3.—Pierre-Balthazard Roussel, aged 26 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 70 Rue Helvétius.
- 4.—Marie-Suzanne Chevalier, aged 34 years, a native of Saint-Sauvan, department of Vienne, residing at Paris, No. 47 Rue Chabannais, wife of Lamartinière, from whom she has been separated three years.
- 5.—Claude Paindavoine, aged 53 years, a native of Lépine, department of the Marne, residing at Paris, No. 19 Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, porter to the ex-lottery house.
- 6.—Aimée-Cécile Renault, aged 20 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Lanterne, daughter of Antoine Renault.
- 7.—Antoine Renault, paper and card maker, aged 62 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Lanterne, section of the Cité.
- 8.—Antoine-Jacques Renault, stationer, aged 31 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Lanterne, son of Antoine Renault.
- 9.—Edme-Jeane Renault, formerly a nun, aged 60 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 698 Rue Babylone.
- 10.—Jean-Baptiste Portebœuf, aged 43 years, a native of Thoiré, department of the Lower Seine, residing at Paris, No. 510 Rue Honoré.
- 11.—André Saintanac, student in surgery, employed in the military hospital of Choisy-sur-Seine, aged 22 years, a native of Bordeaux, department of the Gironde, residing at the said Choisy, and previously at Paris, in furnished lodgings, Rue Quincampoix.
- 12.—Anne-Madeleine-Lucile Parmentier, aged 52 years, a native of Clermont, department of the Oise, residing at Paris, No. 510 Rue Honoré, wife of Alexandre Lemoine Crécy.
- 13.—François Lafosse, head of the detective police of Paris, aged 44 years, a native of Versailles, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, No. 32 Rue du Faubourg du Temple.
- 14.—Jean-Louis-Michel Devaux, clerk, aged 42 years, a native of Doullens, department of the Somme, residing at Paris, Rue Barbe, section of Bonne Nouvelle.
- 15.—Louis-Eustache-Joseph Potier (Delille), aged 44 years, a native of Lille, department of the North, residing at Paris, Rue Favart, printer, and member of the revolutionary committee of the Lepelletier section.
- 16.—François-Charles-Virot Sombreuil, ex-governor of the Invalides, aged 74 years, a native of Insishain, department of the Upper Rhine, and residing at the national establishment of the Invalides.

More massacres.

"by amalgamation, and in a mass," to use the expression of Fouquier-Tinville, they were executed on 29th Prairial, 2nd year

- 17.—Stanislas Virot Sombreuil, aged 26 years, a native of Lechoisier, department of Upper Vienne, residing at Passy, ex-captain of hussars, and ex-captain of the National Guard of Poissy.
- 18.—Jean-Guet Henoc Rohan Rochefort, ex-noble, residing at Rochefort, department of the Lower Charente.
- 19.—Pierre Laval Montmorency, ex-noble, aged 25 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue du Bac.
- 20.—Etienne Jardin, aged 48 years, a native of Versailles, department of the Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, Rue Cadet, director of military transportation since the Revolution, and formerly huntsman to the tyrant.
- 21.—Charles-Marie-Antoine Sartine, ex-master of requests, aged 34 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Vivienne.
- 22.—Barthélemy Constant, gendarme, aged 42 years, a native of Grasse, department of Var, residing at Paris, No. 185 Rue du Faubourg Martin.
- 23.—Joseph-Henry Burlandeux, peace-officer, aged 39 years, a native of Saullier, department of Var, residing at Paris, No. 64 Rue du Faubourg Martin.
- 24.—Louis-Marie-François Saint-Mauris de Montbarey, ex-prince, and ex-soldier, aged 38 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 49 Faubourg Honoré.
- 25.—Joseph-Guillaume Lescuyer, musician, aged 46 years, a native of Antibes, department of Var, residing at Paris, No. 16 Rue Poissonnière.
- 26.—Achille Viart, formerly a soldier, aged 51 years, a native of — in America, residing at Mariac, department of Bec d'Ambès.
- 27.—Jean-Louis Biret Tissot, servant to the woman Grandison, aged 35 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Mesnard.
- 28.—Théodore Jauge, banker, aged 47 years, a native of Bordeaux, department of Bec d'Ambès, residing at Paris, Rue du Mont-Blanc.
- 29.—Catherine-Suzanne Vincent, aged 45 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Mesnard, wife of Gryois.
- 30.—François-Augustine Santuare, aged 40 years, a native of the Isle of Bourbon, in Africa, residing at Marefosse, department of the Lower Seine, wife of Desprémenil.
- 31.—Charles-Armand-Augustin Depont, ex-noble, aged 49 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs.
- 32.—Joseph-Victor Cortey, grocer, aged 37 years, a native of Symphorien, department of the Loire, residing at Paris, Rue de la Loi.
- 33.—François Paumier, formerly wood merchant, aged 39 years, a native of Aunay, department of the Nièvre.

More massacres.

(17th June, 1794), as guilty of attempting the re-establishment of royalty.

- 34.—Jean-François Deshayes, aged 68 years, a native of Herserange, department of the Moselle, residing at Luçon, shopkeeper, and member of the committee of observation in that place.
- 35.—François Augustin Ozanne, peace-officer, aged 40 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Vieille-Monnoie.
- 36.—Charles-François-René Duhardaz Dauteville, ex-noble, aged 23 years, a native of Mans, department of the Sarthe, residing at Paris, No. 20 Rue Basse-du-Rempart.
- 37.—Louis Comte, merchant, aged 49 years, a native of Varennes, department of the Saône-et-Loire, residing at Paris, Grande Maison de France, Rue Thomas du Louvre.
- 38.—Jean-Baptiste Michonis, lemonade-seller, and formerly administrator of police, a native of Paris, residing there.
- 39.—Philippe-Charles-Elysée Baussancourt, second-lieutenant of carbiniers, aged 27 years, a native of Vitry-le-François.
- 40.—Louis Karadec, agent, aged 45 years, a native of Lisieux, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, Rue du Faubourg-du-Temple.
- 41.—Théodore Mursan, aged 27 years, a native of Toulouse, department of the Upper Garonne, residing at Paris, No. 95 Rue de Cléry.
- 42.—Nicholas-Joseph Egrée, brazier, aged 40 years, a native of Chateau-Cambrésis, department of the North, residing at Suresne, department of Paris.
- 43.—Henri Menil-Simon, ex-captain of cavalry, aged 53 years, a native of Buley, department of the Nièvre, residing at Vigneux, department of the Seine-et-Oise.
- 44.—Jeanne-Françoise-Louise Demier Sainte-Amarante, aged 42 years, a native of Saintes, department of the Charente, residing at Cercy, department of the Seine-et-Oise.
- 45.—Charlotte-Rose-Sainte-Amarante, aged 19 years, a native of Paris, residing at Cercy, department of the Nièvre, wife of Sartine.
- 46.—Louis Sainte-Amarante, aged 17 years, a native of Paris, residing at Cercy.
- 47.—Gabriel-Jean-Baptiste Briel, ex-priest, aged 56 years, a native of Montier-sur-Faulx, department of Mont-Blanc, residing at Arcueil, and previously at Paris, Rue Helvétius.
- 48.—Marie Grandmajson, formerly Buret, ex-actress at the Théâtre des Italiens, aged 27 years, a native of Blois, department of the Loire-et-Cher, residing at Paris, No. 7 Rue Mesnard.
- 49.—Marie-Nicole Bouchard, aged 18 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 7 Rue Mesnard.
- 50.—Jean-Baptiste Marino, painter in porcelain, administrator of police, aged 37 years, a native of Sceaux, district of the Bourg de l'Egalité, residing at Paris, Rue Helvétius.

Catherine Théot.

Two days before, that is, on the 27th Prairial, Vadier had made another report about the affair of Catherine Théot,* called the "Mother of God," a mere fanatical prophetess of the period, whom he represented as a serious conspirator, but there was no real plot against the tyrants but the existence of a child; and Robespierre might have exclaimed in this affair, as in the preceding (and he would have been right): "Chimerical conspiracies to conceal the real ones."

Barrère had said to Vadier: "The Mother of God will not give birth to her divine word!" and Vadier had rejoined: "The egg the hen sits upon will have no germ!"

Alas! this prophecy was to be but too accurately fulfilled; but the oracular words of the ancient sibyl were to be accomplished as truly, when she said that the Supreme Being would rule the universe alone, confounding the pride of vain and

51.—Nicholas-André-Marie Froidure, ex-administrator of police and municipal officer, aged 29 years, a native of Tours, department of the Indre-et-Loire, residing at Paris, No. 91 Rue Honoré.

52.—Antoine-Prosper Soules, ex-administrator of police and municipal officer, aged 31 years, a native of Avise, department of Marne, residing at Paris, No. 38 Rue Taranne.

53.—François Dange, ex-administrator of Police, aged 47 years, a native of Chesey, department of Cher-et-Loire, residing at Paris, No. 36 Rue de la Roquette.

54.—Marie-Maximilien-Hercule Rossay, calling himself Count of Fleury, aged 23 years, residing at Paris.

"Examined the extract of the sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the report of the execution, dated the 29th Prairial.

(Signed) "LECRIVAIN, Registrar.

"Paris, the 9th Messidor, 2nd year of the Republic.

"CLAUDE-ANTOINE DELTROIT, Public Officer."

* And not *Théos*, as her followers called her, purposely substituting for the common name of *Théot* the Greek word *Théos*, which signifies *the Divinity*. This visionary, whom they called the "Christian Religion," and the "Mother of God," held her conventicle meetings at her residence, No. 1078 Rue Contrescarpe, section of the Oratory, up three pair of stairs. Villate, in his "Mysteries of the Mother of God Unveiled," describes her as follows:—"This mother Théot, tall and meagre, almost transparently thin, like the sibyl of Cumæ."

Position of the young King.

ignorant man, leading armies to victory, levelling mountains, drying up seas, fortifying the simple and the just;" they were speedily to be fulfilled when she declared that, "the National Convention, like the proud oak tree, would be blasted at its head by the thunder-storm!"

Amid the black and roaring waves of the revolutionary ocean we have not lost sight of that little fair head, once beaming with innocence and peace, but now robbed of its glory and given up to all the horrors of captivity, for he had not the good fortune to be assassinated like his father and mother. His father and mother will reign through ages yet to come by the terrible magnificence of their misfortunes, as they reigned a few brief moments upon earth in the splendour of fortune. The story of their long sufferings will be echoed throughout all ages, in the history of every nation will it be named with universal indignation, and their martyr-death be compensated by the worshipping admiration of posterity.

But, for their child there was neither throne, nor splendour, nor power, nor renown: his misery was but the silent misery of the dungeon. He might only speak to walls, or men more impenetrable still. Like the victims of ancient fatality, he struggled in his impotence beneath the wrath of an angry Deity. His bed—a palliass and a matrass, deluged with his tears, and which his enfeebled arms soon ceased to stir; his food,—a sort of watery soup, with some fragments of bread in it, of which he received two little portions a day, with a morsel of beef, a loaf, and a pitcher of water: it is seen that the wolf-cub *was* treated almost like a dog! The commissaries of the Commune, who were renewed daily, and who prowled about the door of his kennel, were almost all men, of that ignoble caste which the breath of revolution had raised to the surface of society. Those who were more stupid than wicked, as is frequently the case in popular commotions, acquired a degree of excitement and violence which was not in their nature, and grew more irritable at the sound of their own

Growth of cruelty.

voices; and it is thus very intelligible how, in times of confusion, the populace often arrive—ere they well know what they are about, by progressive fury—at the commission of the most cruel folly and the most unheard of crimes. Some of the municipals, surprised at the bearing and mute resignation of the child-prisoner, would occasionally deviate for a moment from their prescribed part; but, curbed in their weaknesses by civic remorse or fear, they themselves soon began to vociferate, in order to acquire the power of fulfilling their mission. As they saw men denounced in the name of humanity, and murdered in the name of fraternity, they could not but say to themselves that it must be simple and just to imprison in the name of liberty. By contemplating outrages the most atrocious, they learned to venture on them themselves. And then—it was the tyrant's son who was committed to their charge, and for whom they were responsible, life for life; for the council-general had determined that the responsibility which formerly rested on Simon, should be laid henceforth on the commissaries on duty at the Temple. The food, the health, nay, the existence of the child, mattered but little to them; the whole of their vigilance was put into action with respect to his body alone, and was limited to watching his person, alive or dead. They were intrusted with a body by the Convention, alive or dead it mattered little to them; so long as it represented him, they would have made no cavil at receiving a corpse at the close of the day. The commissaries who were not cruel by nature became so from fear; at nightfall they would cause Gourlet or Baron to open the room next the Prince's dungeon; they would then look through the grating to see what the unfortunate child was about, and cry out to him to go to bed, because they would not give him any light. The victim would stretch himself on his pallet, and his guards would then disappear. But this was not the last noise made by the agents of the Convention during the night; the fear of losing a deposit confided to them that same day, and which they must give up

Growth of cruelty.

on the next, and the terrible responsibility resting upon them, kept them in a state of constant uneasiness, and subjected their victim to continual torment. We may also state that the irregularity in relieving the municipals added to the sufferings of the young prisoner. It was not, in general, until an advanced hour of the night that the new commissaries were appointed by the council-general, so that they did not arrive at the Temple before midnight. Then the new comers had to be certain of the presence of the captive, in order to discharge their predecessors from their trust. Proceeded by a turnkey, they went up together to the kennel of the wolf-cub ; it was a matter of indifference to them whether he was asleep or awake : if he were awake, they brought him only fear ; and if asleep, fear and loss of rest together. A pitiless voice suddenly called to him, to make sure that he had not been carried off. If on some occasions, plunged in that forgetfulness which is given by sleep, he delayed a moment in replying, an arm, moved by disquietude, would open the turning wicket with a great noise, and a terrible voice would cry : "Capet ! Capet ! Are you asleep ? Where are you ? Young viper, get up !" The child, waking with a start, got out of bed ; and came, trembling all over, with his feet colder than the damp boards along which he dragged them. "I am here, citizens," he would answer, in a gentle voice. "Come here that I may see you !" "Here I am ; what do you want with me ?" "To see you," replied the Cerberus, turning his lantern on the opening : "All right ! Get to bed !—In !—Down !"

Two or three hours afterwards the enormous keys grated harshly again, and the iron door moved on its hinges : it was the turn of some commissaries who had been delayed, and who, no less zealous or as curious as the first arrivals, wished to see the prisoner ; thus bringing disturbance to a rest that was just commencing again ; and terror to an imagination that was beginning to grow calm. The child was again obliged to get up and be inspected. In the course of the visit made by the

Reflections.

municipal on guard, together with those whom they were relieving, the conversation was sometimes prolonged; a hundred idle questions were exchanged between the colleagues, bringing on a long interrogatory, in the course of which the child,—half naked, bathed in the perspiration of sleep, and frozen by the night-air,—was forced to endure brutal words which disturbed his mind, cruel language which wounded his heart, and even the dangerous light of the lantern, which, turned full on his pale countenance, dazzled his poor suffering eyes, which had not seen a single ray of sunshine for so long a time, almost to blindness. And sometimes, too, a threatening gesture, or a Satanic laugh from a distance, greeted the return to bed of that frail phantom of a king, sunk into his last degradation, and not yet old enough to die—the headsman would have spurned him!

So much suffering weakened the body of the unfortunate Prince even less than it revolted his heart, and he took a firm resolution to ask nothing more, and make no reply for the future to the authors of his own misery and the misfortunes of his family.

Perhaps a sort of bitter satisfaction succeeded his former terror; perhaps he looked forward to a future so darkly coloured that from the bottom of his heart he thanked the Almighty for shortening his sufferings. It is certain that he uttered no complaint, and crossing his two poor little hands on his breast, he seemed awaiting the fate that Providence should destine for him. More than once, doubtless, as he lay down on his pallet, did the thought occur, with a feeling of joy, that he might never rise from it again. What revelation, Oh! my God! hadst Thou made to a child through his sufferings, to bring the thought of death before his mind? And what crime had that poor little innocent committed, that Thou shouldst have so long delayed to send him that great liberator whom we call Death? It is because, before Thine eternal existence, all days are equal; the hours that passed so cruelly

Sufferings of the young King.

with this child-martyr were not really longer than those that brighten for children who are happy.* Or rather, it is because by the mystery of reversionary suffering, the innocent expiates the sins of the guilty. A truly Christian philosopher has said, with much good sense, to those who asked why and for whose sake the innocent suffer in this world: "For yours, if you like!"* Often, from neglect, they delayed to bring him his meagre fare when he was in most pressing need of it: no matter, he made no reproach, and expressed no wish on the subject. But then, pressed by hunger, he would sometimes eat more and faster than usual, and it is evident how much his health must have suffered in consequence.

Meantime, days had gone by, and days, and weeks, and months had followed. The want of fresh air, abandonment, and solitude, had emaciated his body, weakened his mind, and dried up his heart. In those poor eyes—that grief had hollowed, and darkness and lassitude had worn—tears arose no longer. His weakened hands could scarcely raise the common earthenware plate that held his food, or the pitcher of water, heavier still, which was brought up daily by a boy from the kitchen (with orders, under pain of death, to hold no communication with the prisoner), and deposited on the shelf of the wicket.

It was a long time since the child had left off sweeping his room; he never tried now to move the palliass of his bed; nor did the idea of ever lifting his mattress occur to him; besides which, his failing strength would not have allowed of his doing so. He could not change his sheets, dirty as they were, or his blanket, which was hanging in rags; he could not change his linen, could not repair his torn clothes, could not wash or keep himself clean. Soon he ceased to take off his torn trousers and ragged jacket. His exhausted strength condemned him to

* Count Joseph de Maistre, "*Soirées de St. Pétersbourg.*"

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a depressing state of inaction. Sometimes his glance was turned upon the wicket—looking, watching—at once desirous and fearful of hearing a human voice; then he gave himself up again to that sleepy idleness, full of sudden starts and terrors: he stretched himself, all dressed as he was, on his hard couch, and slept there the greater part of the day, thus preparing for himself a sleepless night, which the visits of his keepers were to disturb yet more.

Such—at least as far as we can judge from a closed history—such were the days and nights of the young King throughout his long and solitary confinement. Who, indeed, would affirm they did not even surpass in misery the idea we have tried to form of them? Who knows—horrible to think of!—whether he did not even more than once regret Simon? Alas! it was in vain that his poor mother had prayed to God to give her child one day of happiness for all the days of misery she herself had passed! God had decided otherwise; but the wrath of God is merciful, the son will not to be separated long from his mother; he, too, may say: “I shall go to her, but she will not return to me!”*

Unhappy child! since he had left his family no friendly voice had reached his ear; no friendly voice, by night or by day, had spoken at his bed-side, to ask after his sufferings, and give him encouragement. Oh! it would have been too great a consolation! It is but a gentle evil that draws around our couch the beings whom we love.

During those long nights, full of terrors, as well as through the long hours of twilight that were his day, he heard nothing but the sound of bolts and the voices of his enemies, as they spoke from the shade without. Often he would spring up in his bed, and holding back his long hair with his trembling

“Andrò a lei, ma ella non ritornerà a me.” * *

The inscription placed by Byron on the tomb of his daughter Allegra, who died at Bagnacavallo, in Tuscany, 22nd April, 1822, at the age of five years.

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hand, would thus bare his pale, emaciated cheek ; and while a cold sweat streamed from his temples, and his horror-stricken eyes remained fixed and distended, his arm would be stretched out before him, as if to repulse some threatened attack. Then, the phantoms he had conjured up disappearing, he would lie down again with a burning fire in his breast.

In this agonised suffering the strength of his mind was wearing fast away. Was it the hope of his enemies, that torment of such long continuance would lead to despair, and that terror so violent would end in madness ?

Sometimes, without sleeping at all, he would lie for whole hours, weighed down beneath the thick, damp air, amid the fetid, poisonous atmosphere that lay so heavily on his labouring breast. He wept no longer ; there were no more tears in his seared eyes ; but his burning lip and parched palate vainly implored a drop of water. He tried to raise himself from his bed and could not succeed ; with much suffering, and very slowly, he dragged himself towards the wicket, crawling along the cold floor, that sent an icy thrill through his suffering body ; and more than once his strength, failed in enabling him to reach even the pitcher containing the water that was given to him. What unknown sufferings there may have been of which I can say nothing ! Who knows the bitter anguish that child must have endured at sight of the pitcher he could not reach ? How many days of life would he not have given for a drop of the water that was so near him ?

Sometimes, but this was rare good fortune, his illness entirely absorbed him ; his haggard eye saw nothing, and his ear heard no longer ; a complete stupor seized upon him, and made him forget even his thirst—even his life ! Then, his blood beginning to flow again, and enabling him to leave his couch, and drag himself to the pitcher of water, renewed in him also the power to feel those two great misfortunes incidental to mankind—misery and desertion !

And against so many evils had he not the consolation of

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prayer? Alas! he had found Heaven so long deaf to his supplicating voice, that perhaps he had come to think there must be some barrier between himself and God!

• Thus from day to day his energies were leaving him; his soul sank within him, overcome by grief; his limbs grew stiff; his oppressed breathing was barely sustained; his mind was troubled, and the excess of his sufferings in some degree robbed him of consciousness.

He had neither the strength nor even the will to raise any cry from the recesses of this tomb, that violence had opened for him before the time. Gladness and tears, prayers and despair—all was over: there was nothing; there was but a decaying body, and an intelligence all but extinguished. He hid his head in his hands, as though he sought to avoid the light, or give free course to his sobs. He saw the storm above his head, the abyss beneath his feet—but that was all. He took no heed now of the tumultuous feelings of his heart, he sought not to know when the thunder-bolt that was to destroy him would fall. In his complete prostration he had no longer the power of thought to measure his sufferings, nor energy to bear them; his instinct, like his strength, barely sufficed for his wants. Remains of his food lay scattered over the floor, or covered his bed. His room was infested by rats and mice; attracted by the noisome smell of the apartment, as well as by that of the bread and meat provided for the little prisoner, these animals had made holes in the corners of the corridor communicating with his room, and had established themselves there; they had propagated to a frightful extent, and would come out to share the victim's food, who, in order to keep them off, would throw them a part of the bread and meat that was given him. To the rats and mice were added great black spiders, such as are seen in dungeons; and these unwelcome guests would run over the child's bed the whole night through, so that its occupant was often obliged to give up the field to them, and, rising, would take his seat upon his chair, and pass the rest of

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the night in it, with his elbows resting on the table.* Everywhere there was dust, and dirt, and filth; putrid vapours poisoned the atmosphere of this fetid room, the windows of which had not been opened for nearly six months; damp sheets, that were like anything but sheets; a mattress in such a state as cannot be described; and—as a climax of misery—vermin, engendered by so much filth, surrounded on all sides the heir of so many monarchs, who could neither get rid of them nor defend himself from their attacks. “Everything is alive in that room,” said young Caron (the cook’s assistant), one day, as he took away the crockery, and glanced into that frightful jail. Yes, everything was alive, except the boy they were killing there by inches, and murdering in detail. This beautiful child, so admired at Versailles and at the Tuileries; the charming creature, who so delighted the loving pride of his mother, now in Heaven! Look at him! He would not recognise himself if he saw himself in a mirror—his form is scarcely human—it is something that vegetates—a moving mass of bones and skin! Orders given in a loud tone, severe menaces, were now required to rouse this poor tottering little being from his lethargy, and make him bring to the wicket the earthenware dish and the jug, presented to him,—by a generous nation!—as to a dog in his kennel. Exhausted by the effort required to perform this act of obedience, he dragged himself slowly and painfully back to his pallet, where once more he sunk down, a victim to the anguished pain that tortured him and the vermin that preyed on his flesh. No, never could any state of misery have been conceived, more desolate, more lonely, more threatening, more horrible, than this!

And all that I here relate is true! These troubles, insults, and torments, were heaped on the head of a child! I show them to you, like indeed to what they were, but far short of the reality! To represent them in all their horror and shame,

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it would be necessary to employ the pencil of Tacitus, and the satirical force of Petronius; or, better still, the moaning voice of Job, lamenting in dust and ashes, and crying: "My soul prefers death—death, to the life of a dead man!" or saying to the worm of the sepulchre: "Thou art my brother!" and to corruption: "Thou art my mother and my sister!"

I can understand Louis XVI., his kingly death, the martyr-scaffold; the Christian doctrine of expiation explains to me the sacrifice of the righteous. But how is it possible to understand that any one could take pleasure in the slow persecution of a child—in withering him perseveringly—counting his tears, drop by drop—and killing him by humiliations and sorrows alone?

Cowardly and cruel men! Why did you not take a knife at once to sacrifice the lamb? Oh! why did you not spread the same bloody net over that little head with which you enveloped his family? Why did you stop half-way in that frenzy of murder? It would have been better to drink that last drop of royal blood, than to mingle it with gall, and venom, and poison; it would have been better to smother the child, as was done by the emissaries of Richard III. in the Tower of London, than to degrade and sully his intellect by that slow method of assassination, which killed the mind before it slew the body. He should have been struck a year or two before; his little feet should have been aided to mount the rude steps of the guillotine! Ah! if she could have known the fate you were reserving for him, the daughter of Maria Theresa would have asked to take her child in her arms; she would have shared her last victory with him, and the angels of God would have prepared at once the crown of the martyred and that of the innocent victim! Alas! history is fain to regret for Louis XVII. the scaffold of his mother!

Forgive me, reader. I wished to remain cold and impassive—such was my promise; but, as I listened to the simple and mournful accounts given me by my informants, I was not

M. le Monnier.

always able to restrain my tears and my reprobation. I try to write without anger or hatred, but it is not in my power to write without a feeling of indignation, or to trample on my heart, because I am relating the history of men who had neither heart nor feeling.

Without knowing positively what was passing in the Temple tower, the public were aware that the Dauphin's health was visibly declining, and that, languid and melancholy, he could neither stand nor sit from weakness. But no one without could form an exact idea of the unfortunate Prince, or of the unclean couch on which he was forced to lie. Still, there were some compassionate spirits that were moved to pity. M. le Monnier, a noble-hearted man, and a physician of considerable skill, had come from his retirement at Montreuil to petition for the dangerous honour of visiting the son of Louis XVI., and attending him professionally. The regicides forgave his boldness, but disregarded his proposal; the physician to the last King might yet have saved, or at least prolonged, the life of the royal child; but their infernal intentions would have met with opposition from his zeal and knowledge, and they were, therefore, resolved not to admit any member of the profession into the tower until they could do so with impunity. It was their settled purpose not to think it time to pay any attention to the invalid until they were well assured that aid would come too late.

Meanwhile, France was ravaged by famine; revolts were threatening the government on all sides; while revolutionary passions were agitating the streets, and hastening the mortal work of poverty.

Eleven thousand four hundred aristocrats were crowded together in the palaces and convents of France, transformed into prisons.

In front of every house was suspended a label, proclaiming the Republic, one and indivisible—or death! On every door was written a list of the inhabitants of the house—a means of

Lists of the population.

information, if knowledge was required ; a table of proscription, if they wished to kill their victims.*

* The Commune of Paris had thus ordered the execution of this measure, on the 6th April, 1793.

“ The council-general, taking into consideration the negligent manner in which the citizens execute the law, concerning the lists on the outside of the houses of the names of all the individuals residing there :

“ Decrees, that the following instructions be printed and posted, and that the police commissaries of every section be ordered, under their own responsibility, to carry out the said law :—

“ *Instructions relating to the list that is to be made of all the citizens inhabiting Paris, and put up on the outside of every house.*

“ 1st. At the top is to be placed the name of the proprietor, if he resides in the house, or if not, the principal tenant, if there be one, or of the house-agent.

“ 2nd. To be divided into floors in the following manner :

GROUND-FLOOR.

N. N.

ROOM BETWEEN THE FLOORS.

FIRST-FLOOR, &c

“ The list must give uninterruptedly the names of all those persons living on the same floor, even every individual of each separate tenement.

“ Ex ample :

“ *Such a floor.* { *Citizen such-a-one, his wife, so many children of both sexes, then the servants.*

“ It will be necessary to give the first or baptismal names, the surname, sex, and age, of every person. The principal name to be given must be that usually borne by the individual, by which he is generally known, and not his family name, if he be publicly called by another.

“ The position of every individual must be exactly defined, and if he have no employment this must be stated, for the title of “citizen” is too vague a description, if indeed it be one at all.

“ The list must be written legibly, put up in the most prominent place outside the house, in such a manner that every one may be able to look through it with ease, and without losing a single name.

“ No person must be omitted. A single omission is an infringement of the law, and subjects the delinquent to severe punishment.

“ Every time that any change takes place, mention must be made of it in the list, either by striking out the names of the persons who have left the house, or by adding those newly come, and even the temporary tenants of the house.

“ All mistakes shall be laid to the account of the proprietors, principal

 Universal agitation.

In the streets people avoided recognition, or, if they spoke, exchanged but a few words in a low tone, and walked quickly along, unless, as the crier shouted out the names of the condemned, they stood still for a moment, to catch the name of a friend, a relative—perhaps their own!

The night was as full of trouble as the day. Arrests were made by torch-light; your servants might have denounced you to the sections, while those of other people served their masters, who had lost all, without asking for wages.

The guillotine, always at work, cut off heads without number. The blood that flowed, far from quenching the thirst of the tyrants, did but increase it the more. There were no kings left to throw as a sacrifice to the sphynx of revolution, and the terrified nation found itself face to face with the sombre enigma of its existence. Civilisation and barbarism sought each other out in darkness, to wrest from each other their mutual secret,—a horrible struggle, like that of the two men shut up together in a cave with poniards, who saw each other by the lightning-fire of their eyes alone!*

tenants, or house-agents, and shall be severely punished; for it is not allowable for this measure to remain unexecuted, or eluded, or turned into derision.'

"The council-general decrees, that a copy of the list be revised by the Committees of the sections.

"That the commissaries of police verify the correctness of the said lists, and take the measures necessary for preventing their being removed or defaced."

(Council-general of the Commune of Paris, Saturday, 6th April, 1793.)

* Amid so many sacrifices, sadness of countenance had become a crime, and gaiety a duty. In the sitting of the 25th Ventôse, 2nd year (15th March, 1794), Barreré said:

"Go to-day into the streets of Paris, you will recognise the aristocrats by their lengthened visage."

"Yes," added Couthon, "in times of revolution every good citizen should be a physiognomist; it is in a man's countenance that you will recognise a conspirator, an accomplice of traitors, placed under laws of justice; such people have haggard eyes, a frightened look, a sad and downcast expression. Good citizens seize these traitors and arrest them!" (Loud applause.)—("Moniteur," 26th Ventôse, 2nd year; 16th March, 1794.)

Reflections.

All was tumult, confusion, disorder, and rage; one must have lived in those days of mad and bloody excitement to form any idea of the state of things. "You will read these things one day," our fathers said to us, "but you will not believe them!"

Political intelligence was confined to some reflective minds that thought apart, or some crafty heads that stirred the multitude. The rest had no longer any confidence in themselves, and looked on inactive, as if bowed down beneath the hand of God. A whole people, trembling and resigned, awaited their doom,—like those Indians, who, when the tiger appears, throw themselves on the ground, lying motionless at its feet, till the roaring beast selects its victim.

Yes, the patience of the oppressed in those horrible times seems a phenomenon as inexplicable as the wickedness of the oppressors. The latter, by dividing into parties, were doomed to labour for the preservation of humanity; timid crime conspired against threatening crime, and the 9th Thermidor arrived!

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

LAURENT APPOINTED KEEPER TO THE CHILDREN OF LOUIS XVI.

10TH THERMIDOR, YEAR 2 (28TH JULY, 1794).

Visit of Barras to the Temple—Nomination of Laurent—Biographical details—Execution of Robespierre and Simon—Installation of Laurent—Inquiry sought by him—Some members of the committee of public welfare visit the young King—His state—Laurent's attention to his prisoner—Surprise of the latter—Walks on the platform—A bouquet of flowers—Double uneasiness of the Convention—Laurent asks, and obtains a colleague.

On the day after the 9th Thermidor, at six o'clock in the morning, Barras, who had been one of the principal actors on that day, repaired to the Temple, with several members of the committees and deputies of the Convention, in grand costume. Having been appointed commander-in-chief of the armed force—which on the day before had repulsed that commanded by Henriot, and had taken Robespierre and his principal agents, established at the Hôtel-de-Ville, prisoners—Barras went with his escort to show himself at all the great military posts of Paris, and to receive from the troops their oath of fidelity to the National Convention. He stopped at the Temple post, doubled the guard there, and ordered the municipals to remain there permanently, and keep strict watch.

Among the numerous escort surrounding the new commandant of the troops of Paris was citizen Laurent, a member of the revolutionary committee of the Temple section. "I

Laurent and Barras.

shall want to talk with you," said Barras to him; "come and see me when we have returned."

Laurent was punctual at the rendezvous. "We have disposed of you without consulting you," said the dictator to him. "Independently of the municipals who relieve each other every day at the Temple tower, and keep watch over its safety, it will be well for the government to have a permanent agent there, worthy of entire confidence. The committees, on my proposition, have just appointed you keeper to the children of the ex-king; they depend on your zeal and patriotism. You will receive your commission to-morrow."*

* We give the two decrees of the committees of public welfare, and general safety, appointing Laurent keeper to the tyrant's children, and regulating his salary:—

"Extract from the register of the decrees of the committees of public welfare and general safety of the National Convention, 11th day of the month Thermidor, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"The committees of public welfare and general safety declare that citizen Laurent, member of the revolutionary committee of the Temple, is appointed provisionally to the guard of the tyrant's children, prisoners in the Temple. The two committees recommend him to keep the strictest watch.

(Signed) "BILLAUD-VARENNE, B. BARRERE, VADIER-DUBARRAN, C. A. PRIEUR, CARNOT, ROBERT LINDET, COLLOT D'HERBOIS, AMAT, LOUIS (of the Lower Rhine), VOULLAND, ELIE LACOSTE, MOYSE BAYLE, DAVID, LAVICOMTERIE, JAGOT, and RHULH.

(Extract signed) "ELIE LACOSTE, VADIER, B. BARRERE, BILLAUD VARENNE, COLLOT D'HERBOIS, and DUBARRAN.

"Certified as correct, and conformable to the decrees of the committees of public welfare and general safety, now in my hands :

"LAURENT, appointed guardian to the children of Capet."
(National Archives, Case E, No. 6208.)

"National Convention.

"Committee of general safety and superintendence of the National Convention.

"22nd Vendémiaire, year 3 of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"The Committee of general safety decides that commissary Laurent,

Description of Laurent.

Laurent came from St. Domingo, where he had some land. He was a little man, a warm partizan of equality about thirty-five years of age, and unmarried; his democratical principles, which had attracted him to France, had brought him forward, and gained him the esteem of Barras. His republican tendencies had been strengthened by reading all the pamphlets of the period, and by his regular attendance at the clubs. In other respects he was, like his protector, a clever and well-educated man, with very refined manners; but his ardour for the new opinions excluded all impartial appreciation of the past, and, in his sympathy with the people, he would acknowledge nothing great that had not sprung from them. He lived with his mother and two young sisters in the Rue de la Folie-Méricourt, in a neighbourhood where, at that period, there were more gardens than houses. Laurent had a passion for flowers, and devoted all the time he could spare from political affairs to his greenhouse and his *parterre*.

At four o'clock, the hour when Barras, followed by his escort, was completing his tour, another procession, much more numerous, was passing through Paris, amid cries of joy, and the maledictions of the people; it was the tumbril that bore Robespierre and his satellites,*—among whom was the cobbler Simon,—

appointed as guard over the tyrant's children, shall be rewarded by a monthly salary, at the rate of six thousand livres a year, to be paid by the commission of civil administration, police, and tribunals; which sum shall be charged by the above commission on the funds placed at their disposal.

"The representatives of the people, members of the committee of general safety.

(Signed) "GOUVILLEAU (of Fontenay), BENTABOL, MATHIEU, LE VASSEUR (of the Meurthe), MONMAYOU, REVERCHON, CLAUZEL, BOURDON (of the Oise), LESAGE-SENAUX."

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6208.)

* We give the names as they are given in the report of their execution, and warrant for their death:—

1.--Maximilien Robespierre, aged 35 years, a native of Arras, residing at Paris, Rue Saint-Honoré, section of Piques.

 Execution of Robespierre.

to execution. Robespierre had on the same coat which he wore on the day of the fête of the Supreme Being; and Simon,

- 2.—Georges Couthon, aged 38 years, a native of Orzay, department of Puy-de-Dôme, residing at Paris, Cour de Manège.
- 3.—Louis-Jean-Baptiste-Thomas Lavalette, aged 40 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 320 Rue Honoré.
- 4.—François Henriot, aged 35 years, a native of Nanterre, near Paris, residing at Paris, Rue de la Clef.
- 5.—René-François Dumas, aged 37 years, a native of Jussey, department of the Upper Saône, residing at Paris, Maison de Convenance, Rue de Seine-Germain.
- 6.—Antoine Saint-Just, aged 26 years, a native of Lisé, department of the Nièvre, residing at Paris, No. 3 Rue Caumartin.
- 7.—Claude-François Payan, aged 27 years, a native of Saul-les-Fontaines, department of the Drôme, residing at Paris, Rue de la Liberté, section of Marat.
- 8.—Jacques-Claude Bernard, aged 34 years, residing at Paris, Rue Bernard, section of Montreuil.
- 9.—Adrien-Nicolas Gohenu, aged 26 years, native of Vincennes, department of Paris, No. 530, Rue de la Chaise, section of Croix-Rouge.
- 10.—Antoine Geney, cooper, aged 23 years, a native of Reims, department of the Marne, residing at Paris, Rue de l'Oursine, Faubourg Marcel.
- 11.—Nicolas-Joseph Vivier, aged 50 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Germain-Museum.
- 12.—Jean-Baptiste-Edmond Lescot-Fleuriet, artist, aged 43 years, a native of Brussels, residing at Paris, at the Mairie.
- 13.—Antoine Simon, shoemaker, aged 58 years, a native of Troyes, department of the Aube, residing at Paris, No. 32 Rue Marat.
- 14.—Denis-Etienne Laurent, aged 32 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 13 Rue Gît-le-Cœur.
- 15.—Jacques-Louis-Frédéric Wouarnée, aged 29 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 10 Rue de l'Hirondelle.
- 16.—Jean-Etienne Forestier, founder, aged 47 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue du Plâtre-Avoye.
- 17.—Augustin-Bon-Joseph Robespierre, a native of Arras, residing at Paris, Rue Florentin.
- 18.—Nicolas Guérin, receiver, aged 52 years, a native of Beaumont-sur-Orne, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, No. 50 Rue du Faubourg Montmartre.
- 19.—Jean-Baptiste-Mathieu Dhazard, hairdresser, aged 36 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 101 Rue Honoré, section of the Gardes-Françaises,
- 20.—Christophe Cochefer, upholsterer, a native of Gonesse, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, No. 413 Rue Merry.

Execution of Robespierre.

the same carmagnole he had had at the Temple, while he exercised his functions as tutor there. There was an immense

21.—Charles-Jacques-Mathieu Bougon, aged 57 years, a native of Tourville, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, No. 64 Rue Lazare, section of Mont-Blanc.

22.—Jean-Marie Quenet, wood dealer, a native of Commune-Affranchie, residing at Paris, No. 78 Rue de la Mortellerie.

“Examined the extract of the sentence of the revolutionary tribunal, and of the report of the execution, dated the 10th instant.

(Signed) “NEIROT, Registrar's Clerk.

“TRIAL, Public Officer.”

The batch of victims next day was more considerable; the victors, who had first struck their most redoubtable enemies, had had time to name a great number, and to attain the greater part of those members of the Commune who had long prevailed against the Convention. The reader will find the names of several of the Temple commissaries in the following list :—

1.—Bertrand Arnaud, aged 55 years, a native of Tigne, department of Mont-Blanc, residing at Paris, No. 4 Rue Favart.

2.—Jean-Baptiste Crépin Taillebot, mason, aged 58 years, a native of Jouy-le-Peuple, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, Rue du Fauburg-du-Temple.

3.—Servais-Beaudoin Boullanger, jeweller, aged 38 years, a native of Liège, residing at Paris, No. 59 Rue Honoré.

4.—Prosper Sijas, clerk, aged 35 years, a native of Vir, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, No. 21 Rue Grange-Batelière.

5.—Pierre Remy, toyman, aged 45 years, a native of Chaumont, department of the Upper Marne, residing at Paris, No. 695 Rue Louis, section of Indivisibilité.

6.—Claude-Antoine Deltroit, miller, aged 43 years, a native of Pontoise, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, No. 21 Rue de la Mégisserie.

7.—Jean-Guillaume-François Vocannu, mercer, aged 37 years, a native of Germain-de-Montgommery, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, Rue du Monceau.

8.—Claude Bigant, painter, aged 40 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 5 Rue des Boulangers-Victor, section of the Sans-Culottes.

9.—Jean-Charles Lesire, farmer, aged 48 years, a native of Rosay, department of Seine-et-Marne, residing at Paris, Quai de l'Union, section of Fraternité.

10.—Jean-Baptiste-Emmanuel Legendre, aged 62 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 515 Rue de la Monnaie, section of the Museum.

Execution of Robespierre.

crowd of people in the streets, who pursued the fatal tumbril with thunders of imprecations. A man, decently clothed,

- 11.—Jean-Philippe-Victor Charlemagne, schoolmaster, aged 26 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 92 Rue de Cléry.
- 12.—Pierre-Nicolas Delacour, notary, aged 37 years, a native of Beauvais, department of the Oise, residing at Paris, Rue Neuve-Eustache, section of Brutus.
- 13.—Augustin-Germain Jobert, merchant, aged 50 years, a native of Montigny-sur-Aube, department of the Côte-d'Or, residing at Paris, Rue des Prêcheurs.
- 14.—Pierre-Louis Paris, aged 35 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 27 Rue des Carmes, section of the Panthéon.
- 15.—Claude Jonquoy, toyman, aged 44 years, a native of Massiac, department of Cantal, residing at Paris, No. 15 Rue Jean-Robert, section of the Gravilliers.
- 16.—René-Toussaint Daubancourt, trunk-maker, aged 53 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 23 Rue des Petits-Champs, section of the Halle aux Blés.
- 17.—Jean-Baptiste Vincent, builder, aged 36 years, a native of Moutier-Saint-Jean, department of the Côte d'Or, residing at Paris, Rue de Cléry, section of Bonne-Nouvelle.
- 18.—Martin Wichterich, shoemaker, aged 45 years, a native of Cologne, residing at Paris, Rue de Lappe, section of Popincourt.
- 19.—Pierre Henry, lottery office-keeper, aged 48 years, a native of Riz, department of Var, residing at Paris, Rue Antoine, section of l'Indivisibilité.
- 20.—Jean Cusenave, tradesman's clerk, aged 38 years, a native of Belleville, near Paris, residing at Paris, Rue d'Orléans, section of l'Homme-Armé.
- 21.—Jean-Louis Gilbert, pastrycook, aged 43 years, a native of Luzancy-la-Marne, department of Seine-et-Marne, residing at Paris, No. 52 Faubourg Denis, section of the North.
- 22.—Pierre Girol, mercer, aged 27 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 10 Rue des Deux-Ponts, section of Fraternité, husband of Antoinette-Adelaïde Rominira.
- 23.—François Pelletier, wine-dealer, aged 33 years, a native of Cheminon, department of the Marne, residing at Paris, Rue du Faubourg-Denis.
- 24.—Nicolas Jérosme, turner, aged 44 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 213 Rue Jacques-la-Boucherie.
- 25.—Jean-Baptiste Cochois, tradesman's clerk, aged 53 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de l'Egalité.
- 26.—Jean-Léonard Sarrot, painter, aged 31 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 45 Rue du Faubourg-Franciade.

Execution of Robespierre.

forced his way through the crowd, and seizing hold of one of the bars of the cart, contemplated for some moments, in silence,

- 27.—René Grenard, paper-maker, aged 45 years, a native of La Garenne, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, Rue et Section des Piques.
- 28.—Jacques Lasnier, lawyer, aged 52 years, a native of Bezoir-Laférière, department of Seine-et-Marne, residing at Paris, No 286 Rue du Four-Germain.
- 29.—Marc-Martial-André Mercier, bookseller, aged 43 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 188 Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, husband of Anne de By.
- 30.—Jean-Pierre Bernard, steward, aged 38 years, native of La Chalade, department of the Meuse, residing at Paris, Rue Germain-Muséum.
- 31.—Etienne-Antoine Souars, aged 56 years, a native of Abervilliers, called les Vertes, district of La Franciade, residing at Paris, No. 32 Rue des Vieux-Augustins.
- 32.—Dominique Mettot, general agent, aged 45 years, a native of Nancy, department of La Meurthe, residing at Paris, at the Maison Commune.
- 33.—Louis-Joseph Mercier, joiner, aged 40 years, a native of Sacy-le-Grand, department of the Oise, residing at Paris, No. 14 Rue des Trois-Pistolets, section of the Arsenal.
- 34.—Jean-Jacques Baurieux, clockmaker, aged 45 years, a native of Dartois, department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, residing at Paris, No. 19 Rue du Faubourg-Honoré.
- 35.—Antoine Jametel, aged 54 years, a native of Moissy, department of Seine-et-Marne, residing at Paris, No. 18 Rue de la Grande-Truanderie, husband of Louise-Pauline Noisieux.
- 36.—Ponce Tanchou, engraver, aged 32 years, a native of Bourges, department of the Cher, residing at Paris, No. 42 Cloître Notre-Dame, husband of Jeanne-Marie Beliaz.
- 37.—Marc-Louis Devieux, aged 44 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Montorgueil.
- 38.—François-Auguste Paff, cap-maker, aged 41 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Joaillerie, section of Arcis, husband of Catherine-Françoise Bourgain.
- 39.—Jacques-Mathurin Lelièvre, engraver, aged 40 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 252 Rue Martin.
- 40.—Louis-François Dorigny, carpenter, aged 36 years, a native of Bruyère, department of Aisne, residing at Paris, No. 17 Rue Popincourt.
- 41.—Pierre-Alexandre Louvet, painter, aged 33 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 52 Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, husband of Françoise Liédé.

Execution of Robespierre.

the hideous spectacle presented by Robespierre, covered with blood and dirt, his jaw shattered, one eye out of its socket, and

- 42.—Jean-Jacques Lubin, painter, aged 29 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 24 Rue de la Révolution.
- 43.—Jacques-Pierre Coru, corn-seller, aged 63 years, a native of Noof, department of Orne, residing at Paris, No. 229 Rue Antoine.
- 44.—Pierre-Simon-Joseph Jault, artist, aged 30 years, a native of Reims, department of Marne, residing at Paris, No. 371 Rue Claude.
- 45.—Jean-Baptiste Bergot, currier, aged 56 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 11 Rue Française.
- 46.—Jacques-Nicolas Lumière, musician, aged 45 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 4 Rue Thibautodé.
- 47.—Jean Paquette, sculptor, aged 48 years, a native of Troyes, department of Aube, residing at Paris, No. 1114 at the ex-abbey of Saint-Germain.
- 48.—Jacques-Nicolas Bhn, professional writer, aged 63 years, a native of Aubanton, department of Aisne, residing at Paris, No. 37 Rue Paul.
- 49.—Marie-François Langlois, stationer, aged 37 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No 196 Rue Jacques.
- 50.—Jean-Nicolas Langlois, locksmith, aged 49 years, a native of Rouen, department of the Lower Seine, residing at Paris, No. 38 Rue Georges.
- 51.—Jacques Moine, clerk and book-keeper, aged 39 years, a native of Commune-Affranchie, residing at Paris, No 78 Old Rue du Temple.
- 52.—Jean-Baptiste Chavingny, clerk, aged 55 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 43 Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre.
- 53.—Charles Huant Desboisseaux, aged 39 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Fraternité.
- 54.—André Marcel, mason, aged 53 years, a native of Rosny, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, Faubourg Martin.
- 55.—Martial Gamory, hair-dresser, aged 46 years, a native of Guéret, department of La Creuse, residing at Paris, Rue du Coq-Honoré.
- 56.—Pierre Haener, printer, aged 52 years, a native of Nancy, department of La Meurthe, residing at Paris, No. 34 Rue Martin.
- 57.—Pierre-Jacques le Grand, lawyer, aged 51 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 5 Rue d'Enfer, in the Cité.
- 58.—Pierre-Léon Lnmiral, fruiterer, aged 38 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Beauregard, section of Bonne Nouvelle, husband of Marie Grain.
- 59.—Jean-Pierre Eudes, stone-cutter, aged 31 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 38 Rue des Juifs.
- 60.—Edme-Marguerite Lauvin, aged 60 years, a native of Vezelay, department of Yonne, residing at Paris, No. 23 Rue Geoffroy-Lasnier.

Execution of Robespierre.

hanging on his cheek. This person addressed no words of insult to the dying man he looked upon: he only said to him, with a calm and solemn voice: "Yes, there is a God!"*

- 61.—Pierre Domez, engineer, aged 37 years, a native of Laferté-sur-Ourk, department of Aisne, residing at Paris, No. 26 Rue de la Harpe.
- 62.—Denys Dumontier, tailor, aged 51 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue de la Poterie.
- 63.—Jean-Claude Girardin, fan-maker, aged 48 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 28 Rue Transnonain.
- 64.—Jacques-Louis Cresson, cabinet-maker, aged 49 years, a native of Paris, residing there, No. 38 Rue des Deux-Écus.
- 65.—François-Laurent Chatelin, professor of drawing, aged 43 years, a native of Nancy, department of La Meurthe, residing at Paris, No. 98 Rue Quincampoix.
- 66.—Joseph Alavoine, tailor, aged 63 years, a native of La Verrière, department of the Oise, residing at Paris, Grands Piliers de la Tonnellerie.
- 67.—Pierre-François Devaux, gardener, aged 53 years, a native of Goupillière, department of Calvados, residing at Paris, Rue Plumet, section of the Bonnet-Rouge, husband of Elizabeth-Charlotte Diva.
- 68.—Claude Benard, aged 28 years, a native of Paris, residing there, Rue Boucher.
- 69.—Jacques Morel, writer, aged 55 years, a native of Vandœuvre, department of Aube, residing at Paris, No. 559 Rue du Marché-aux-Poirées.
- 70.—Nicolas Naudin, joiner, aged 35 years, a native of Ville-sur-Yon, department of La Moselle, residing at Paris, No. 5 Rue Charlot.
- 71.—Joseph Ravel, surgeon, aged 48 years, a native of Tarascon, department of Bouches-du-Rhône, residing at Paris, No. 38 Rue Antoine.

"Examined extract from the sentence of the criminal revolutionary tribunal, and from the report of the execution, in date of the 11th instant.

(Signed) "NEIBOT, Registrar's Clerk (as far as Jametel, the 35th on the list).

"DUCRAY, Registrar's Clerk (from Tanchou, the 36th, to the end).

"27th Thermidor, 2nd year of the Republic.

"TRIAL, Public Officer."

* These were not the only words which Robespierre was enabled to distinguish amid the curses that resounded from every lip. The people having obliged the cart to stop before the house he had occupied in the Rue Saint-Honoré, a woman, young and well-dressed, said to him, in a

Laurent's accession to office.

I know not whether these words recurred to Laurent, on the night of the 11th Thermidor, when he took possession of his future charge at the tower; but, it is certain that the exaggerated nature of his political opinions had not extinguished every sentiment of humanity in his heart, and that, as we shall hereafter see, he gave many proofs of his compassionate feeling for the unfortunate child committed to his keeping.

Laurent had arrived at the Temple in the evening. The municipals had received him in the council-room on the ground-floor, and it was not until two o'clock in the morning that they conducted him to the apartment of little Capet: the visit to his sister was deferred till the next day.

Laurent had been apprised of the manner in which the prisoner was treated, but he was far from having formed an exact idea of the state in which he was to find him: he had not supposed that the retirement of Simon and his wife would have added to the misery of his situation. What, therefore, was his surprise, when on reaching the entrance-door his senses were assailed by a noisome smell issuing from the grating of the royal orphan's room; and what his terror, when, peering through the wicket into the dungeon, one of the municipals called loudly for Capet, and no Capet replied! After having been many times summoned, there came at last a feeble "Yes!" in reply, but unaccompanied by any movement on the part of the speaker. No amount of threatening could make the victim rise and come to the wicket, and it was, therefore, at the distance of twenty feet from him, and by the light of a

tone of ferocity that contrasted strongly with the gentle cast of her features: "Monster, your death overwhelms me with delight! Why can you not die a thousand times over? Descend to hell with the curses of all mothers and wives on your head!" After saying this, she retired, sobbing bitterly.

This house in the Rue Saint-Honoré, where Maximilien Robespierre occupied a humble room on the first floor, over the court-yard, bears the number 393. The ground-floor was let to Duploy, a joiner, whose daughter Marianne had found favour in the sight of the deputy of Arras.

Inspection of the prisoner.

candle turned upon his pallet, that the commissaries presented the heir of the valiant race, who for eight centuries had filled the first throne of the universe, to his new keeper! Laurent was obliged to accept the charge of the son of Louis XVI in this manner; however, he conceived that his responsibility was concerned in pointing out the condition in which he was given up to his keeping, and next day he addressed a request to the committee of general safety, that an examination should be made. The visit he had paid to his prisoner on the following morning, had made him feel more strongly still that such a step was necessary. On looking through the wicket he had been seized with a feeling of unmingled horror, which had wrung his heart: the immobility and silence of the child had not given way, even when kindly addressed in gentle tones. Philosopher and revolutionist as he was, Laurent had felt his whole being stirred by a feeling of religion in presence of such a spectacle!

His official request was attended to two days afterwards, 13th Thermidor, 2nd year (31st July, 1794); several members of the committee of general safety, accompanied by some municipals, repaired to the tower to examine into the state of the prisoner. They called to him, but he answered not; they then ordered the room to be opened; one of the workmen attacked the bars of the wicket so vigorously that he was able to put his head in, and seeing the unfortunate child, he asked him why he had not replied; the child was silent. In a few minutes the door was removed, and the visitors entered the room. Then was there seen the most horrible spectacle that it is given to man to conceive; a hideous spectacle, the like of which can never be presented again in the annals of a civilized people, and on which the very murderers of Louis XVI. could not look without a mournful pity mingled with terror! In a dark room, from which exhaled an odour of corruption and death, on a dirty unmade bed, barely covered with a filthy cloth and ragged pair of trousers, a child of nine years old was

Inspection of the prisoner.

lying motionless, his back bent, his face wan and wasted with misery, and whence had fled that ray of sparkling intelligence which encircled it in days gone by; on his features, so delicate in form, was now to be seen nothing but an expression of most mournful apathy and most complete inaction, which seemed to evince profound insensibility. His discoloured lips and hollow cheeks had a sort of greenish tinge in their ghastly paleness; even his blue eyes, enlarged by the thinness of his face, but from which all brightness was gone now that they no longer reflected the azure light of heaven, seemed to have taken a greyish, greenish tint in their dull immobility. His head and neck were fretted by purulent sores; his legs, thighs, and arms, lank and angular, were lengthened disproportionately at the expense of the upper part of his body; his knees and wrists were covered with blue and yellow swellings; his feet and hands unlike in appearance to human flesh, were armed with nails of an immense length, having the consistency of horn; on his little temples, the beautiful fair hair, once destined to wear the crown of France, and now, to her shame, given up to the attacks of vermin, was stuck fast by an inveterate scurf like pitch; his body also was covered with vermin; bugs and lice crowded together in every fold of his ragged sheets and blanket, over which great black spiders crawled. Such was the appearance of that emaciated child, who had no longer the power to preserve a heart—a heart once so loving and so noble!—and who was wasting away in that pestilential chamber, to which the Augean stables would have been a cleanly spot—an enviable abode!

At the noise made by opening the door, the child had started with a nervous motion; he turned his head but slightly, scarcely glancing to see who was coming in, and trembling in silence like a sparrow in view of the hawk. Many questions were put to him, but he answered none of them; a look—vague, uncertain, expressionless—wandered over the countenances of his visitors: at that moment he would

Laurent's kindness.

not have been taken for mad, but, alas ! for an idiot. Surprised at finding his dinner almost untouched on the little table, one of the commissaries asked him why he did not eat ? This question met, at first, with no better reception than the others, but as it was several times repeated by the oldest man in the deputation, who had approached him, and whose grey hair, respectful manner, and paternal accent he had remarked : " No, I wish to die ! " said he, in a calm and determined tone, which evinced, by the total want of all emotion, that he deemed his sufferings irremediable, his misery inconsolable, and his sorrows hopeless. These were the only words that could be extorted from him in this cruelly memorable visit, which merely resulted in some trivial orders ; from which, however, Laurent knew how to extract something in favour of his prisoner.

Indeed, we may say it, to the high praise of Laurent, his political principles had not made him renounce his feelings as an honest man. While among the persons employed about the tower and the numerous municipals who succeeded each other there daily, there was not one who did not fear death more than crime, he, Laurent alone, was not withheld from acting by the fear of compromising himself. Men like Pilate abound in revolutions ; they raise the cross on Calvary, and wash their hands, praying that the blood of the righteous fall not back on their heads : serving the furious wrath of all powers yet standing, and deserting the cause of all fallen greatness, these men do not make revolutions themselves, but they fall in with all. Laurent was not one of those cowards who see the good and let the evil be done,—who prefer their life to their conscience, and their repose to truth ; he pitied the victim, and had the courage to do him good.

At first it was not without much difficulty, and with the assent of the deputies appointed to the examination, that he succeeded in getting leave for Caron to go for some lukewarm water to bathe the child's sores. The commissaries hesitated

Laurent's kindness.

to consent to it, so fearful were men at that period that pity should be denounced as a crime.

The grated door and wicket were not put up again, the old door was hung as it had been in Simon's time, and the number of dosser-like coverings of the windows diminished, in order to change the air and give more light. The room was purified. While this was being done, the invalid had been carried into the room once occupied by the King his father, and had been laid, for a time, on the iron bedstead to the left of the entrance. The Prince's look was almost inanimate, and he took no heed of what was passing around him. Laurent had another bed brought in, on which he laid the child; he changed his linen, gave him a bath, and sent for Mother Mathieu to cut his hair and comb it out. Mother Mathieu was a fat, good kind of woman, who managed Père Lefèvre's tavern. This was not all: the disease he had in his head and neck called for particular attention, and, at Laurent's request, a municipal, who had been a surgeon, used to come from time to time to examine and bathe his sores. His wardrobe was in a state of most absolute poverty, and, also at Laurent's request, a tailor was authorised to make him a complete suit of clothes. This suit was made of fine cloth of a dark slate colour, and consisted of pantaloons, a round waistcoat, and a jacket of the same colour.

The unfortunate child could not at first understand these marks of interest. He had imbibed so great a fear of mankind that, notwithstanding the shocking misery in which he was dying, he had not been able to see without terror that his prison door was opened, and that a man was allowed to have free access to him; but this first impulse had been succeeded by a feeling of surprise, almost of stupor, when he saw that this man came to him with open arms, and a compassionate expression in his face. "Why do you take such care of me?" asked the child of him one day, surprised at his attentions; and when Laurent answered him kindly: "I thought you did

Laurent's kindness.

not like me," said he, and his heart melted within him, while a tear, which he tried to conceal from his keeper, gathered in his eyes.

Laurent himself, on his side, had but ill-judged this tender, nervous, ductile nature. He learned from day to day by what misery the spring of confidence had been dried up in him. He then understood all that he must have endured and suffered before he could have arrived at that extreme point of hopeless weariness and wild sadness. He saw, at last, what decision of character there was beneath that apparent coldness, what sensibility lay concealed beneath that veil of inaction.

The Dauphin's head was extremely tender, and Mother Mathieu could not pass the comb through his hair, nor the surgeon apply an ointment, without occasioning him the most acute suffering. The pain was sometimes so excessive, that whatever effort the child might make to stifle them, some smothered moans, or a monosyllable uttered in the most heart-rending tone, would, in spite of himself, escape him; and, as soon as the first agony of the pain was a little abated, he would feel a sort of grief and shame at having been overcome, and having allowed a cry that acknowledged himself defeated to be heard. One day, when he had failed in this respect, he called the surgeon, who was about to withdraw, back by a sign, and said to him, in a soft voice: "Thank you! Thank you, sir! and forgive me!" laying a significant emphasis on the last words.

The custom adopted by Simon of giving the Prince no other name but Capet, a custom pursued by the municipals and all the other persons employed at the Temple, was abolished by Laurent. From his first entrance into the tower the latter had called him "M. Charles," and, from that time, commissaries and keepers too called him by this name. Only some called him "Charles," and "thou," and others said "M. Charles," and "you." These last, as will readily be believed.

Laurent's kindness.

were considered more favourably by him; the being called "thou" had always been accompanied with the hardest treatment and coarsest insult. A silent and accurate observer, a single word was sometimes sufficient to direct him in his feelings and conduct with respect to the commissaries. Although the fall of Robespierre had given a little breathing time to France, it must not be supposed that she had been entirely freed from that "liberty" which some years afterwards made her cherish the dictatorship. No, tyranny was less bloody than before, but it was as dark as ever, and the victors of the 9th Thermidor were scarcely superior in character to the vanquished: it was a civil war between the patrons of the guillotine.

The Convention preserved the same spirit, and hatred, and terror that had influenced them before. The face of the child-king, like a living reproach, looked out menacingly upon them from the gloom of his dungeon. The committees, constantly disputing among themselves, multiplied their spies and satellites. The same uneasiness, the same precautions, were at work outside the tower; the only difference was, that there was a little less suffering within. Laurent himself, ardent republican though he was, had been involuntarily seized, if not with affection, at least with profound pity for the tyrant's son. The necessity he was under of leaving him, as had been the case before, in continual solitude, was painful to him, for he knew how injurious this abandonment (required by the hateful calculation of those in power) was to the bodily and mental state of the child. He was allowed to enter his room only at meal-times, and then under the constant watch of a municipal. However, he sometimes obtained permission to take him up to the top of the tower for a walk. Laurent represented this measure to them as indispensable for the prisoner's health, and when they happened to be men of an easy disposition or kind nature they did not hesitate to give their assent. The first time that this favour was granted him was in the evening, and Laurent taking the child by the arm

Reflections from the summit of the Tower

brought him upstairs. The platform of the tower, as I have elsewhere observed, formed a sort of gallery, that went entirely round the square, between the roof which rested upon it and the battlements, the spaces between which, being covered with blinds, prevented the person walking there from seeing or being seen. It was a delightful evening. On a tree in the garden the nightingale was singing her sweetest song to the retiring sun, but what were nightingale, and verdure, and sunlight, without liberty? And what were liberty without one's country? Alas! if the noble child was indeed free, where could he now find a place to rest his feet? The troubled waters of revolution covered all the land of his forefathers, and all around the prison, where suffering was at work, lay the sovereign city, where men are talking at once of pleasure and war, of love and crime—the city where laughter was mingled with weeping—the city where embraces and accusations met—the city where man amused and guillotined each other! Of all the broad domains of his fathers he had not even to himself the narrow space he walked on, and it would have been more easy for him to enter into Paradise than to leave this place, for there was but one gate open from the prison for him—and that was death! From the platform he could see nothing but the sky, and he did not try to see anything more. Sometimes he heard the cries of water carriers and itinerant vendors as they passed in the neighbouring streets, he heard the distant sound of carriages rolling along upon the pavement, he heard the voices of happy unfettered men to whom life is sweet, and who look upon the sun whenever they like—all those clamorous cries that spring from the breasts of the free, and the bird-like tones of the children of the people, passing down below, whistling as they went by, and stopping to buy a cake at the corner of the street. But all these sounds, this happiness, were like a mockery to the poor child, robbed, betrayed, and a captive, and made him feel his misery the more, these confused and indistinct murmurs of the great city brought less

Improved Diet.

amusement than uneasiness. The stirring life without was like the voice of an enemy menacing him, after having persecuted his father and mother. And yet, for nearly three years the little prisoner had not had so much pleasure. The air he breathed revived the slight remains of life and warmth in his breast; nature was not an accomplice in the guilt of mankind. He was soon obliged to go in again. I know not whether the ray of sunshine that had fallen on that poor young head had refreshed the idea it once cherished; whether the breeze of Heaven, inhaled by that parched breast, had restored a feeling of youth to his heart; but as the child went down, he stood still before the door on the third floor, which he had not observed as he ascended the stairs, and pressing the arm of his conductor he leaned against the wall, turning upon the door a look at once most mournful and most eager. Laurent drew him away, in order to prevent the recurrence of the recollections that crowded thick upon his mind. The child turned round again and again, to repeat his farewell to the door, which in his fancy doubtless still divided him from his mother, and he was pursued by that painful feeling even into his own room. His meagre supper was brought to him immediately, but he scarcely touched it with hand or lip. He was silent as usual, but his glance seemed ever wistfully consulting the eyes of his keeper, who soon retired, leaving him to the weary solitude of his imprisoned situation, and the anguish of his recollections.

I mentioned his supper. The catastrophe of the 9th Thermidor had modified the regulation fare of the prisoners; with respect to this, the decree of the 22nd September, 1793 was to be still observed,—a plate of vegetables for breakfast, broth, boiled meat, and one other dish for dinner, and two dishes for supper. It is true that this was food sufficiently abundant, but how was it dressed? On what sort of crockery served up; and with what kind of knife and fork was it to be eaten? Henry IV.'s wish, of the "chicken in the pot" to the

Glances of enjoyment.

meanest of his subjects, was not to be realised for the last of his children !

Notwithstanding the care that had been taken of him, ever since the arrival of Laurent, the young Prince remained excessively weak, and almost entirely silent. His features still bore that expression, at once mild and energetic, which would seem to have been the principal characteristic of his ancient race ; but if an observer watched his face for any time, he was struck with the unvarying languor of his eyes and mouth. Solitude was completing the work which ill-usage had begun.

However, Laurent obtained leave several times to take him up to the top of the tower. One day, about noon, before his dinner, a regiment happened to pass by, with their drums and music. The child did not know,—did not *now* know what it was ! He pressed his keeper's arm nervously with one hand, while the other was raised, as if to make a sign for him to listen. The drums had left off beating near Saint Elizabeth, and the band was playing alone when the regiment passed the Temple ; the child started, his countenance grew animated, and brightened little by little. Alas ! it was the first harmonious sound he had heard for years ! But this pleasure was of short duration, and in a few moments was quite lost amid the confused murmurs of the city.

Another time, when, with his keeper and the municipal on duty, he was again enjoying a few moments of liberty on the top of the tower, the Prince's eyes were not fixed on the sky as they almost always were ; they were turned upon the ground, that is, upon the platform and battlements. At first his companions could not make out what he was looking for, so small and unobservable was what he sought. The objects of his search were some poor, sorry little yellow flowers, springing up accidentally, unfavoured by any depth of soil, and dragging on a miserable semblance of existence in the cracks of the stones. These flowers, withering like himself, and

The prisoner's bouquet.

almost as unfortunate, wanted earth, sometimes moisture,—but yet they lived on! The Prince gathered them up with an eager hand, trying to make them into a bouquet, a difficult task, so short and slight were their stalks. Flowers! his early pleasure! Alas! like himself, how faded! Music and flowers, his two great delights at Versailles and the Tuileries, of which he had found a wan and dim reflection on the tower of a prison! With infinite patience and attention he collected these blades of grass and flowers, and made them up like a bouquet, which he was careful to carry away with him when the time for his going in arrived. As in going down stairs he drew near the room on the threshold of which, as we have said, he had stood still on the day of his first promenade, he directed all his little remaining strength to slacken the pace of his keeper, and make him stop quite still when they found themselves opposite to the door. “Thou art mistaking the door, Charles,” cried the municipal, who was walking behind them. “No, I am not mistaking it,” replied the child softly, as, conducted by his keeper, he entered his cell, pensive and pre-occupied. These were the only words that escaped him in the course of that day. Do not imagine that his little collection of flowers became an amusement to him in his solitude; he had dropped them all on the threshold of the door where he had stood still for a moment. I tell the simple fact—I add no word of commendation; there are some tender and delicate feelings which cannot be touched upon without profaning them.

Poor child! he knew that his father was no more; but his mother, his aunt, his sister—where were they? He may have thought them near him still.

And yet, in that prison, there was only his sister who was not either a stranger or an enemy to him. The look and the blessing of his mother, which he vainly sought, could never more reach him save from heaven; and he was denied even the melancholy consolation of receiving from his sister those last caresses which his mother, when she left the Temple for

the Conciergerie, had pressed on her daughter's brow, as the only inheritance she had to share between her two children.

The prospects of the men in power were growing more and more gloomy. The higher classes had been levelled by the guillotine; but the middle class of men was now coming forward, ready to fight for existence. Becoming more and more numerous, the friends of public tranquillity were attempting a return to monarchy. The name of Louis XVII. was whispered about—a word of hope to the ears of the oppressed, of defiance to the oppressor. Nothing therefore was talked about but conspiracies: perhaps the poor child conspired himself, with his prison bars and bolts, his iron doors; he *did* conspire, alone and in silence, with patience and resignation.

The tyrant-masters of France, fearing at once the agitation which this royal name might excite at home, and the support it might find in foreign courts, considered it as a constant leaven of intestine discord, but also as a pledge of essential importance to their safety. Some were anxious to get rid of its existence, as an element of intestine commotions, while others wished to preserve it as a hostage for their political security. Thus, the Convention was always wavering, and its perplexity great, whenever there was any question to decide respecting the fate of the son of Louis XVI.

"And I, too," said Duhem, in the sitting of the 2nd Sansculottide, 2nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible (18th September, 1794)—"and I, too, have long been anxious to know why, in the very midst of us, there yet exists a rallying point for the aristocracy. As if a people, who have had the courage to acquire liberty for themselves by sending their tyrant to the scaffold, ought to preserve among them still a branch of the old stem, a presumptive heir of royalty! I ask whether such an instance is to be met with in the history of any nation of antiquity—I mean among those who have had the same courage and energy with ourselves? But this is a question of sovereignty, and therefore ought to be deeply studied.

Laurent asks for a colleague.

Let the committees, then, take into consideration whether we shall not do well to eject far from us, not only these scions of royalty, but also the whole of that infernal family of Capet, with all who adhere to them. We have, so to speak, two separate nations in France—the royalists and the republicans. You will have neither peace nor security as long as one of those nations has the power of agitating and tormenting the country.”

Duhem's proposal remained, and could but remain, without result, so much was the fear of a continuance of anarchy at Paris balanced by that of putting a powerful weapon into the hands of foreign powers. The leaders of the committees, unshackled by either of these fears, hoped soon to avert both dangers at once, and watched with an eager eye the gradual wasting of a life, for which opposite parties were anxiously contending in the face of day, while they were noiselessly and leisurely extinguishing the spark in the dark vault of a prison.

Laurent exerted himself in vain to destroy this pernicious influence; but what could he do? Himself constantly watched, he was not at liberty to follow the impulse of his good wishes, and the feeling of interest inspired by his young prisoner.

The excessive slavery to which he was condemned by his functions began also to be wearisome to him, and it was not without a feeling of profound ennui and tender regret that he thought of his deserted garden and forsaken club.

He had already complained several times to the commissaries of this slavish restraint, which had in the end conquered Simon (who, however, was not alone), and which would certainly wear him out at last, unless government would come to his assistance, and give him a colleague to relieve him in his incessant duties as overseer. Strange, indeed! the child was still struggling against the solitude and inaction which had conquered two grown men!

Towards the middle of October, Laurent addressed himself directly to the committee; and he had soon the satisfaction of seeing his request granted.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

GOMIN, COLLEAGUE OF LAURENT.

18TH BRUMAIRE—9TH GERMINAL, 3RD YEAR

(8TH NOVEMBER, 1794—20TH MARCH, 1795).

Nomination of Gomin—His biography—His sentiments on entering the tower—His first communication with Louis XVII.—Details concerning the interior arrangements of the Temple—Flowers given to the Prince—The sententious Delboy—First words of the child-King to Gomin—Courageous article in a newspaper—Protest of the committee of public welfare—Diplomatic step in favour of the prisoners in the Temple—Deliberations of the Convention, as to their fate—Cruel expression of municipal Cazeaux—The child's firmness of disposition—His improvement in health checked—Commissary Leroux and the 14th of tyrants—Cards given to the young King—Debiérne the toyman—The child's health grows worse—Report of the council-general of the Commune to the committee of general safety—Committee appointed to examine the Prince—Statement of Harmand (member for La Meuse)—Appreciation of this statement—No improvement is made in the Temple regulations—Affectionate attentions of Gomin—A dove at the Temple.—The child's thoughts always turned to his mother—Sinister foreboding of municipal Collot—Laurent leaves the Temple.

By a decision of the 18th Brumaire, 3rd year (Saturday, 8th November, 1794), "The committee of general safety on the presentation of the administrative committee of police, adopts and selects citizen Gomin to be attached to the Temple guard, and directs the section of police to summon him to his

Gomin.

post."* Having been sent for next day to this latter committee, the new agent was informed of his appointment, couched in the terms we have mentioned. He wished to excuse himself, but he was made to understand that he had not the power to refuse, and that he must repair to his post imme-



GOMIN, IN 1840.

diately: "The carriage is waiting for you." Gomin got into it accordingly, very uneasy at the unexpected duties laid upon him, but leaving no object of anxiety behind him; his father and mother were dead, he was not married, and he had no relations, excepting some aunts, who were then absent from

* Terms of the decree, which bears the signatures of Garnier (of the Aube), Mathieu, Harmand, Bentabolle, Reubell, Barras, Monmayou, and Réverchon.

Gomin.

Paris. Gomin was born on the 17th January, 1757.* He was the son of an upholsterer in the Ile Saint-Louis. The house where the father kept his shop, and whither the emissaries of the Revolution went for the son, is situated opposite to the church of Saint-Louis, and now bears the number 38. Gomin was not at first aware to what influence he owed his nomination: in his own neighbourhood he enjoyed the reputation of being a mild, quiet man, having nothing to recommend him to those in power, to whom his moderate sentiments could only have rendered him an object of suspicion.

He learned afterwards that M. le Marquis de Fenouil, who had resided in the Ile Saint-Louis, and who was personally acquainted with him, had, by means of certain intrigues, pretending to be patriotic, which he had succeeding in forming and carrying on with considerable art, contributed strongly to an appointment which was favourable to the royalist party.

I enter into these details because I am anxious to make my readers acquainted with this man, to whom I am indebted for a number of interesting anecdotes connected with the latter part of the Dauphin's life, in many of which he had some share. He was a man of straightforward character and prudent disposition, who, beneath the official reserve indispensable to his duties, concealed a loyal heart, timid it is true, but of exquisite sensibility. I knew him very well in the last years of his life, and that man, who had grown old amid the storms of faction, preserved, at the age of eighty, the memory and activity he possessed at thirty. He had seen all his political illusions vanish, as is usually the case; and as they gradually disappeared the impressions of the earlier part of his career revived more strongly, accompanied by their tardy regrets and melancholy reminiscences. The intense feeling of curiosity which at first induced me to seek him out, soon turned to real affection when I came to know him better. I felt, as

* He died at Pontoise, 17th January, 1841.

Gomin's account of himself.

I listened to him, how much he had suffered, and attached myself to him cordially ; and my sentiments towards him were amply repaid by the confidence he reposed in me, in revealing to me all the old troubles that had once preyed upon his mind, and laying open his conscience to my view.

And here I will give a transcript of his inward struggles, his moral reflections, at the time of his appointment : " Being forced to obey," he said to me, " I accepted the office, but not in the calm and natural tone of a heart at ease. Oh, no ! the secret fear and silent uneasiness lest some evil should result to myself from it agitated my mind. In fact, the sight of a scaffold near at hand for me produced the effect I state. I was afraid, and I obeyed.

" I had a great feeling of pity for that family,—for those children. I knew the virtue of the elder members, the innocence of the younger, the misfortunes of all ; and a struggle arose in my mind to conceal from myself the fact, that I myself both could and ought to help them.

" Thus I was quite unable to regulate my thoughts and feelings, so, as to express them freely before God and my conscience.

" Still, fear did not always come in the way to prevent my better judgment and harden my heart, I was prudent, but I was yet a man. I should have become suspected if I had been thought capable of doing good ; but I should have been a monster in my own eyes, if I had not paid my unfortunate charge every attention not incompatible with my office.

" Oh ! why did Heaven give me a nature so much disposed to compassionate suffering, and such inadequate means of doing good ? The love I cherished in my heart grew to be a fund of anguish ; for pity without beneficence is a cruel trial indeed.

" I have felt regret, almost remorse ; it has increased with time, for the further removed we are from the period of the Revolution, the more sensibly do we feel its odious character. God, in His mercy, has been pleased to grant that this regret

Temoignage de Gomin,
Gardien des Enfants de Louis XVI au Temple.

Monsieur de Beauchamp

Il est à voir de plus, mais que ce que vous vous dites sur les dévotions en matière
de D'Anglais, sur les conversations et les d'Anglais. sur les dévotions bien sûr. sur les
autres et bien sûr. sur les dévotions et les d'Anglais. sur les dévotions bien sûr. sur les
et sur les dévotions et les d'Anglais. sur les dévotions bien sûr. sur les dévotions bien sûr.

Je vous prie

Paris 223 avril 1840.

Gomin

(Translation.)

Testimony of Gomin.

KEEPER OF THE CHILDREN OF LOUIS XVI. AT THE TEMPLE.

“ Paris, 23rd April, 1840.

“ Monsieur de Beauchesne,

“ Nothing can be more true than what you have just written, as to the last moments of the Dauphin, his conversations, and his death. You have also exactly rendered all my sentiments, and I thank you for it with all my heart. Receive the assurance of my respect and gratitude.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Your devoted servant,

“ **GOMIN.**

Gomin's accession to office.

should be of service to me. He gave me fifty years on earth, after the death of my dear and innocent prisoner, that I might appear before him absolved by the very duration of my regret."

Such were the sentiments I read in the heart, or caught from the lips of the good and gentle-hearted Gomin. He himself, after he had been made acquainted with all that part of this work which was borrowed from his reminiscences of the past, thanked me, not only for the correctness with which I had related them, but also for the justness done to him throughout.* And now I hope my reader, to whom Gomin is no longer a stranger, will be able to form an idea of the agitation of his mind on rejoining, 9th November, 1794, from the section of police to the state prison of the Temple. He was accompanied by an agent, who observed silence the whole way. He presented himself with his warrant to the commissary, who noted his entrance on the registrar, as well as to Laurent, who received him as his assistant. It was night, and the two keepers went up stairs together, accompanied by the commissary (named Buisson, the younger), to see the prisoner.

Gomin was much agitated at ascending for the first time that staircase, down which the King had passed to the scaffold, and the at sight of those doors and gates of iron, still closed upon his orphan children. I will say nothing here of his first visit to Madame Royale; the numerous details given me by Gomin and Lasne, respecting the captivity of that Princess, will find room hereafter. When they reached the second floor, the first room of which, as I have said, was used as an ante-room, Laurent asked his colleague if he had ever seen the Prince Royal before. "I have never seen him," replied Gomin. "In that case," said Laurent, "it will be some time before he will say a word to you." They then opened the door of the second room, which had been Cléry's bed-chamber. On an iron bedstead, placed in the corner to the

* We give opposite a fac-simile of the testimony of Gomin.

Installation of the officers.

left, lay the royal child. At the noise made by the first entrance of the visitors, he raised his little head, which was covered with a white cotton night-cap. The first sight of him was melancholy enough to rend one's heart: the leaden hue of his complexion, and his languid appearance, betrayed his long sufferings; his face was well filled out, and his eye very bright, but in his features, and even in the brilliancy of his glance, there was, as it were, the seal of suffering and death, impressed by the bodily and mental agony he had endured. After casting a look round the room, the keepers withdrew.

Gomin established himself on the ground-floor, with Laurent. Their chamber, as I have said, was called the council-room, and there were three beds in it, one for Laurent, one for Gomin, and the third for the member of the civic committee, sent alternately from every section in Paris to the Temple, in order to perform the duties of commissary there for twenty-four hours.

The following is the manner in which the installation of the municipal officer was performed at that period. Arriving at noon, he received from him whom he replaced, the instruction of the committees of the Convention, respecting the duties he would have to perform in the guardianship of both prisoners as well as the injunction not to let the brother and sister meet, or take their walk at the same time.

When the last commissary was gone, and the keepers had taken the new one to see the prisoners, a note was made in the register of the Temple of the transaction, which was signed by the person entering upon the office.

All the keys of the tower were kept shut up in a cupboard in the council-room. This cupboard had two locks of different sizes, to which each keeper had one key. Thus, one depended on the other, and the turnkey on both.

Since the death of Louis XVI., the garrison of the Temple had consisted of one hundred and ninety-four men of the National Guard, and fourteen of the artillery of Paris.

Arrangements of the day.

In order to have always half the men on duty, the keepers never gave tickets of leave for more than half the number. No one could go either out or in without a ticket signed by both the keepers.

Beside the National Guard appointed to this post, there were four or five gendarmes. Every evening the keepers dispatched a bulletin of all that had passed in the preceding twenty-four hours to the committee of general safety, section of police.

The appointment of Gomin as assistant was of great service to Laurent, who, till that period, had been almost as much a slave as Simon, and had been obliged to give up his tastes and habits; the arrival of a colleague afforded him an occasional opportunity of returning to his flowers and his club, but in other respects it made little difference in the established order of things. The routine of the day continued just as it was before. About nine o'clock every morning the two keepers and the commissary usually went up together into the Dauphin's room, accompanied by Gourlet. The latter dressed the Prince, and while the child was at breakfast, made his bed and swept the room, in presence of his superiors.

The breakfast, consisting of a cup of milk or of fruit, was brought in by Caron, the kitchen assistant.

When the room was arranged, and he had taken his breakfast, the Prince was left alone until dinner-time, that is, about two o'clock. The keepers then went up again, accompanied by the new civic commissary. The dinner consisted of soup, a small piece of boiled meat, and a plate of dry vegetables, usually lentils. The child was then left alone till eight o'clock in the evening.

When the evening came, one of the keepers, generally Gomin, went up with Caron or Gourlet, to light the lamp which was placed in the front room, and which lighted the bedroom through a glass window.

Supper was brought at eight o'clock, and was the same with the dinner, except that there was no boiled meat.

Anecdotes.

After this the child was put to bed, and left alone until nine o'clock next morning. It will be seen that, if the regulations of the Temple were not sensibly modified, the daily routine at least had been much simplified since the 9th Thermidor.

And day after day passed in this manner: the monotony and cruel uniformity being varied only by some slight occurrences and trifling episodes, which we will now relate from authentic sources.*

Gomin, as we have seen, had not wished for the office given him, and his appointment took him by surprise; but he was much more distressed when he had had an opportunity of seeing accurately in what condition the royal orphan was. Having been admitted to his room in the evening, he had been unable, at his first visit, to form any clear idea of his real state, but the next day it overpowered him. Laurent told him, notwithstanding, that he himself had found him in a much more shocking condition. Gomin, had he been master of his own proceedings, would have tendered his resignation; but his fear, that by this very step he might become a suspected person, retained him in a situation where he was forced to see so much evil, and where he was able to do so little good.

When the commissary happened to be a good sort of man, the keepers always obtained from him some little concession in favour of the prisoners; for instance, they would tell him it was customary for them to walk upon the platform, or they would pass a little time with young Capet in the afternoon.

It was in this manner that Gomin, having learned that the child had always had an affection for flowers, on the third day of his entrance upon office, 21st Brumaire, 3rd year (Tuesday, 11th November, 1794), took advantage of the good nature of the municipal on duty (named Bresson, No. 1 Rue Montorgueil),

* The notes from which these anecdotes were compiled were given me by Gomin, whose memory being very exact in the main, can only have erred, if at all, with respect to the chronological order.

Delboy.

to bring into his room four little pots of flowers, which he had himself selected, and which were in full beauty. The sight of the flowers produced a magical effect on the countenance of the child : surprised at a proof of affection, so new to him, after having experienced so many proofs of aversion, joy moistened the eyes, long dry from hopeless grief, and he wept : those tears of happiness came from his very soul, as the rain falls from Heaven !

Flowers ! it was so long that he had been deprived of them ! He hovered about them, half-mad with delight ; he clasped them in his two hands to inhale their perfume ; he devoured them collectively with his eyes, then examined them separately, one after the other, and after having looked a long while, ended by picking one ! Ah ! then he turned upon Gomin a look of most profound melancholy : he thought of his absent mother, and his heart was pierced with sorrow. Poor child ! there are no more flowers for her ! and never will it be your fortune to lay one on her grave !

On the 24th Brumaire, 3rd year (14th November, 1794), six days after Gomin's entrance into the Temple, there came a commissary, named Delboy (residing No. 145 Rue de la Lune). His manner was blunt, and his speech brief. He had everything opened for his examination with almost brutal dispatch, but under this disagreeable and arrogant outside there was soon visible a certain elevation of sentiment, which very greatly astonished the keepers and the prisoner. " Why this bad food ? If they were at the Tuileries we might indeed contend against their having any food ; but here, in our own hands, we should show clemency towards them—the nation is generous ! Why exclude the light ? Under the reign of equality the sun shines for all, and they ought to be allowed their share of it. Why prevent them from seeing each other under the reign of fraternity ? "

At this last exclamation the Prince had opened his eyes very wide, and he watched every motion of the vehement

Delboy.

visitor, whose expressions were so strong a contrast to his manners. "Would you not like, my boy,—would you not be very glad to go and play with your sister? I don't see why the nation should recollect your origin if you forget it yourself." Then, turning towards Laurent and Gomin, he went on: "It is not his fault that he is the son of his father—he is nothing now but an unfortunate child, therefore do not be hard upon him; the unfortunate belong to humanity, and the country is the mother of all her children."

And when, in the course of dinner, the conversation turned upon preventive arrests: "There are some people who are not suspected," exclaimed the sententious commissary, "for they can do nothing but mischief; there are others who are hypocrites, and do mischief without making any noise about it—such were the inventors of the air-gun!"

He was absent almost the whole evening. Next day, as he took leave of the two keepers, he said to them, "How shall we meet again? We follow paths which do not cross each other; but it is all the same, for good patriots can always find one another out again; men of mind change their opinions—warm-hearted men preserve their feelings. We are not Septemberists: greeting and fraternity!"

Nothing can give an idea of the effect produced upon the men in office at the Temple by the appearance of this strange commissary, who had the manners of a *sanis-culotte* with the feelings of true chivalry; a kind of rough philanthropist, imbued in some degree with the cynicism of a Diogenes, and a little of the charity of a Fénelon; who seemed to reverence power, whether of God or man, to honour weakness as much as strength, and misfortune as well as merit.

Ever on the watch for favourable opportunities to improve the state of his captive charge, Gomin preferred a request on that day, that the lamp, which partially illuminated the Dauphin's room should be lighted at twilight, a thing which had been long neglected, and which the child was very anxious

Anecdotes.

about. From that time forth it was always lighted at nightfall,

It had been expressly forbidden to allow of any meeting taking place between the children of Louis XVI. Mathieu had signified this prohibition in the most formal manner. For this reason no notice was taken of the philanthropic observations of the philosophising Delboy. Since their separation on the 3rd July, and their being confronted together on the 7th October, 1793, Madame Royale had not once seen her brother. However, on the 3rd Frimaire, 3rd year (23rd November, 1794), she caught sight of him on the stairs at the moment when she was returning to her room with Laurent, and when Gomin, accompanied by the commissary on duty (named Alavoine), was coming out of the Dauphin's room, bringing the child, whom he was taking up to walk on the terrace; but she was not allowed to embrace him, or even to speak to him.

Laurent's prediction was justified by the event. From the time of Gomin's entrance into the Temple, although days and days had passed since then, he had been unable to obtain a single word yet from his prisoner. The poor child had borne so much cruelty from mankind that he feared the whole species: his new keeper tried to reconcile him with the world. Accustomed to penetrate with sympathising kindness into the hidden things of that lamentable destiny, he did not, alas! do for him all he might have wished to do, but at least he did all he could. Little by little, therefore, the child began to view him with less uneasiness, and at last he became quite communicative. The first word that escaped his lips was an expression of gratitude: it was always a heartfelt sensation that loosed his tongue. "It was you who gave me some flowers—I have not forgotten it," said he, in a tone of gratitude, and with eyes of winning softness.

From the time of Laurent's arrival, and particularly since Gomin had entered the Temple, a faint colour had begun to suffuse his cheeks, and restore a little of that smiling beauty

Courage of the "*Courrier Universel*."

which brightens the brow of youth. One would have thought, that the poor young Prince's heart was about to expand to hope, just as his friends began to hope for him again. . . .

The "*Courrier Universel*" of the 6th Frimaire, 3rd year (26th November, 1794), a paper edited by Nicolle, Bertin the elder, and Poujade, contained the following lines, which were copied into all the periodical papers of the period :—

"The son of Louis XVI. will also profit by the revolution of the 9th Thermidor. It is well known that this child had been abandoned to the care of Simon, the shoemaker, a worthy myrmidon of Robespierre's, in whose punishment he was a sharer. The committee of general safety being of opinion that a human being ought not to be degraded below the level of humanity, because he happens to be born the son of a king, has just appointed three commissaries, men of probity and intelligence, to replace the late Simon. Two of these are charged with the education of the orphan, and the third is to take care that he be not, as in former times, deprived of the necessaries of life."

This bold article, composed with the idea of reviving the hopes of the royalist party, caused a panic in the camp of the men in authority; they dispatched a warrant to bring before them the three editors of the "*Courrier Universel*," and, in the sitting of the Convention of the 12th Frimaire (2nd December), Mathieu, member of the committee of general safety, read the following report :—

"Citizens! I come, in the name of the committee of general safety, to give a most formal denial to the calumnious and royalist article inserted a few days ago in some public papers, and copied with a sort of ostentation, to say the least, extremely reprehensible. The committee is therein represented as having provided tutors for the children of Capet, confined in the Temple, and as having shown a degree of care almost paternal to secure their existence and education.

"Here is the article and the journal, of which the other pe-

Report of the committee

modicals have only been the too docile echoes." Then, having read those lines which we have mentioned, out of the "*Courrier Universel*," he added :

"The first duty of the committee, in order to discard this fable of royalty, is to present to the Convention a simple account of all the measures taken by them to ensure the proper fulfilment of the Temple service, and the guard kept over the tyrant's children.

"At the period of the 9th Thermidor, a new keeper had been appointed to the Temple by the committee of public welfare. Since then the committee of general safety have deemed a single keeper not enough. A citizen of tried republican principles was demanded accordingly from the administrative commission of police of Paris. One having been named by this latter body, he was attached to the first to fulfil that duty ; and as in the eyes of prejudiced and suspicious men, the permanent residence of two individuals together, holding the same appointment, might suggest the idea that they would in time become seduced from their duty, in order to complete and ensure the safe confinement of the tyrant's children, the committee decreed that, every successive day, one of the civic committees of the forty-eight sections of Paris, should furnish a member to perform the duties of keeper there for twenty-four hours, in conjunction with the two permanently remaining at that post.

"The committee has considered these measures as necessary to deprive the fabulous recital of all appearance of truth, and the malevolence of others of all pretext for complaint or commotion.

"The committee of general safety has consulted with the military committee on matters concerning the military service of the post. It has been visited by several representatives, and both committees have satisfied themselves that the duties are performed with care and punctuality.

"By this statement it will be seen that the committee of

Report of the committee.

general safety has had no other view than to arrange the groundwork of a duty which has been committed to their charge; and that any idea of bettering the condition of Capet's children, or giving them tutors, was completely foreign to their intentions. The committees and the Convention know how to take the heads of kings, but they know not how their children are brought up. •

“If royalty sought to raise her voice she would be crushed immediately. The committee, in order to put such a thing out of the minds of the friends of public order, and prevent conspiracies, which too frequently result from the weakness of governments, declares that, under these circumstances, they have taken measures against the guilty; and that, faithful to their principles, they will know how to make the laws and the government respected, and prevent them from exciting any perfidious pity for the last remains of our tyrant's race,—an orphan child for whom it would seem that a brilliant destiny is imagined by speculative persons.

“It is now several days since a report has been in circulation, that the repudiated assignats were beginning to re-assume their credit; that an attempt was made to give them a kind of value in public opinion. There is no doubt that all these reports,—some referring to those offshoots of an abhorred race, others to promissory notes withdrawn from circulation,—are intended to contribute to the same object, and afford mutual support to each other. By this means the public spirit was relaxed, and public opinion began to fluctuate; but, in spite of all such manœuvres and scheming, national credit will be strengthened on the most solid basis, public tranquillity maintained, and the son of Capet, as well as the assignats bearing his effigy, will continue to be repudiated.”*

Not a voice was raised in the “free” Convention in

* “*Moniteur Universel*,” of the 14th Frimaire, 3rd year of the Republic (4th December, 1794).

The "French Spectator."

defence of two unhappy and innocent children. Several deputies, who had been proscribed on the 31st May, had indeed some time before resumed their seats in the Convention: but the cruelty of Mathieu's language met with a cowardly acquiescence in their silence.

We have thought it incumbent upon us to give the whole of this important document, because it appears to us to convey a correct idea of the young King's real position, subsequent to the 9th Thermidor. Robespierre's successors, as will be seen, had no more intention of opening the gates of the Temple than he had himself. The leaders of the Revolution were indeed changed, but not the path they pursued. The new dictators were continually agitated by the same terrors, and haunted in their omnipotence by the vision of royalty enshrined in the form of a child. All that breathed beneath their iron sway seemed, in their eyes, to be conspiring against them; every word, every writing, every motion which indicated some slight remains of life in the social body, was constantly brought before their anxious scrutiny. Twenty-six days after Mathieu's report, Duhem in his turn denounced, before the national tribunal, a work which had just come out, under the title of "The French Spectator, during the Revolutionary Government," and which expressed a wish that the people should be individually consulted as to the constitution of 1793. "One of two things," said the author; "either the majority of the nation is *for* the republic or *against* it. If, as we may presume, it be *in* its favour, you give the very important proof to the whole of Europe that you have been only following the wishes of the nation, and have been but the organs of its will. If *against* it, the Convention have only to reproach themselves with having fallen into a mistake, the more excusable because it originated in popular enthusiasm and a certain sublimity of idea. And they will win for themselves yet greater glory by giving up their own private opinions as a sacrifice to the wishes of the nation, with which they will thus have made themselves

New fears of the Convention.

acquainted." Duhem, who had called Louis XVI. the greatest of traitors, and who, in consequence of his hatred to the name, regarded the royal blood of his son as the greatest imaginable disgrace, did not fail to see in this composition an able method of overthrowing the constitution, by means of the people, which must have originated in the imagination of a royalist. This denunciation not only resulted in the author of the pamphlet* being called before the revolutionary tribunal, but it also gave rise to very animated debates in the Convention. Lequinio, deputy for Morbihan, who, when he voted for the King's death, had expressed his regret that the safety of the state did not admit of his being condemned to the galleys for life, sprang to the tribune, and exclaimed :

"For some days past it must have been manifest to every one, that the perfidious designs of royalist and evil-disposed persons have been resuming their former activity. You never will silence the royalists until you deprive them of their remaining hope. I mean the last descendant of the corrupt race of tyrants now at the Temple. I demand that your government committees take measures, and propose the proper means, for purging the soil of liberty from the sole vestige of royalty remaining upon it."†

The demand of Lequinio was sent to the committees. The opinions of these latter, as we have said, were divided upon this grave question, which the more astute—(is that the word we should use?)—were in great hopes of deciding with time, the accomplice of death ; but, in the sitting of the 19th Nivôse, 3rd year (8th January, 1795), Barras having made a motion, to celebrate by a fête the anniversary of the day on which "the last tyrant-king had expiated the crimes with

* M. de Lacroix ex-professor at the Lyceum, who pleaded his own cause with talent, and was acquitted.

† Sitting of the Convention of the 8th Nivôse, 3rd year (Sunday, 28th December, 1794).—" *Moniteur Universel*," 10th Nivôse, 3rd year (30th December, 1794).

Interposition of foreign powers.

which he had stained his character upon the scaffold," a member of the Convention, whose name is not mentioned in the "*Moniteur*," took advantage of the excitement produced in the Assembly by the remarks of Barras, to request that the report of the committees on the family of Capet should be read on the day after the fête. This measure also was clamorously adopted.

While parties at home were in commotion around the prison of the child-king, foreign princes, allied to him by blood, and friends at heart, were making every effort to deliver him from the miseries heaped upon him.

Spain demanded the liberation of the prisoners in the Temple, as the preliminary condition of peace, and their acknowledgment of the republican government. It was stated that, not only his Catholic majesty, but also the King of Sardinia, would never consent to any connection with the French republic, until they had obtained satisfaction on a point, based on the strongest sentiments of nature.

Tuscany was negotiating for the same object. The committee of general safety found themselves much embarrassed; they abstained from all reply, and recommended the same reserve to their envoys. "Too much hurry might be considered as a species of advance, and a great nation should never make such where her existence is threatened."

This haughty behaviour to foreigners may be seen in all the public acts of the period. The revolutionary government, cruel and pitiless at home, displayed something of the Roman pride and roughness in their conduct towards the enemy. Simonin, a government commissary, who had been sent to Madrid to treat for an exchange of prisoners, had listened to the following proposals, which he transmitted to the government.

"The King of Spain is disposed to treat of peace on the following terms: 1.—Spain will recognise the French republic, 2.—France will give up the children of Louis XVI. to his Catholic Majesty. 3rd.—The French provinces bordering

Report as to the young King.

on Spain will form an independent state for the son of Louis XVI., which he will govern as King of Navarre."

The committee of public welfare immediately recalled that agent in the following terms: "Simonin to be recalled instantly: he compromises the dignity of the French people."

The unguarded step of the King of Spain was thus injurious to the son of Louis XVI., instead of serving him; it marshalled the feeling of national pride on the side of the Revolution, and furnished a plausible excuse for a cruel refusal.

The committees of public welfare, general safety, and legislation, united, kept their engagement to bring before the Convention, on the 3rd Pluviôse, 3rd year (22nd January, 1795), their deliberations on the subject mooted by Lequinio; and Cambacérès, in their name, read the following report:

"Till now, prudence had avoided the question about to be treated. But now, circumstances appear to demand that it be entered into, as well to disappoint criminal hopes and destroy perfidious manœuvres, as to fix public opinion irrevocably. There are but two courses to pursue with regard to the individuals alluded to—either to banish them entirely from the dominions of the republic, or to keep them in confinement. If they be detained in custody, you have to fear their being a constant cause of disorder and commotion. If, on the other hand, they be banished, will not such a proceeding be putting a pernicious deposit into the hands of our enemies, which may become a continual source of hatred, vengeance, and war? Will it not be giving all cowardly deserters of their country a rallying point and head? If the course of events or the success of our arms had brought into your hands the son and heir of your last monarch, what would you have done with this offshoot of royalty? Would you have given him back to his friends? No, certainly not! (Cries of 'No! No!' from all sides.) An enemy is much less dangerous when he is in our own power than when he passes into the hands of those who support his cause, or who have joined his party:

Report as to the young King.

Suppose Capet's heir to be among our enemies, you would very soon hear that he was present at every point where our legions meet with foes to fight; even when he had ceased to exist, he would be said to have been discovered in every direction, and a chimerical fancy of this sort would alone suffice for a long time to nurse the guilty hopes of Frenchmen, who are traitors to their country. Whether this last remaining representative of Capet be banished or kept in confinement, calumny will always seek to blacken your motives of action; it may just as plausibly be said, that you are preserving the life of these scions of royalty in order to raise the throne of France once more, as that you are giving them up into the hands of your enemies to provide them with another weapon to use against the republic. Follow, therefore, the path prescribed by wisdom and energy. Wisdom commands you to have confidence in yourselves, and energy demands that you strike down every foe to liberty. Tell your fellow-citizens that the revolution of the 9th Thermidor was effected to strengthen the republic, by establishing it on the immortal basis of every virtue. On reason, therefore, as well as on public interest, is founded the advice of your committees. There is but little danger in keeping these members of the Capet family in confinement; and there would be much to be apprehended were they to be set at liberty. The expulsion of tyrants has almost always led the way to their subsequent restoration; and had Rome imprisoned the Tarquins she would have had no occasion to fight against them."

The advice of the government was unhesitatingly adopted. All the ablest members of the committees were aware that the Convention had thus voted for the Dauphin's death.

Laurent and Gomin learned this decision from the newspapers, which, although it secured them the continuance of their situations, was very little satisfactory to them, both having enough without it to live upon, and both finding themselves in a position they had not wished for; one had accepted it to avoid displeasing Barras, the other not to compromise

A day's change.

himself—the former held it from affection, the latter from fear.

Days passed over their heads and that of their prisoner without bringing any new incident. A few domiciliary visits, which were things of too frequent occurrence to excite much attention, had been the sole interruptions to the monotony of their existence.

On the 6th Pluviôse, 3rd year (Sunday, 25th January, 1795), the weather was very stormy; the wind swept violently down the chimneys of the upper floors, and the rooms appropriated to the brother and sister were filled with thick smoke. "It is better for them to feel cold than to be stifled," was Laurent's remark, and the fires were accordingly put out. "If the citizen commissary has no objection," added Gomin, "might we not bring the *little boy* down, for to-day, into the room where we are ourselves?" "I have no objection," replied Cazeaux. And for the first time since his imprisonment, the orphan was allowed to sit down elsewhere than in his dungeon. He passed half of the day in the council-room, and dined with the triumvirate appointed to guard him. Children are fond of change, and the unfortunate no less so; thus the descendant of monarchs possessed in himself a double incentive to enjoyment, being favoured as he was with an opportunity of sharing the meal of his jailers. At first he behaved with that tranquil serenity which, throughout his misfortunes, had constantly surrounded him like a halo of light. Nothing is so pleasing to me, in the demeanour of a suffering creature, as that quiet steadfastness of mind, that brave frankness and unvarying mildness, which seem like a foreshadowing of future existence among the spirits of the just made perfect.

Seeing him thus composed, Cazeaux said: "You told me he was very ill, but he does not seem so. Was it to excite an interest in him, that you have represented him as almost dying?" "Not dying," replied Gomin; "but, whatever you may say,

Energy of Laurent.

citizen, this child is not at all well." "Oh, he is well enough; there are so many children worth much more than he who are worse in health! There are so many who die that are more necessary to the world!" The Dauphin turned his fallen countenance aside, and looked vaguely at the wall, as if trying to escape from those with whom he was. Gomin was silent. Laurent came to the assistance, not only of his colleague, of whose weakness he felt ashamed, but also of his poor prisoner, whose calm and resigned attitude distressed him. "It is true that the child is a little better than he was, but his knees and wrists are much swollen, and he suffers a great deal with them; if he makes no complaint it is because he is brave, and feels that he is a man; don't you, M. Charles?" he added, looking at him, with an expression that seemed to say: "Come, come, do not fret yourself; you know that I am here, and that I love you."

On hearing this last expression—"M. Charles," old Cazeaux knitted his thick brows. "I thought the word *Monsieur* was no longer French," said he. "If it be but little in use," replied Laurent, "the hand of the people has not, I imagine, erased it from the dictionary." "The word, which is displaced everywhere, is more than improper here," returned the municipal; "what name, then, would you reserve for tyrants, if you give that of *Monsieur* to an infant like that?" "I gave it without attaching any importance to it," replied Laurent, sensible of the danger attending the prolongation of such a subject. The dispute was over for the time; but between these two men, one of whom was of a lofty nature, and the other of mean understanding, there was something more serious than a disagreement as to forms—two principles were at variance! The Girondist, Laurent, was desirous to secure the triumph of liberty without laying aside the forms of refined civilisation; while the Jacobin, Cazeaux, was disturbed by the mere shadow of the past, anxious that barbarism should sweep away even the politeness of ancient times beneath its avalanche of terror.

Brutality of Cazeaux.

This little discussion took place just as they sat down to dinner. The dinner was the best the prisoner had seen since the new dietary system had been applied to the Temple as well as to the other prisons. He was quietly eating his share with some relish, before the virulent outburst of the municipal ; but from that moment, notwithstanding the encouraging glances of Laurent and Gomin, he was present, indeed, at his masters' dinner, but he was quite inactive, and refused everything offered to him. A cake, covered with a crust of powdered sugar, a rare dainty, which he had not seen for a very long time, found him cold and insensible to its appearance ; he even affected not to pay any attention to it. Sometimes he would nibble at a little crust of bread, and sometimes, leaning against the back of his chair, his eyes would wander over the furniture, or towards the windows. The commissary observed his proceedings. "If he is too sulky to take anything," said he, "how is it you allow such conduct, citizens ? As he won't eat here, he might have been left to swallow smoke above-stairs."

The keepers tried to excuse their young guest, by saying he never ate much. "At least, then, he must drink," resumed Cazeaux ; "and drink to the welfare of the republic ;" and with these words, he poured some wine into the child's glass. A useless proceeding : the latter deigned to look neither at the glass nor at the bottle. "It is said that Simon used to be rough to him sometimes. I dare say he was, if," continued Cazeaux, "your Monsieur Charles was the same with him that he is just now. I must confess, citizens, there is no amount of patience that could hold out against such a phlegmatic temper. How can you put up with such whims ?"

The meal was over. The child's glass was untouched, but the bottles had been drained by the commissary and keepers. The former, a little calmed by the satisfaction of his appetite and the transporting charms of coffee and brandy, had left off directing his attacks against little Capet. But still, in

order to answer his being quite safe from them, the keepers thought it best to make him go up again to his room, where there was neither fire nor smoke. Good-natured Gomin had saved a piece of the cake, which he laid on the table for him when he withdrew.

Next day, the bit of cake was still whole; and when the keeper good-naturedly reproached him for not having eaten it, "I would have taken it from you with great pleasure," said he; "but that man had cut it, and it came from his dinner; and I will take nothing from him, this no more than his wine!" I had these details from Gomin's own mouth, and I give them exactly as I received them. Before they be condemned as puerile, it should be remembered that we are speaking of a child who for six months had endured the shocking tyranny of Simon; for seven more had been subjected to solitary imprisonment, more trying still; and, after suffering all this, had honest indignation enough to resent an affront, and firmness enough to repulse it.

The contact with this demagogue commissary had, moreover, left a deep impression on the young Prince's imagination; and two days afterwards Gomin was painfully surprised to hear him repeating to himself, in a low tone, the sentence, "There are so many who die that are more necessary to the world!" Did the unfortunate little one see in those words a sort of anathema, a fatal prophecy? However, it is certain that from that day his fever increased, his improvement in health was checked, and the swellings on his wrists and knees grew larger. Struck with this rickety tendency, his keepers began to fear he would become crippled from inaction, and therefore begged permission to take him into the garden for a little exercise, but they could not obtain it.

They neglected nothing that could be of service to their prisoner, but, before they could effect anything, it was necessary that the good-will of the commissary on duty should answer to their own; they had also to fear denunciation, with which they

Resolution of the captive.

had been more than once threatened by several subordinate agents. For these reasons they could not venture upon any step of themselves, and they displayed but little courage in their attentions, unless they were at least secure of the assistance of the commissary.

In order to save the child from a solitude, as fatal in its effect upon his mind as upon his body, they used to bring him down into the council-room occasionally, where at least he was able to find some little amusement. It was easy to see by his pre-occupied and timid air, the first day this favour was again granted him, that the recollection of Cazeaux was still fresh in his mind. Full of affection for his keepers, especially for Gomin, to whom he now willingly confided his troubles, nothing could overcome his suspicious aversion for all visitors from without, whether they came in the name of the Convention or in that of the municipality. Whether emissaries of the sovereign people or of the Commune, their approach occasioned him the most acute terror, and their voices, rough, or merely imperious, filled him with apprehension. Never could they extract a single word from him. More than once did some of these visitors employ entreaty to wring from him a reply, but he looked upon them with a fixed eye, and answered not. Others often had recourse to menace, but for them he had not even a glance; his head bowed upon his breast, or turned aside, had no expression for them but a silent demonstration of indifference or contempt; and often, as they withdrew, did they vent their wrath in furious imprecations against the lion-cub, who, stricken as he was, and exhausted by the hunter's blows, still preserved at least the spirit of the royal blood that flowed from his wounds.

I can appreciate and honour those men who embraced the revolutionary side with the sole view of benefitting the public, who sought to keep it pure from all excess, and who, under the very axe of the executioner, still believed in the triumph of liberty. I esteem the perfect conviction and courage which

Leroux.

seem to atone in some measure for injustice and cruelty. Such philosophers may indeed have deceived themselves, in all good faith, unwittingly; but what shall we say of those wretches whom they had in their train,—though certainly not in their pay,—and whose stupid or savage instinct corrupted their principles in trying to explain them? It is because philosophy alone, and opposed to religion, is no sufficient check upon the passions of the mass; and its noblest maxims become dangerous, brutal, and sanguinary, when transferred by the populace into the street.

On the 5th Ventôse, 3rd year (23rd February, 1795), there appeared at the Temple a commissary, a man of a very full habit, with a short neck, and very red in the face; his name was Leroux (21 Rue Vieille-Monnoye); he was one of the old Terrorists, still regretting the incorruptible Robespierre, and hoping to see the “entrails of the last priest strangling the last king!” As soon as he was installed he demanded to have a thorough examination made of the whole building of the Temple. “I came here once when the tyrant was alive,” said he, “but I was not able to see anything in detail, and I want to know how the plucked wrens look in their cages.” He was taken up to the top of the tower, and, as he went down again, was first admitted into the apartment of Madame Royale. The Princess was busy sewing, and she did not lay aside her work, on which her eyes were fixed. “Don’t folks get up here, before the nation?” exclaimed Leroux. The rough question addressed to her by the emissary of the Commune made no alteration in the calm dignified demeanour of the young girl, who continued her work in silence. Leroux endeavoured to punish her indifference by attacking the furniture, which he affected to examine with the most minute scrutiny. Marie-Thérèse paid no attention to these inquisitorial proceedings, which added to the annoyance of the sensitive democrat, who muttered, as he left the room, “She is as proud as the Austrian!”

Brutality of Leroux.

When he entered the Dauphin's room, there was no sort of injurious epithet he did not make use of in speaking of him and his parents. The expression, "son of the tyrant," in particular, came every moment to his lip, and was uttered with a harshness which roused even poor Gomin. "He is the son of the tyrant, if you will," said he, "but he is not the less ill and unfortunate." "Ill!" replied Leroux; "what's that to us? Where's the harm? Are sons of tyrants not to be ill, like everybody else? Unfortunate, say you? As to that, citizens, would anybody say he don't deserve it?" "He did not deserve to be so himself," said Laurent; "he bears the punishment of his birth; but, to be just, his origin is no fault of his." "Your manners are terribly relaxed, my friends, for republicans! Ah! it is no fault of his to be born on purpose to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less true that monsters should be smothered in the cradle. Let the Revolution alone, and there will soon be neither poverty, nor mourning, nor slavery on earth!"

His companions were silent, but at the bottom of his heart Gomin replied: "And yet when I see a poor man in the street, I say to myself it is the Revolution that put those rags on his back; when I see a child in mourning, I say it is the Revolution that made him an orphan; when I see a church in ruins, I say it is the Revolution that has expelled our God!"

"One is very comfortable in this arm-chair," said Leroux, who, being excessively fat, was tired with his exploring, and had taken possession of the most roomy piece of furniture in the apartment. "Shall we remain here?" said Laurent, hastening to make a proposal, which, if accepted, would be a change for the prisoner. "Very willingly; but we must have wine and cards."

Cards and wine were brought accordingly; cards to serve for a game at picquet, and wine to drink to the death of tyrants. At the end of every game the drinking re-commenced. Whenever Leroux had to count kings, he said: "Three of tyrants,

Brutality of Leroux.

fourteen of tyrants, or congress of tyrants; it is the only game where tyrants are worth anything." Then, pursuing his insipid jest, he called the queen "citizeness," and the knave "courtier." Poor Gomin had not asked to stay in the Prince's room, so much did he fear the effect the manners and conversation of the Jacobin commissary might produce upon his invalid; but he saw with pleasure that the child, at last, had not only got used to the silly expressions of the demagogue player, but was even paying a considerable degree of attention to the game, all his good wishes being in favour of his guardians. The little painted figures passing through their hands seemed to interest him, and Gomin resolved to procure him that amusement for himself.

However, the games he had lost and the wine he had drunk had by degrees increased Leroux's bad humour; he was one of those cross-grained, savage beings, who are rendered passionate and ungovernable by wine and ill-humour; the rage he had worked himself into destroyed what little reason he ever had, and he got up, swearing and storming, tore the cards to pieces, and—drinking, drinking, drinking on—he gave utterance to the most outrageous frenzy that had ever yet disturbed the echoes of the Temple. The child looked on intently, and trembled in every limb. At last, however, the keepers succeeded in drawing the staggering clubbist into the council-room, where he could swallow his wine at his leisure, and forget his ill-luck.

Once more I must ask pardon of my readers for representing things as they were, and displaying them in their shameful nudity. These details are sad, and vulgar, and disgraceful; but how can they be concealed or modified. The statue loses in height when the pedestal is raised!

The Dauphin's room was peaceful once more; even the remains of the cards had been taken away, in order that the storm just passed might leave no trace of its fury in the solitude it had disturbed.

Kindness of Debiérne.

But next day, after Leroux was gone, the royal child found two large packs of cards, perfectly new, upon his table, which the kind attention of Gomin had deposited there privately, when the new commissary paid his visit to the prisoner.

Very soon, however, the keepers found they had no cause to fear this municipal, who, on the contrary, amply atoned for the cruel jests of his predecessor. His name was Debiérne, a toy-man, residing at the sign of the "Maid of Orleans," in the Rue d'Arcis. He was an excellent man, and, from the first, showed much interest in the Prince. Not only did he consent to a walk on the platform, but, of his own accord, he asked to spend great part of the day with the prisoner. Gomin had never felt so much at ease with any former member of the civic committees; his habitual timidity gave way to confidence, and he ventured upon a few words, which, being eagerly seized upon by Debiérne, led to unrestrained confidence on both sides, and a mutual sympathy. They did not separate next day without a promise of meeting again.

Accordingly, four days afterwards Debiérne returned to the Temple. On being informed that some one was asking for him, Gomin went to the quarters of Liénard, the steward, where, in such circumstances, the keepers were allowed a private room to chat freely with their visitors. Debiérne, with a smiling face, produced several little playthings for the Prince, among others, an ivory cup-and-ball.

He brought, too, some good news, which encouraged Gomin to hope that there would soon be a popular movement, and the Prince escape to La Vendée. "Matters are going on well," said Debiérne to him; "the Vendéans, who were in want of money, have just had some notes engraved, payable at the royal treasury after the peace.* In a little while they

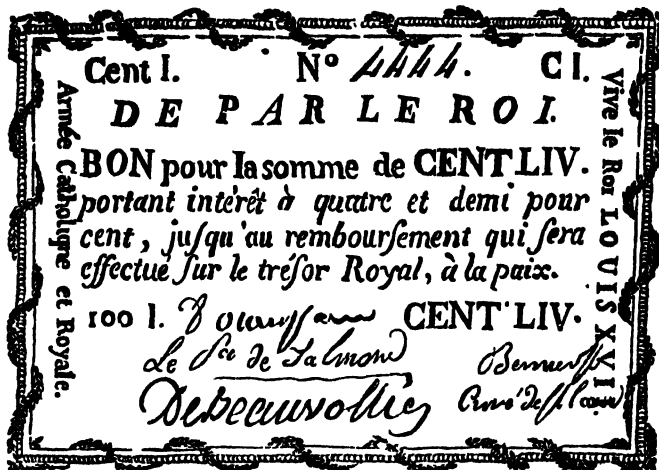
* In the nomenclature of the royal money of France we find mention made—between Louis XVI. and Napoleon—of:

"Louis XVII. (1793—1795)

"The monetary monuments connected with the reign of Louis XVII.

Fac-simile of Royal paper money.

"will be worth more than assignats!" Gomin's kind heart opened to this hope with lively joy, mingled with terror.



Debierne was not the only person from without who had communication with Gomin. The Marquis de Fenouil had a confidential valet, named Doisy, who, from time to time, under pretence of long acquaintance, used to come and see that good man, not so much to give him news of La Vendée as to ask after the state of the young King.

His condition had become very distressing. Since the day of Cazeaux's visit, 6th Pluviôse (25th January), the child had appeared to be absorbed in the most gloomy melancholy; a mournful atony had seized upon him. It was very difficult to

consist of assignats of 100, 400, 500, and 1,500 francs, issued by the heads of the Catholic and royal armies of La Vendée, as also notes emanating from the same source, payable at the royal treasury."—"New Numismatic Manual," by Barthélemy, page 76, published by Roret.

 Aggravated illness of the young King

draw him from the chimney corner, and induce him to go up on the tower His strength indeed did not admit of his walking, and more than once Laurent and Gomin carried him in their arms In a few days the disease had made a most alarming progress A municipal, who was a surgeon, and had been employed to attend the young invalid, made a report to the council of the Commune and the latter judged it expedient to acquaint the authorities Accordingly, on the 8th Ventôse (26th February), several civic commissioners repaired to the committee of general safety, to inform them of 'the danger to the prisoner's life' When interrogated as to the nature of this danger, the municipal officers replied that little Capet had swellings at all his joints, particularly at his knees, that it was impossible to extract a word from him and that, always either sitting or in a recumbent position he steadily refused to take any sort of exercise.

When interrogated as to the time from which this obstinate silence and systematic inactivity might be dated, they said ever since the 6th October, 1793, that day of disgraceful memory, when Simon had induced the son of Marie-Antoinette to sign the horrible interrogatory invented by Hebert, and compiled, as is said, by Danton This was not, strictly speaking, correct The unfortunate child might indeed have felt regret, but not remorse, for having put his name to a paper which he could not understand but which, from his natural suspicions, he had good cause to consider on reflection, as a very alarming circumstance Still, even if from that time forth his countenance had become more serious his bearing more sad and melancholy, and his answers more reserved and brief, he had not at least quite lost the use of all language, and, as we have said it was not until after the reign of Simor, and under the lonely and hidden oppression of the municipals, that the victim, exhausted with so many insults, had resolved to ask no more questions and give no more answers

However this might be, after having heard the commis-

Harmand.

saries of the municipality, the committee of general safety directed Harmand (of the Meuse), one of its members, who was attached to the police section of Paris, to proceed to the Temple, with two of his colleagues, and satisfy himself as to the real state of the case, and make out a detailed report of everything relating to the son of the last king. This step was taken next day, on the 9th Ventôse (Friday, 27th February).

In giving the account left us by Harmand of his visit to the Temple, we must observe that the draft of it was not made known till 1814, at a time when Louis XVIII., established on the throne, had just appointed the author prefect of the Upper Alps. Harmand, on the trial of Louis XVI. in the Convention, had voted for immediate banishment; he was a good kind of man, a foe to violence and sanguinary measures, and I have no doubt that the sentiments expressed in his account did really exist at the time in his heart; but still we know from Gomin, who was an eye-witness of the visit of the 27th February, 1795, that the deputy Harmand, who had less boldness, and therefore less influence than his two companions, spoke but little in the course of the interview, and that almost all the questions he attributes to himself were addressed to the young prisoner by Mathieu, author of the report made to the Convention on the 2nd December preceding, and who, as we have seen, had already come more than once to give orders respecting this state-prison, which was in some sort placed under his special charge.

Besides, it is easy to recognise in the account given by Harmand,—of the kindness and attention he paid to the “only son of his King, his King himself,”—that his language, exaggerated throughout, bears in no degree the colouring of the period, and that his political opinions of 1814 had had considerable effect on his narrative of 1795. This precaution taken, we will enter the Temple with him.

“My heart had flown thither,” he says; “but, as I had not

Harmand's narrative.

voted for the King's death, and the prejudices attached to the opposite opinion were then in full force, I deliberated for a time ; and my knowledge of the place not allowing me to doubt that if, on my return from the Temple, I made a report favourable to the illustrious prisoners, I should be heard with prejudice on the part of my listeners, injurious to the captives, as well as to myself—and being incapable of making any other—I begged that some members of the committee should be granted me as colleagues.

“ Messieurs Mathieu and Reverchon were accordingly appointed, both being also members of the Convention, and I hope that what I am about to say will give no offence to either of them.

“ An involuntary want of memory has prevented my remembering the exact date of our visit to the Temple ; but the following are the facts :

“ We reached the doors, whose dreadful bolt shut in the innocent son—the only son—of our King, our King himself.

“ The key grated harshly in the lock, and the opening door displayed to our view a small and very clean ante-room, with no other furniture than an earthenware stove, which communicated with the next room by an opening in the partition-wall, and which could only be lighted through this ante-room. The commissaries told us that this precaution had been taken in order not to leave fire in the way of a child.

“ This other room was that of the Prince, and contained his bed ; it was fastened on the outside, and had to be opened. This display of keys and bolts brought a sadness to the mind, the more painful because reflection, far from dissipating, did but increase it.

“ The Prince was sitting beside a little square table, on which were scattered a good many playing-cards ; some were bent into the shape of boxes and trunks, and others built up in castles. He was busy with these cards when we went in, and he did not cease his occupation.

Harmand's narrative.

"He was dressed in a new coat, like a sailor's jacket, of slate-coloured cloth. His head was bare; the room clean and well-lighted. The bed was made on a wooden-bedstead, without curtains; the bedding and linen seemed to be good and handsome. His bed was behind the door, to the left of the entrance; further on, on the same side, was another bedstead without bedding, placed at the foot of the first; a closed door between the two communicated with another room which we did not see.

"The commissaries told us that this bed* had been that of Simon, a cobbler, who had been appointed by the municipality of Paris, prior to the death of Robespierre, to wait upon and guard the young Prince in his room. It is but too well known with what atrocious cruelty that monster acquitted himself of both duties.

"It is well known that this wretch amused himself in the most cruel manner at the expense of his prisoner's sleep; that without any regard for his tender age, when sleep is so necessary, he would call him up several times in the night, shouting to him: 'Capet! Capet!' The Prince would answer: 'Here I am, Citizen.' 'Come near me, so that I may touch you,' replied the tiger, and the lamb drew near him accordingly. The execrable assassin would put one leg out of bed, and with a kick, directed as far as he could reach, he would hurl his victim to the ground, crying: 'Go to bed, wolf-cub!' Oh, Heaven! will Divine vengeance be satisfied with the life this monster forfeited in company with Robespierre?

"This has been stated before; but I relate it now because the commissaries gave us an account which makes me still shudder whenever I think of it. After these terrible preliminaries, I approached the Prince. Our movements did not

* "This bed had been removed a long time before: I never saw it. Laurent, and some others employed about the Temple, told the visitors that Simon had really slept in the same room as the Prince, and showed them the place where his bed had stood: that was all."—GOMIN.

Harmand's narrative.

appear to make any impression upon him. I told him that the government,—too late apprised of the bad state of his health, and of his refusal to take air and exercise, or to answer the questions addressed to him on the subject, or the proposals made to him of taking remedies and receiving the visits of a physician,—had sent us to him to inform ourselves as to the facts, and, in their name, to renew all the above-mentioned proposals; that we hoped they might be agreeable to him, but that we should be obliged to have recourse to advice, nay, even to rebuke, if he persisted in silence and in his refusal to take exercise; that we were authorised to procure him the means of extending his walks, as well as to offer him any objects of amusement or diversion that he might wish to have, and that I begged he would tell me if this were agreeable to him.

“While I was thus expressing myself, he looked fearfully at me, without changing his position, and listened apparently with the greatest attention, but not one word did he reply.

“I then repeated my offers, as if I thought he had not heard me, particularising them something after this manner:

“‘Perhaps I expressed myself ill, or you did not understand me, sir; but I have the honour to ask you whether you would like to have a horse, a dog, some birds, or playthings of any kind; one or more companions of your own age, whom we will present to you for your approval before installing them with you.* Would you like now, this minute, to go down into the garden or up on the tower? Would you like to have some sugar-plums or cakes?’ &c. In vain did I repeat everything I could think of as agreeable to his age. I received not one word in reply, not even a sign or a gesture, although his head was turned towards me, and he was looking at me with a strange fixedness in his eyes, which expressed the utmost indifference.

* “Not a single word of this was said.”—GOMIN.

Harmand's narrative.

"I then thought proper to take a more decided tone, and ventured to say: 'Sir, obstinacy like this at your age is a fault which is utterly inexcusable; and it is the more surprising as our visit is evidently intended to ameliorate your condition, and give you attendance and proper remedies for your health. How do you think we shall be able to do this if you still refuse to answer, or say what you would like? Is there any other way we can propose it? Be so good as to tell us, that we may do so.' Still the same fixed look, the same attention, but not a single word.

"I resumed: 'If your refusal to speak, sir, compromised only yourself, we should wait,—not without distress, but more resignedly,—until you were pleased to do so, because we should conclude that your situation could not be very uncomfortable as you did not care to change it; but you do not belong entirely to yourself, all around you are responsible for your person and condition. Will you compromise them? Will you compromise us? For what answer can we give the government, whose organs we are. Be so good as to answer me, I beg, or we shall end by commanding you.' Not a word, and still the same fixed look.

"I was in despair, and so were my colleagues; that look, indeed, had such an expression of resignation and indifference that it seemed to say: 'What is it to me? Complete the sacrifice!'

"I repeat it, I could do no more; my bosom swelled with grief, and I was ready to burst into tears of bitter anguish; but, after taking a few turns up and down the room, I recovered myself so far as to determine upon trying the effect of command; which I did accordingly, stationing myself quite close to the Prince, at his right hand, saying: 'Sir, be so good as to give me your hand!' He gave it, and passing mine along it to the shoulder, I felt a tumour on the wrist, and another at the elbow. It seemed that these tumours were not painful, for the Prince showed no sign of suffering.

Harmand's narrative.

‘The other hand, sir.’ He gave it, but there was no swelling upon it. ‘Allow me also, sir, to touch your legs and knees.’ He rose accordingly. I found the same kind of enlargement at the knees.

“Standing thus, the young Prince had the appearance of being rickety, and imperfectly formed. His legs and thighs were long and lean, his arms the same; his bust very short, and his chest raised; his shoulders high, and cramped together; his head very fine in all the details, his complexion colourless; but clear; his hair long and fine, chesnut-colour, very well kept. ‘Now, sir, be good enough to walk.’ He did so immediately, going towards the door between the two beds,* and immediately sat down again. ‘Do you think that is taking proper exercise, sir; and do you not see, on the other hand, that ~~this~~ indolence is the sole cause of your disease, and the dangers with which you are threatened? Be so good as to believe in our zeal and experience. You can have no hope of regaining your health unless you submit to our advice and requests; we shall send a physician to you, and we hope you will answer his questions. Make a sign at least that you make no objection.’ Not a gesture, not a word. ‘Sir, be so good as to walk again, and for a little longer time. Silence, and no compliance. He remained upon his seat, with his elbows leaning on the table; his features underwent no change, displayed not the slightest emotion, and there was no more surprise in his eyes than if we had not been there, and I had said nothing. My colleagues did not speak. We looked at each other in astonishment, and we were about to communicate our conclusions to each other, when the Prince’s dinner was brought in.

“Another distressing scene—it is necessary to have witnessed it to form any idea of it; a pot of red clay contained a black broth, with lentils; in a plate of the same material was a little morsel of boiled meat, also black and shrivelled,

* “As I have said, there was only one bed in the room.”—GOMIN.

Harmand's narrative.

the quality of which was sufficiently indicated by these appearances; a second plate, filled with lentils, and a third, on which were six chesnuts, rather burned than roasted; a metal spoon and fork,—no knife, and no wine. The commissary told us this was by order of the council of the Commune.

“Such was the dinner of the son of Louis XVI., the heir of sixty-six monarchs! Such the fare destined for the innocent captive! Ah! who could contain himself with this scene before his eyes—with the fact weighing on his mind that it was the son of a king, an innocent being, forced to live like the most miserable of his subjects?

“While the illustrious prisoner was making this sordid meal, my colleagues and I expressed our indignation and astonishment by a glance at the commissaries of the municipality, and, to spare them our well-merited reproaches in presence of the Prince, I made them a sign to come out into the ante-chamber. There we spoke as we felt; they repeated to us that it was by the order of the municipality, and had been even worse before their time.

“In the ante-room we gave orders that this abominable state of things should be changed for the future, and that they should immediately begin to add some little delicacies to his dinner, and particularly fruit. I wished some grapes, which were then rarities, to be procured for him. This order having been given, we went back into the room. The Prince had eaten all his food. I asked him if he were satisfied with his dinner; no answer. If he would like some fruit; no answer. If he liked grapes; no answer. A moment afterwards the grapes arrived; they were put upon the table, and he ate them without saying anything. ‘Would you like some more?’ No answer.*

“After this we could no longer doubt that every attempt

* “Something was said of fruit for his dessert, but no grapes were asked for, and none were brought; besides which, at that period, none could probably have been found in the neighbourhood.”—GOMIN.

Harmand's narrative.

on our part to elicit a reply would be useless. I acquainted him with our determination, and told him that it was the more painful to us because we could only attribute his silence to our having had the misfortune to displease him, and that we should propose to the government, in consequence, to send some commissaries who might be more agreeable to him. The same look, but no reply. 'Do you wish us to retire, sir?' No answer.

"This said, we went out of the room. The first door being closed, we remained a quarter of an hour in the ante-room, inquiring from each other what we had heard and seen, and communicating the reflections and observations we had made on the subject, and also on the moral and physical condition of the Prince.

"From the account which I have just given—an exact account, the details of which I have rather curtailed than extended—everyone can, and doubtless will, make the same observations and reflections with ourselves, and therefore I will not repeat them. I have stated the motives to which the commissaries attributed the obstinate silence of the Prince. I asked them in the ante-room whether this silence did really date from the day on which he had been forced, by the most barbarous violence, to sign that odious and absurd deposition? They renewed their former assertion on that head.*

"After having related these facts, grievous to all feeling hearts, I leave it to the consideration of the observers of human nature. Is it possible that, at the age of nine years, a child could form such a determination and persist in it? It certainly admits of a doubt; but I reply, to such as would doubt or deny, by stating a fact and bringing forward witnesses whom I point out, and to whom they may have recourse for its truth.

* "We could have made no such assertion, as Laurent did not enter the Temple until nine months after the scene of the 7th October, 1793; and myself four months after Laurent."—GOMIN.

Reflections.

"Be that as it may, before we left the Prince's ante-chamber my colleagues and I agreed that—for the honour of the nation, who knew not of it; of the Convention, who, to say the truth, were also ignorant of it, but ought to have known it; for that of the guilty municipality themselves, who knew all, and caused all these evils—we agreed that we should confine ourselves to the ordering of provisional measures, to be taken immediately, and that we should make no public report, but give it in private in the secret committee only. This was accordingly done."

In this account, given by a republican of his visit to the tyrant's son, the sentiments appear to be those of a royalist, and the expressions those of a courtier. The reader will have kept in view the times and places; he will also have felt, on the one hand, how much exaggeration, and on the other, how much short-coming, there is in this act of the Revolution, drawn up for legitimist readers. But, such as it is, this paper seemed to me too interesting not to be given at length. The real situation of the Prince may be seen through this royalist veil, which almost goes the length of throwing a *fleur-de-lis* halo round the Convention. Besides the errors pointed out by Gomin there is one more important still, which it is our duty to indicate, on the authority of this same valuable witness; it is, that the deputies of the Convention *did not* order that "this abominable state of things should be changed for the future." Notwithstanding the pretended marks of kindness heaped upon the prisoner, his condition was not much improved; a plate of fruit was sometimes added to his meals, but the general regulations of the prison remained the same.

As to the obstinate silence of the Prince during this visit, which the narrator has made out more remarkable than it really was, and which produced no actual effect, we have already had occasion to state our own opinions on the subject. But although we have deemed it our duty to contend against the account given of the motive, to which alone the inflexible

Reflections.

résolution of the young prisoner was attributed, we may say that this party, this meeting of the commissaries of the Commune and of the Convention, reminded him of melancholy scenes; perhaps of that in which they had made an abusive use of some few words, wrung from his ignorance, by converting them into poniards directed against his mother.* These kind attentions and good-natured acts of his enemies must have recalled to his memory the fruit and liquor lavished upon him by Simon, in order to obtain the signature which Daujon needed to complete his work, and Hébert to give credit to his infamous inventions, by procuring their endorsement from the innocence of a child.

The unfortunate boy, as we have said, had never been able to look without aversion and terror upon any member of the Convention and Commune, with the exception of some few who for a very long time had not been permitted access to him. Convinced by long experience that he had to pay a hundred-fold for any little consolation hitherto offered to him, he naturally distrusted the cajoling promises of his visitors. His air of disdain and indifference seemed to say: "For two long years you have been destroying me, and what are your caresses to me now? Finish the sacrifice!" Of the whole account given by Harmand, this latter interpretation is the most probable.

I know not what passed in the secret committee, when the Convention heard the report of their commission which had been dispatched to the Temple—a report most assuredly couched in very different terms from that which we have just given—but it was followed by no favourable arrangements, no liberal order was given, no physician appointed, no remedy employed; and the young invalid, deprived of all succour, moved slowly but surely towards the grave. M. Harmand afterwards declared that, having been sent away on a mission, some days after his visit to the tower, he had not been able to follow up the execution of the measures he had recommended to improve the state of the "child King;" but if he actually did

Gomin's kindness.

display his benevolent intentions on that subject at all openly, it was very natural for the Convention to send him away from Paris at that period. The death of the son of Louis XVI. was resolved upon. Indeed, even though he had not been the legitimate representative of royalty, I doubt whether this child, after so many misfortunes, could have found grace in the eyes of his enemies; it belonged to the principles of revolutionary tyranny to sacrifice, without any examination, those whom they had unjustly oppressed.

Still full of hope and bright illusions as to the future, Gomin sought to surround the Dauphin, not with pleasures—alas! that word was struck out for ever from that miserable life!—but with increased means of diversion. His pity for the victim soon turned to affection, and that affection, which he was obliged to keep under constant restraint, increased continually amid the silent struggles of his heart.

Sometimes he would go to the Temple library, and having chosen some book which he thought might interest the child, would give it to him open. "I beg Monsieur to be good enough to read." And the child would begin at the page pointed out to him with the best grace in the world. His isolation and sorrows, the privation of books and cessation of study, had not made him forget what he had learned. He read very distinctly and correctly, holding the book at a distance from him on his lap or on the table. It was generally a volume of Marmontel's "*Contes Moraux*," or the "*Veillées du Château*," or the "*Histoire de France*." What bitter reflections must have been suggested to the mind of that unfortunate child by reading this latter work, which told him of the greatness of his country and of his race, so long united in one common fate!

But, one day, in a tale of Marmontel's, I know not which, he met with an anecdote that rivetted his attention, and interested him in the highest degree. He read the whole story eagerly through to the end. Beginning rather in a melancholy

The dove.

way, this tale concluded, as is usually the case, with the deliverance and happiness of the hero.

Did it lead the child to think of his own destiny? Did his meeting with so many sorrows at his very first outset in life make him hope that he, too, the hero of a lamentable story, might one day live to see better times?

Already forgetting his own misfortunes in presence of this imaginary felicity, the poor little reader began to smile for a moment through his tears, like an April morning of varying rain and sunshine. In these rare moments of pleasure, his countenance wore a look of angelic grace and sweetness; a little happiness would have restored to him all the beauty of childhood.

Several days passed away: on the 17th Ventôse, 3rd year (Saturday, the 7th March), the worthy Debiegne came again to see his Temple comrade, and said to him: "Just look here, I have another plaything to give you." Saying this, he half opened his coat, which lapped across over his breast, and a pretty little turtle-dove put out its head. Gomin was less grateful for this new attention than he was uneasy at it, as it was more likely to compromise him than the former, and might give rise to some trouble with an ill-disposed commissary. Having no confidence in the one on duty that day, he determined to keep the melancholy bird in the council-room until next morning, and to await a favourable moment for taking it to its destination. Next day, the countenance and manners of the new commissary having given him a little courage, Gomin took up the bird at the dinner-hour, and put it into the turret. The Prince took but little notice of it. The sight of a poor bird, a prisoner and lonely like himself, was not to him either an amusement or a comfort. He had formerly been very fond of animals,* but since his affection for the little bird given

* Between the two days of the 20th June, and the 10th August, the Dauphin, whose walks they had been obliged to restrict, had received a present intended for his diversion; it was a little hare, which had been

 Strictness of regulations.

him in Simon's time had drawn upon him a very painful scene, this taste had disappeared; besides which, the gradual decay of his strength produced indifference and apathy in him, instead of his former lively and active disposition. The turtle-dove did not live, and Gomin was not sorry for it, as it might have caused him to be regarded with suspicion.

One day, the 25th Ventôse (Sunday, 15th March), this timid but generous guardian, as he was accompanying Debierne to the second court-yard, on his way out, met Liénard, and their conversation turned on the prisoners. • The presence of Debierne, and the recollection of Delboy's remarks respecting the food of Louis XVI.'s children, emboldened Gomin to say to the steward: "We are under the reign of equality, why do *they* not have the same dinner as we?" Liénard, without expressing any private opinion, replied: "There is a regulation, and I must follow it; I have my orders, like a soldier." "You are right," returned Gomin, who was afraid of his own shadow, and wondered at himself for daring to hazard such a question. Debierne seeing his uneasiness, came to his assistance, and added, but with more courage: "You are right, citizen Liénard; military discipline first, before everything else; what is conscience compared to a regulation?" Then, as he was going away with Gomin: "I cannot bear those people," he said, "who have the regulation always in their mouths, and who obey what man has put on paper instead of what God has put in their hearts. No, no, your old vicar of the Temple•

wonderfully well trained to beat the drum. When the Marquis de Villeneuve Arifat—who has preserved for us this anecdote—went to the Tuileries to take leave of the royal family, the Dauphin came up to him smiling, and said to him in a whisper: "I know you love us," and then showing him his hare: "He beats the drum for the King. My hare is a royalist, but do not mention it, pray! They would kill him for me!"

• Debierne alluded to the vicar of the Temple, named La Quesnoi, who, after having taken the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, retracted it in the following letter, addressed to Bailly, the mayor:—

"MR. MAYOR,

"Led astray by the love of peace, and my desire of remaining among a

Gomin's tenderness.

was the man for me—in the time when there was yet a God and churches!—*he* did not think he had done enough when he obeyed the regulation; he obeyed the rule, and retracted the civil oath he had taken.”

Debierne often returned to the Temple, under pretext of seeing Gomin, his pretended relation. The latter introduced him by that title to the council-room. The devotion of this worthy man remained unknown: the truest and deepest affection is not always that which makes most noise and show.

The keepers and the commissary did not feel at their ease and sure of one another, as I have said, unless they took their measures in common. Under the incessant control of dark malevolence union was strength in that place above all others. The commissary occasionally absented himself; even Laurent went out almost every evening, most frequently to attend his club. When matters had been arranged in this way, Gomin felt himself sufficiently authorised to follow the dictates of his own kind heart; he installed himself accordingly in the child's room, and kept him company till supper-time.

Most usually he played with him at draughts; the poor

flock who are dear to me, and for whom I shall preserve the most tender affection to the last hour of my existence, I was so unfortunate as to forsake those true principles which should have been my guide, by taking the oath prescribed to us on Sunday, the 29th instant. I am still actuated by the same love of peace, the same feeling of tenderness and affection for my flock, and would willingly shed the very last drop of my blood, were it necessary, in order to prove it. The sacrifice of conscience and religion is the only one we are never permitted to make. When I returned to myself, I blushed for my fault. I avow it formally, and I do not hesitate to rejoin those pastors of the Church from whom I never ought to have separated. In consequence of this resolution, I have the honour, sir, of announcing to you that *I have this day solemnly retracted, from the pulpit, the oath I had taken, and which was firmly abjured by the cries of my conscience.*

(Signed) “LA QUESNOI.”

“I certify the present copy to be exactly conformable to the original deposited in my office, this 3rd February, 1791.

“BAILLY.”

(Archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville.)

Occupations.

little fellow did not understand the game at all, but his good-natured adversary always contrived to let him win.

Another time they would honour Debiérne's toys, his elegant cup-and-ball, a wayward and punctilious piece of mechanism, in playing which neither the unskilful will of the young Prince nor the unpractised skill of the professor proved successful.

Or else, if the child's strength was equal to such an amusement, they went up to the garret of the great tower, and had a game at shuttlecock in that vast chamber, the middle of which was clear. At this game, the young invalid defended himself to perfection; his glance was true, his hand prompt; his left hand was always resting on his hip, grasping his trousers, while his right was armed with the battledore.

One evening, the 22nd Ventôse, 3rd year (Friday, 12th March, 1795), being alone with him,—Laurent and the commissary were at the club,—Gomin, who was always good-natured when not under restraint, sat down near the Prince, and proposed to read to him, or to play at draughts.

The child, grateful for his kindness, looked searchingly at him, as if trying to read in his eyes how far it would carry him in his service; and, feeling no doubt encouraged by his affectionate look, he rose, and softly moved towards the door, still keeping fixed on his jailer a look at once inquiring and supplicatory.

"You know very well that cannot be," said the latter to him, very much disturbed at the idea which had occurred to the youthful prisoner, and distressed that he might not listen to his desire. "I want to see *her* once more," said the poor child; "let me see her before I die, I beseech you!" Gomin's heart was sorely wrung; he took the Dauphin's arm, and led him back to his place. The child threw himself on his bed, or rather he fell down on it nearly senseless, and remained quite motionless. It seems that, deceived and restored to hope by the behaviour of his new keeper, he had felt encouraged to

Filial disappointment.

believe that some day, if quite alone with him, he might ask anything from his good-will; and this evening he had conceived to be the most favourable opportunity for putting the plan in execution, that had perhaps been many days formed in the depths of his heart. This disappointment was so much the more acute, his grief so much the more bitter, that the idea he had formed to himself of Gomin assured him of the success of his filial plot. The poor guardian was quite at his wit's end, not knowing for a moment what he could possibly do, his prisoner lying motionless and colourless before him. At length he felt his heart beat, and saw his eyes open again; consciousness returned with life, and with consciousness came grief. "It is not my fault if I give you pain," said his accomplice to him, in an undertone,—yes, an accomplice, but he recoiled from being so openly, or venturing too far,—"it is not my fault, my duty forbids it; say that you forgive me!" The child's whole soul broke forth in cries of anguish. "M. Charles, don't cry so, they will hear you!" He was still immediately, and as Gomin continued begging to be forgiven, a large tear rolled silently down his cheek. He laid his little hand on the shoulder of his keeper, who, bending over the bed, pressed his other hand between his own. "You know very well that the door is shut, and even were it open, you would not pass through it if you thought your doing so would sentence me to die:" and the child slowly shook his head, and opened his eyes, which spoke the language of melancholy resignation.

This sad serenity, this calm grief, this courageous patience, had won Gomin's heart, as, eventually, they had gained the affection of the Tisons and the Toulans: sympathy always inspires those who approach the Bourbon family in their hour of trouble.

But what could be hoped from those municipals who, coming to the tower with prejudices and hatred most inveterate, only passed through the sanctuary of grief? Their revolutionary nature, so far from improving in those few hours

Collet's prophecy.

there, led them, on the contrary, to exercise with arrogance, the authority with which they were invested for a day. Almost every one of them assumed the air of a tribune or a consul. There came one on the 3rd Germinal, 3rd year (Monday, 23rd March, 1795), named Collet, who aped the prophet, for, after scrutinising the Dauphin's eyes, he said, with doctoral solemnity: "That child has not ten decades to live!" And, as Laurent and Gomin were alarmed at these words, on account of the injurious effect they might have on the invalid's mind, he immediately repeated, with atrocious emphasis: "I tell you, citizens, he will be imbecile and idiotic before six decades, if he be not a corpse!"

At this fatal imprecation, which the municipal[†] pronounced as his adieu, the child's look remained gentle, and there came a smile to his lips more poignant than regret, more gloomy than despair.

Gomin's voice that day was more tender than ever in speaking to him. During the evening, being alone with him for a moment, he tried to efface the fatal impression left on his mind by the melancholy interview of the morning. The child, as he listened, seemed striving to restrain emotion which he was unable to master; a tear sparkled in his eyes, and from his heart, full to bursting, these words escaped, with an angelic sigh: "Yet I never injured anyone!"

When obliged to leave him at nightfall, poor Gomin withdrew with a bleeding heart, and an imagination intensely alarmed by the prophecy of Collet. What! must this young intelligence decay: this youthful heart be fettered? What! would but the grosser part of this delightful child remain, like the clay of the vase whose perfume has evaporated? No! all will not perish thus: the perfume still remains in the funereal urn!

Laurent left the Temple on the 9th Germinal, 3rd year (Sunday, 29th March, 1795). He did not retire in consequence of any deposition being made against him, but at his

Laurent resigns.

own request; he had just lost his mother, and family affairs required his presence and attention elsewhere. The news of his retirement created a kind of sensation in the Temple, where he was universally esteemed. There had been some ill-will shown against Lefèvre for some time, and his opponents being anxious for him to leave, they were the more annoyed at the unexpected departure of Laurent. More than once already several persons, mostly belonging to the police, had objected to the presence of a restaurateur in the inner inclosure of the Temple. However, Gomin succeeded in persuading them that it was rather advantageous than otherwise to keep him; that many National Guards, who would otherwise have gone out to eat and drink, procured all they required there, and that the guard-house was less deserted in consequence. The opposition was hushed.

Laurent* took leave of his colleague and the young Prince, who pressed his hand, and saw him depart with a feeling of profound regret.

Laurent had begun to forgive him for being the son of a king, and the child to forgive Laurent for being the agent of his enemies. The jailer and the prisoner were about to understand each other; and their hearts had just met when they were forced to part.

* He died at Cayenne.

BOOK SIXTEENTH.

GOMIN AND LASNE.

1TH GERMINAL, 3RD YEAR (TUESDAY, 31ST MARCH, 1795).

Nomination of Lasne—Biographical details—His installation at the Temple—First visit to Louis XVII.—Order given to Gourlet—Good understanding between Lasne and Gomin—Their care of, and attentions to, the little prisoner—First words of the Dauphin to Lasne—Walks on the platform—Music—Conversation—Palloy's set of dominoes—Louis XVII's sword—Progress of the disease more and more rapid.

ON the 11th Germinal (Monday, 31st March, 1795), citizen Etienne Lasne, the new superintendent of the Temple Guard, and successor to Laurent, arrived at the tower. He had been apprised of his nomination by a message from the police, and, as he did not immediately obey a summons which was in fact an order, two gendarmes had gone to take him from his residence, Rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine, and had brought him at once to his post. Lasne was a house-painter; he had formerly been in the French Guards, and had entered the National Guards in 1789. His trade had made him known in his own neighbourhood, and it was as much in consequence of his reputation as an artist as of his former military career that he was, in 1791, appointed captain of the grenadiers of the Petit-Saint-Antoine battalion. He was a very worthy man, who, though he had not perhaps as much heart as Gomin, had more firmness. Lasne's appointment had been brought about by revolutionary influence, as Gomin's was owing to royalist interest; but both the one and the other belonged to the moderate party. Lasne had been arrested on the 9th Thermi-

Lasne.

dor by the rebel Commune, and set at liberty by the National Convention.*

As I was very anxious to know everyone capable of giving me information respecting the life,—so little known, and so unfortunate,—to which I had vowed to raise a modest and pious monument in history, I sought out Lasne as I had sought out Gomin, and as I had wished to see and hear the three poor women by whose recollections I was enabled to penetrate into the household of Simon, and thus recover the traces of one of the most melancholy episodes, almost lost, in the annals of the Temple.

I recall the scene with emotion even now. I saw Lasne for the first time on Friday, 16th February, 1837; and the thought that I was about to enter the presence of the man who had performed the last sad duties for the son of Louis XVI., had held him in his arms as he expired, filled my mind with melancholy feelings. Lasne opened the door for me himself. I recognised him by his age, his bearing, his general appearance—grave and stern, like that of a man who had once mixed in great and melancholy events, which had left ineffaceable reminiscences behind them. The room where he received me

* Extract from the minutes of the National Convention, 9th Thermidor, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"The National Convention, on a petition from the section of the Rights of Man, brought forward by a member, decrees that citizen Lasne, commandant of the armed force, together with another citizen of the said section, and citizen Billot, lieutenant of gendarmerie, now in prison on an order of the rebel municipality, be set at liberty; and intrusts the execution of the present decree, which is not to be printed, to the two committees of public welfare and general safety.

"Examined by the inspector,

"S. E. MONNEL.

"Collated with the original by us, secretary of the National Convention at Paris, 11th Thermidor, 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"BAR.

"LE VANEUR (of the Meurthe), Secretary."

Lasne.

was adorned with portraits of the royal family, several being of Louis XVII. Lasne was five feet seven inches in height, thin, and very upright, as old soldiers always are, with an open



LASNE, IN 1795.

countenance, and expressing himself with ease and some little emphasis.* At this period he was in his eightieth year, and

* The life of Lasne presents some peculiar circumstances, which are not without their interest. The following is a fragment, which I wrote in some degree from his dictation.

"I was born on the 19th September, 1757, at Dampierre-sur-Doubs, in the parish of Saint-Pierre, jurisdiction of Besançon. My father was adjutant in the regiment of La Marche. I came to Paris very young, and at twelve years old I entered the dépôt of the regiment of French guards, the quarters of which occupied the site of the Rue du Helder and the Chaussée d'Antin, on the Boulevard des Italiens, opposite the Pavillon d'Hanovre.

Lasne.

looking very young for his great age. * It was only by degrees that I obtained the confidence of this last and solemn witness of the sufferings of the Temple. I found him sparing of his words

Some years afterwards I entered the grenadiers of Fourche's company, under the name of Carotte, which was that of my mother. Marshal Biron, our colonel, being no doubt afraid that my name of Lasne¹ might subject me to unpleasant jests, which would have obliged me to unsheath my sword to ill-purpose, had me put down in the rolls under the denomination of Etienne Lasne, commonly called Carotte. Jokes, as is well known, were freely indulged in at the expense of the French guards. Some called them the 'Pierrots,'² because of their great buttons, resembling those of the mountebanks on the Boulevards; others named them the 'Ducks of the Maine,' ever since the time when, being repulsed at an affair on the Maine, they had been forced to throw themselves into the river.

"I never quitted Paris but once; it was in 1778. I was one-and-twenty. The Marquis de la Moussaye, my lieutenant, selected me to accompany him in one of his journeys into Britany. He had left me some money to discharge his pressing debts at Paris; which done, I set out to join him again. When I had got as far as within two leagues of Lamballe, I met a coach with the livery of La Moussaye; the coachman asked me if I belonged to M. le Marquis, and told me that in that case I had only to follow the carriage and I should find the castle. I had come a hundred leagues on foot, and willingly; but these two last leagues, of which it would have been so simple and easy to spare me the fatigue by letting me get up behind the carriage, were more trying to me than all the rest of the way. I bore that cursed coachman a grudge for a long time, because of his hard words addressed to the reeking brow of a poor wayfarer. To add to my ill-luck, when I reached the gate before the castle the porter barred my passage, and told me he had orders not to let me in. It was in vain I had recourse to the name of M. le Marquis, and gave his orders as my credentials,—all was useless, and the porter seemed to me even less gracious than the coachman.

"I sat down on a post, my mind given up to a thousand disagreeable conjectures, and I waited anxiously till Heaven should send me my lieutenant to relieve me from this unpleasant sort of guard. At length I caught sight of him; he was dressed as a sportsman: he appeared very glad to see me again, but said his mother did not wish me to enter the castle. 'You are to go into the town,' said he to me; 'you will find yourself a lodging there to your liking, and I will give you twenty sous a day.' 'No, no, lieutenant. I did not come with you on these conditions: our serjeant-major, Berlier, did not give me leave of absence to be an expense

¹ It is pronounced like *fâne*—the ass.—TRANSLATOR.

² Nickname for any comic simpleton among the peasants. It also signifies sparrow.—TRANSLATOR.

Lasne.

during our first interview, and I was also sparing in my questions. But when, after a longer acquaintance, he saw that it was no vain and indifferent curiosity that brought me to him,

to you. If I am of no use to you here, I will go back to Paris,' M. de la Mousseaye insisted so much on it that I was forced to yield. I lodged at the house of a M. Delacroix, at Lamballe,—they were good times then. For twelve sous a day I had a comfortable lodging, and was excellently well fed; and, as may be imagined, I did not keep the excess of the twenty sous, granted me by the liberality of my chief, for my own profit. Besides, I owed it to his protection that my little talent as a painter turned to account there, for it was soon called into requisition by several of his friends in their smoke-dried mansions. His uncle, M. de la Provôté, intrusted me with the restoration of his house, the woodwork of which had been painted in olive oil by a Raphael of the country. Madame de la Mirandais summoned me next, and my painting became so much in vogue, that I was unable alone to satisfy the demands which reached me from all parts, and was obliged to have a country-fellow to grind my colours for me.

“Every Sunday, at eleven o'clock—and the old men of Lamballe will remember it yet—I assisted at the performance of mass, in uniform. I was a very good-looking fellow, when under arms, at twenty; one may say that when one is eighty years old, especially when one's good looks and good figure have brought one more disagreeables than advantages. The two Rétifs (they were brothers) saw, not without vexation, that a French guard, standing near the high altar, attracted the notice, during service, of the pretty women of the place, and their ill-humour was not slow in showing itself. One winter evening, coming out of the house of M. Blanchandin, who lived at the Maltrait gate, I met them together a little way from my home; they suddenly stopped and stared, as if they wanted to bully me. I stood still also, waiting apparently for the hostile words of which their attitude seemed to be the forerunner. ‘When you have looked long enough at me,’ said I to them, ‘perhaps you will speak to me!’ They drew nearer: I drew nearer. ‘It is pretended you are a grenadier,’ said one of them to me; ‘but that is a joke no doubt; soldiers do not assist at mass!’ ‘If you are a capuchin friar,’ said the other, ‘resume your frock; and if you are a grenadier, I will tear off your grenades.’ You may guess the fever that fired my head, and what bitter words were prompted by my indignation. One of them raised his stick. ‘Are you assassins or honest men?’ I cried: ‘an assassin may assault a man thus, but an honest man gives his adversary time to get a sword. I ask you for five minutes to go and bring mine.’ I ran home, armed myself, and went back again. One of the Rétifs, who was a grenadier in the King's regiment, had also gone to fetch his sword, but he was very long in returning. ‘I wait at Paris, but not at Lamballe,’ said I to his brother,

Lasee.

but a heartfelt interest in, and pious reverence for, the noble child he had loved so well, and whom he had seen expire, his heart opened to me completely.

'and I shall not wait any longer.' I made an appointment to meet them at six o'clock next morning, near the castle, and went home. I had hardly reached the door when I heard my adversary's voice behind me, but I did not turn back; and a night's calm reflection made me approve of my conduct, and even congratulate myself on a delay which had prevented a duel in the dark, and without witnesses. I confess I did not sleep at all. I was up with the dawn, and was at the rendezvous before the appointed hour. There is a little chapel near the place. I went in, and commended my soul to God in a short prayer.

"I soon saw the two Rétifs coming. They proposed as a clear field, a little space hollowed out like a tunnel, the bottom of which presented indeed a smooth and flat surface, but so restricted that there was hardly elbow-room enough. I do not know what sort of young-man's vanity induced me to accept such a field of battle; true it had the advantage of concealing the combatants from indiscreet eyes, but it had also the slight inconvenience of dooming one of them to almost certain death.

"We were in the month of January; it was freezing as hard as a stone; the ground was covered with hard, deep snow, which made the approach to the hole where we were to fight very difficult. Rétif went down first; he was, according to the usual custom, without his coat and shirt, presenting his breast and arms quite bare to the icy wind that was blowing. He had three or four scars on his body, and seemed to display them with pride. I had followed him down into the hollow, and, to get my coat off more easily, I stuck my sword into the snow before me. Although I had no lack of courage, was a pupil of M. Languedoc, serjeant of the guards, and had carried out a challenge with the master-of-arms of the regiment of Schomberg, I frankly confess that I was not very much at my ease. The ground, and there being no witnesses, made me uneasy; but there was no way of drawing back now, and my only thought was how best to get rid of the hornet's nest into which I had fallen. I drew my sword out of the snow, and the point broke off, but I did not perceive it, and I stood on my guard. We fought a few minutes, and suddenly my opponent's brother, who was looking on at the struggle from the top of the hollow, cried out: 'Take care, brother, his sword is broken!' The combat ceased, and I asked ten minutes to have my sword ground down. But the first ardour of the Rétifs was gone,—the weather was quite enough to have quenched it,—and they soon came to making excuses. From that time forth we were good friends, and my pompoon-tuft appeared again in peace and in all its splendour next Sunday at mass. M. le Marquis heard of the affair, and, to make up for the accident to my sword, he was so kind as to give me his own; but I had no more need of any during my sojourn in Britany.

Lasne.

On Wednesday, 6th September, 1837, as I was on my way to Lasne's house, who had been ill, I met him taking advantage of a gleam of sunshine to walk on the quay of the Ile Saint-

My travels ended much better than they had begun, and I returned to Paris, my pockets filled as they had never been before.

"Excepting on that occasion, I have never lost sight of the towers of Notre-Dame, and you see, sir, that I have ended by establishing myself even nearer to them.—we may say, almost beneath their shade. I lived thirty years in the Rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine, at No. 7, one of Madame Lamy's three houses; then, eighteen years in the Rue des Carmes, No. 34; and am now at No. 14 Rue Regrattière, my third establishment, and which will doubtless be my last. I bought this house on the 2nd June, 1829.

"I left the French guards on the 11th May, 1782, after the King's review on the plain of Sablon, the day when the execution of Desrues, who had been broken alive on the wheel, in the Place de Grève, was the only subject of conversation. I had served seventeen years, in the course of which I had successively inhabited the dépôt, the barrack in the Rue Verte, that of La Pépinière, and finally that of L'Estrapade. When I got my discharge, my serjeant-major wished me well; he proposed to send me back to the dépôt, where he said I would be made a serjeant, but I was impatient to be a citizen, and to resume my brush.

"When the year '89 came, I was obliged to assume the uniform of the National Guard. My profession as a house-painter had made me well-known in my neighbourhood; it was also known that I was an old soldier; and the voices of my fellow-citizens raised me, in '91, to the rank of captain of the grenadiers of the Petit-Saint-Antoine battalion.

"I was wounded at the Tuileries on the 20th June, on the terrace at the water-side, where my battalion was stationed. About that period I had several times an opportunity of seeing M. the Dauphin, and certainly had no idea that that unfortunate young Prince would one day expire in my arms.

"I have nothing more to tell you of my residence at the Temple, and of the long sufferings I witnessed there. All that you have written respecting His Majesty Louis XVII.¹ is most strictly true.

"But my wardenship was not over. If I had seen the brother expire, the sister was living still; she was living, full of strength and courage. Madame Royale was up every morning at five o'clock; she was dressed, her hair arranged, the room swept out, her bed made, as if she had had hands to serve her. Her resignation and spirit were quite admirable.

"I never went into her room without knocking.

"Soon after she was exchanged, and she went away. I remained a

¹ In speaking of the Dauphin, Lasne always said, "His Majesty."

Lasne.

Louis, where he resided. He made an appointment with me for the next morning, saying: "Come early; we will shut ourselves in together, and I will give you all the information respecting the Temple that can be interesting to you. To whom should I give my confidence if not to you?" He faithfully kept his word, and in this first conversation, or in those that followed, he called up all his reminiscences for my benefit, and acquainted me with details which only he could have furnished.

One day I brought him my album, and begged him to write in it, with his own hand, the attestation of the death of Louis XVII., which he did.*

At this period he received a visit from Gomin, his old colleague of the Temple tower, whom he had not seen for twenty years, and whom he thought to be dead. Providence, which had thrown one valuable witness of the Dauphin's last sufferings in my way, now sent me another, my friendship with whom was to be yet greater, and my connection more useful still for the work I had undertaken.

Lasne being, as we have seen, brought to his post by armed

fortnight or three weeks longer at the Temple, to give in my accounts to M. Benezec, minister of the interior. I gave into his charge all that belonged to the Temple tower, and all that had been left there by the royal family; he came there one day himself.

"I returned home and resumed my brush, hoping not to be obliged to leave it any more; but some time afterwards I was informed that I must go back to the Temple,—that I should have to guard some prisoners, among others, Sir Sidney Smith, his secretary Wright, and his servant, a worthy French nobleman, who spoke English and Dutch to perfection, and played his part as valet admirably well.

"I have told you, sir, all that my memory recalls to me; there are, doubtless, many interesting circumstances which have escaped me now, but the little I give you has at least the merit of truth. Many temptations have been offered me to induce me to misrepresent it, but never will I serve as a stepping-stone for an imposture. A man of my age ought not to sell himself, for he might not have time to redeem himself."

Lasne died at Paris 17th April, 1841, aged eighty-four.

* We give a fac-simile opposite.

Lasne enters on his duties.

force, was received and installed at the tower by his colleague and Lacroix (a gardener), the civic commissary on duty, who conducted him that same evening to the presence of the captive brother and sister. The stern bearing of Lasne made them at first think him an additional enemy sent them by the municipality and committees, but in course of time they changed their minds with respect to him.

Though Lasne had the care of the children of Louis XVI. in common with Gomin, yet he took, perhaps, more especial charge of the Dauphin, while Gomin attended particularly to Madame Royale. And, indeed, the Princess had a decided preference for Gomin. It was he who, by her own request, was appointed to accompany her to the frontier when she was set at liberty; and, in 1814, she appointed him porter to the Chateau of Meudon.

The new keeper was terrified at the state in which he found the Dauphin. He had seen the royal child several times when at the Tuileries, in his little garden, or on the terrace by the water-side. "I recognised him perfectly well," said he to me; "his head was not changed, it was still beautiful, and just as I had observed it in better times; but his complexion was dull and colourless, his shoulders high, his chest contracted, his arms and legs emaciated and weak, and his right knee and left wrist were covered with enormous tumours.

The day after his entrance into the Temple, 12th Germinal (Wednesday, 1st April), Lasne wished to enter upon his duties, by showing to the Prince that he came to him as a servant, much more than as a jailer. Gomin accordingly left to him the care he daily took to wash the child, comb his hair, and brush his clothes. Though he was frightened at the first approach of a person whom he did not know, the child still submitted to his attentions, and examined him attentively, but without replying to his questions by a single word.

That day, at the dinner-hour, Gourlet went up into the

Lasne's humanity.

tower with Lasne, and, according to established custom made a good deal of noise with his large keys, as he turned them in the locks, and by shaking the bolts. Lasne's orderly but benevolent mind saw an objection to this disturbance, which was enough to torment a weak head and diseased imagination. "Why do you affect to make such a clatter?" said he to Gourlet, as they were coming out of Madame Royale's room. "You ought to consider what an impression it must produce on the minds of these children." Citizen," returned the keeper of the keys, "I have been ordered to do so by several commissaries; others, like yourself, have thought it useless, which makes me of opinion that it is a matter of indifference." "I did not come here," said the keeper. "to be an instrument of terror. I desire you will make less noise for the future, and put some oil and grease to these bolts and hinges. I do not see the necessity either of closing these three doors; the iron one is useless."

The turnkey conformed to Lasne's directions; but the very next day, 13th Germinal (Thursday, 2nd April), the commissary on duty (named Lemétayer, 138 Rue Honoré), asked him, as he left the room, why he neglected to lock all the doors. "Citizen Lasne desired me not to lock them," replied he. "The doors are here to be closed," returned citizen Lemétayer; "you must conform to the intentions of the Commune and the orders of the Convention. Do not again forget to fasten all the bolts, as you did before." Lasne, who was present, said nothing; he had perceived that to urge it further would be useless, and would only compromise him.

The new keeper was not long in finding out that the race of bugs had not entirely emigrated from the tower, notwithstanding the fierce war waged upon them by Laurent. All the beds were taken to pieces again, and washed with lye; and their old green damask curtains cleaned and mended.*

* We have found the note of the workman who did this; it is as follows:

Amusements.

The two keepers could do nothing against the will of the commissaries, but they arranged together to give each other mutually as much liberty as possible. Thus the custom established for the guard of the keys, which rendered each keeper dependent on the other, was laid aside. Notwithstanding their difference of disposition and humour, or rather, perhaps, in consequence of this very difference, the two colleagues lived in the most perfect harmony together. Their mutual esteem made their charge more easy, and allowed them more independence; internal discipline became less severe in consequence: they had a mutual understanding when to relieve each other, and to contrive by turns to procure a little leisure time. But they always acted collectively in all official proceedings, and compiled the bulletin they sent every evening to the committee of general safety together. "I signed first," said Gomin to me, and the name of Lasne always followed, as an adjective qualifying my name.†

They often joined together also to have a little music. Gomin's violin had slumbered long,—Lasne's songs woke it once more, and the voice, with its accompaniment, frequently enlivened the dull solitude of the tower. Though their talents were but very moderate, it was a new and extremely pleasant thing to the prisoner to hear a few notes of poor music sometimes in his room.

Poor Gomin played but indifferently on his violin; but he was wonderfully well versed in the history of his art. He remembered the names of some musical performers, and a few

"Memorandum of work done in the Temple tower this 5th day of Floréal, 3rd year of the Republic (24th April, 1795).

"Viz.,

"For taking down four four-post bedsteads and cleaning them on account of bugs, and putting up two bedsteads for Charles Capet and his sister, and the other two for the commissaries; and mending the green damask curtains. . . . 36f."

* That is, in reading it, it would sound like *Gomin l'dne*—Gomin the ass. —TRANSLATOR.

Lasne's assiduity.

technical words, and with their assistance he considered himself quite a connoisseur. I recollect the enthusiasm with which he spoke to me one day of Corelli. He informed me how this great master had given to the violin, and then to the violoncello,—a perfection that was not attained till a later time by the hautboy, the hunting-horn, and bassoon. He knew Handel's life by heart,—that Handel who played with new fingers, the unchanging organ of our churches, and the progressive piano of our drawing-rooms. One would certainly have listened with much pleasure to the *orator*, if the *artist* had not raised his bow at every member of a phrase.

However, the benevolent intentions of the two performers were appreciated with lively gratitude by the invalid prince; both were compassionate, both did him good with their combined musical talents, while Lasne's disposition and Gomin's kind heart yielded additional benefit.

But, notwithstanding all his attentions, Lasne had not been able to extract a single word from the Dauphin during three weeks that he had been at the Temple. The child, grave and sad in his presence, seemed to accept, without appreciating, his care. The new-comer was treated as Laurent and Gomin had been; but we have seen that the silence of the royal child was only relative; he had recovered his voice in the midst of tortures to tell Simon he would forgive him; he had recovered it in his gratitude to thank Dr. Naudin for his protection; he had recovered it at length by Laurent's attentions and Gomin's care; and lastly, he recovered it by Lasne's good offices, whom, contrary to his usual custom, he addressed in the singular number (*tu, te, toi*,—thee and thou), and treated with familiarity.

From that time Lasne became very assiduous in his attention to him. He went up to his room with the commissary on duty every morning between eight and nine o'clock, and scarcely left him again during the day, except for the

The dominoes.

purpose of taking his meals. After supper, according to established rule, he put him to bed, and retired till the next morning.

He neglected nothing to procure him a little amusement; he often took him out to walk for an hour or two on the platform, according to the weather. The child held him by the left arm; he walked with difficulty, and limped as he went: Lasne supported him as he best could, and the poor child expressed his gratitude by the only means in his power—a look, a word, a gesture.

When the weather was bad, the keeper played at cards or dominoes with the Dauphin, and so it was that, one day, as he was shuffling the far from elegant dominoes which they used at their game, he reminded him of the present which the young Prince had formerly received at the Tuileries, at a period when he still enjoyed a shadow of his former fortune. Lasne, who was at that time a Captain in the National Guard, had witnessed the pleasure of the King's son when, on the 21st May, 1791, the military pupils who composed that little regiment of the "Royal Dauphin," which the child was so fond of seeing manœuvre, came to present their colonel with a set of dominoes, made by M. Palloy, of a block of marble procured from the remains of the Bastile.* It was a masterpiece of art: the box was made of a single piece, and the dominoes were cut, it was said, out of the junks which adorned Delauney's† chimney-piece. On the reverse of each domino there was a golden letter, and all the letters together formed the following inscription: "*Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! et M. le Dauphin!*"

* Madame Campan has related this anecdote in her "*Mémoires*," Vol. II., p. 127, in a very incomplete and incorrect manner. The account given me by Lasne exactly corresponds with that given by A. J. Gorsas in the "*Courrier des 83 Départements*," of the 22nd May, 1791, and from which Hénin in his "*Histoire Numismatique de la Révolution Française*," p. 20, has corrected the version of Madame Campan.

† Gorsas, "*Courrier des 83 Départements*," No. 16.

The dominoes.

A gleam of pleasure revived in the heart of the young captive, as Lasne recalled to his mind all the circumstances of that day. "When," said he, "the battalions of cadets, joined with the veterans, reached the palace, the King was absent, and you were in your garden. The children entered the Tuileries in a body; after having defiled before the Queen, they repaired to their colonel's garden. They there performed several manœuvres with admirable precision; and then the son of M. Palloy, at the head of the deputation of cadets, presented the set of dominoes to you, reciting these four lines, which were written in letters of gold on the box :

" 'De ces affreux cachots, la terreur des Français,
 Vous voyez les débris transformés en hochets ;
 Puissent-ils, en servant aux jeux de votre enfance,
 Du peuple vous prouver l'amour et la puissance !' "•

"After this, M. Joly, who spoke for the children, addressed a compliment to you: '*Some young Frenchmen,*' he said, '*the future supports of the throne that is destined for you, and which the wisdom of your father has placed under the unchangeable empire of the laws, have a vivid pleasure in presenting you, in a body, with their love, respect, and homage. The offering they make you is but of slight value, but each has added that of his heart.*' Madame de Soucy then passed an eulogium on the present that had been made you, and assured the deputation that you would never look at it without experiencing a lively feeling of gratitude. 'Oh! that is very true!' you cried. They made you observe a little accident that had occurred to one of the dominoes: 'It is of no consequence,' you replied; 'I shall not value it less!' Afterwards you were shown the portrait of the King, engraved on the consecrated altar-stone of

- "The relics of that frightful hold, the terror of our land,
 Behold, transformed to harmless toys, to grace our Dauphin's hand;
 May they, while at your childish play they speed the passing hour,
 Remind you of the people's love, and of the people's power." •

The Dauphin's sword.

the Bastile, and you immediately exclaimed: 'Ah! there is my papa-King!' 'Each of us cherished him in his heart,' said M. Joly; 'you live, like him, for the welfare of all, and, like him, you will be the idol of the French people.' You then approached M. Joly, and said to him: 'Sir, I beg you to thank these gentlemen*very much from me for their present, and especially for going through the exercise so well.' The deputation then retired, and the battalions filed off."

These reminiscences, which cast a reflected light from his past life upon the child, were very welcome; if they did not calm his sufferings, they made him forget them, though it were but for a moment.

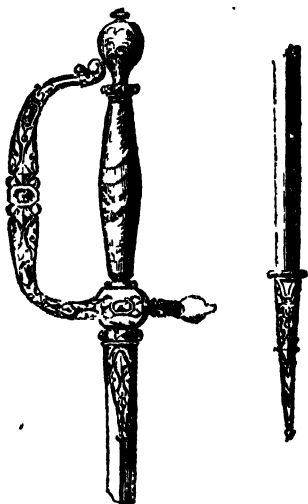
While Lasne was talking about the dominoes, and repeating the inscription they bore, the child, with a sickly smile, in which there was a little gaiety shaded with malice, pointed with his hand to the walls, which the architect Palloy—now designated the patriot Palloy!—had built or heightened, to strengthen the Temple prison, after demolishing that of the Bastile!

A gesture, which Lasne could not but interpret, was all the indignation with which the conduct of Palloy inspired the child, but he was never weary of hearing of the little regiment he had loved so much. A last flash of joy lighted up his languid eyes when Lasne, in his capacity of an old soldier, told him that this regiment manœuvred like a body of picked men, and that, a little later, the colonel would have been worthy of the regiment. At these words the child raised his head again, and glancing aside, as if to assure himself that no one could hear him: "Did you see me with my sword?" said he to him. The last drops of that heroic blood, transmitted to the child from his ancestors, had gathered round the heart whose throbbings were so soon to cease, and, inspiring it with this sentiment, put words into his mouth that stirred the soldier-heart of Lasne. He did in fact recollect having seen the Dauphin with his little sword at the Tuileries, and his answer

The Dauphin's sword.

satisfied the child on that head, though he was still anxious to know what had become of it.

Lasne thought it must have been lost or broken on the day of the 10th August. He was mistaken, the sword was



THE DAUPHIN'S SWORD.

not lost. The crown of Louis XVII. was not borne to Saint-Denis like those of his ancestors,* for his was not of this world; but his sword is still in existence. After having long lain in the medal-cabinet of the royal library, it was sent, in 1848, to the Artillery Museum,† where it may still be seen, with its agate handle and silver hilt set with emeralds, resting in a seal-skin

* It was the custom, when a King of France died, to carry his crown to the abbey of Saint-Denis, and there to lay it up in the treasury of the church.

† This sword will doubtless find a place in the Sovereigns' Museum, recently founded at the Louvre.

Gleams of enjoyment.

scabbard, richly ornamented, and bearing this simple inscription : "Sword of the son of Louis XVI."—A king without a crown, who died, and had no tomb! What remains of the son of powerful kings, whose only battle was with Simon, whom he conquered by his patience? What—as a final mockery, decreed by fate—but a sword! •

When the sick child was tired of conversation the keeper sang him some little airs to raise his spirits. The refrain of the opera of "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" always made him laugh :

"Et zig et zoc,
Et frie et free,
Quand les bœufs sont deux à deux
Le labourage en va mieux." •

His countenance brightened when the singer uttered that couplet of Sedaine's :

"O Richard, O mon roi.
L'univers t'abandonne, &c." †

But when Lasne went on to a revolutionary song, he did not appear to listen ; or he shrugged his shoulders, and a slight pout took the place of his former smile.

A circumstance worthy of notice, and of which we have given more than one proof, is, that the descendant of Henry IV., wasting away in captivity, dying, still preserved the feeling of his origin, and of his royal right. And this right, thrown aside as it was, yet dangerous still, seemed in the eyes of his op

• "And zig and zag,
And fin and fag,
Oxen going two and two
Carry better on the plough."

"O Richard ! O my king !
Forsaken, shunned b all, &c."

Approach of the crisis.

pressors like the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads.

Time passed on: the disease that was destroying the child, the progress of which had at first been slow, though it was always advancing, began to make more rapid strides. The constitution of Louis XVII., undermined by his long sufferings, now made but feeble resistance to the inroads of a malady becoming more and more formidable. The crisis approached.

BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

LAST DAYS, AGONY, AND DEATH.

15TH FLOREAL—22ND PRAIRIAL, 3RD YEAR

(4TH MAY—10TH JUNE, 1795).

Report of Gomin and Lasne to the committee of general safety—Desault appointed to attend upon the child—His first visit and prescriptions—The Dauphin refuses to take the remedies—Lasne's entreaties—The name of Louis XVII. in every one's mouth—Political anxieties of the Convention—Poland—Alarming symptoms in the state of the Dauphin—Last walks upon the platform—The birds of the Temple tower—Marie-Thérèse desires to nurse her brother—Solicitations of M. Hue—The Dauphin's gratitude to M. Desault—Inefficiency of the treatment—M. Bellanger takes a sketch in pencil of the Dauphin—Death of Desault—Rumour spread connected with this death—MM. Pelletan and Dumangin take his place—Their opinion as to the state of the child—M. Pelletan remonstrates with a municipal—Expressions of Louis XVII.—The invalid conveyed to the little tower—Observations of the municipal Hébert—Conversation of the child with Gomin—The last night—Morning of the 20th Prairial (8th June)—Ecstasy—Last words—Death—The news carried to the committee of general safety—Gomin's distress—Visit of the members of the committee—The Temple guard called into the chamber of death—Autopsy: minutes—Report to the Convention—The news circulated through Paris—Registration of decease—Burial of the Dauphin—Escort, and funeral ceremonies.

GOMIN and Lasne thought it necessary to inform the government of the melancholy condition of their prisoner, and wrote on the register: "Little Capet is unwell." No notice was taken of this account, which was renewed next day in more distinct terms: "Little Capet is dangerously ill." Still there was no word from beyond the walls. "We must knock harder,"

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said the keepers to each other, and they added, "It is feared he will not live," to the words, "dangerously ill."

At length, on the 17th Floréal, 3rd year (Wednesday, 6th May, 1795), three days after the first report, they were acquainted with a decision of the authorities, appointing M. Desault to give the invalid all the assistance of his art, and he soon arrived. After having written down his name on the register he was admitted to see the Prince. He made a long and very attentive examination of that unfortunate child, asked him many questions without being able to obtain an answer, and, without giving any opinion as to his state before the commissaries, contented himself with prescribing a decoction of hops, to be taken by spoonfuls every half-hour, from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening; which amounted to half a bottle a-day.

M. Desault did not preserve the same silence out of the tower; he did not disguise the fact, that there had been too great a delay in sending him to the child. He considered him as attacked by the germ of the same scrofulous affection of which his brother had died at Meudon, but that disease had scarcely laid its seal on his constitution; it showed itself by no violent symptom, neither by obstinate ophthalmia, nor great ulcers, nor chronic swellings of the joints. The true disease of which this child—with his stooping figure, earthy skin, and tottering gait, old before his time—was dying, was exhaustion; marasmus, which had reached such a point as to leave no hope of saving him. Desault ventured to propose to the authorities his immediate removal to the country. He hoped that a healthy air, together with assiduous treatment and constant care, might succeed in prolonging his life; but, as may readily be supposed, the committees did not pay any attention to this proposal.

Desault came again at nine o'clock next morning; he examined the patient again, and made no change in the prescription, except that, in addition to the former, he ordered the

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tumours to be rubbed with volatile alkali. As he was about to withdraw, Gomin asked him whether he ought not to try to make the child walk in the garden. "And how?" said M. Desault; "every movement gives him pain. He certainly does require air, but it is country air he needs!" The friction prescribed was *performed' by Lasne. Louis-Charles made no objection, besides which he would not have been able to oppose it; but it was much less easy to persuade him to take the potion prescribed, and which he had not yet consented to taste. Either because he was disgusted with life, or because he was afraid of poison, he remained deaf to all his keepers' entreaties on the subject. On the first day he steadily refused to take it. It was in vain that Gomin several times drank off a glass of that potion in his presence, his example proved as ineffectual as his words, and he gained nothing by it. Next day, Lasne renewed his solicitations. "Monsieur knows very well that I desire nothing but the good of his health, and he distresses me deeply by thus refusing to take what might contribute to it. I entreat him as a favour not to give me this cause of grief." And as Lasne, while speaking, began to taste the potion in a glass, the child took what he offered him out of his hands. "You have, then, taken an oath that I should drink it," said he firmly; "well, give it me, I *will* drink it." From that moment he conformed with docility to whatever was required of him.

Foreign invasion had been repelled by the victorious hand of the Republic, and the wonderful success of the armies had driven back the foe far beyond our frontier. But though the death of Robespierre had put an end to the Reign of Terror, revolutionary agitation still continued. The slumbers of the Directory were disturbed by La Vendée: several moderate members of the Convention, whose hands were innocent of the blood of Louis XVII., were employed in carrying on a negotiation with the heads of the Catholic and royal army. Charette, whose resources had entirely failed him, and who was destitute

State of public affairs.

of the most necessary military stores, eagerly closed with the overtures made to him by the committees of the Convention; and an armistice was concluded, the published articles of which were—that the Vendéans should be allowed the free exercise of the Catholic religion; that the sequestrations imposed on the estates of the insurgents should be taken off; and that the Republican government should re-imburse notes to the amount of two millions of francs, mostly bearing the head of Louis XVII., which had been signed and circulated by the chiefs of the royal army.

It was even asserted that some secret clauses had reference to the young King's being given up to the armies of Bretagne and La Vendée, and to the re-establishment of the Catholic religion throughout France. It may be imagined how warmly these propositions were contested in the committees. The cry of a counter-revolution was raised on all sides. The insurrection of the 1st Prairial, 3rd year (20th May, 1795), was organised, and armed rioters forced their way to the very heart of the Convention, demanding "Bread, and the Constitution of 1793." Under a veil of moderation, the faction which had crushed Robespierre preserved the same jealous ambition, the same dark despotism. Being better acquainted with the real situation of the Chouans and Vendéans, they did not enter into any engagement to give up the heir to the crown into their hands, and had no serious connection whatever, notwithstanding all that was said, with Baron de Cormatin, major-general in the Catholic royal army of Britany, who was directed to go to Paris for the purpose of trying to obtain possession of the children of Louis XVI. Yet further, in order to occupy men's minds, and to make a diversion from those hopes which already followed the phantom of royalty in the west, this sovereign faction invented, and had repeated by the pen of Mercier, and by that of several other journalists and deputies, the report of the approaching nomination of the Dauphin to the throne of Poland. This report, given to the public with a

Various reports.

veil of local colouring which made it seem probable, together with a rumour of numerous couriers having been exchanged between the courts of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg—found a thousand echoes in the gazettes of Europe, and spread with the rapidity of lightning; and men already deemed they saw the descendant of the old Most Christian Kings coming forth from the Temple tower, announcing to the political world that the empire of the Jagellons was rebuilt, with every guarantee of power and durability, on the new foundation of hereditary right, and, as the price of his accession, carrying universal peace among all nations.

And this is what his jailers—fully resolved, as they were, never to let him leave his prison save as a corpse—promised, concerning the young and sorrowing martyr. They crowned him in their journals, placed him on a foreign throne, gave him as his glorious mission the resurrection of a noble people; while feeble, miserable, already dying, he had cause to envy the lot of the little shepherd boy to whom God denies not health, nor the sun his rays, and whose daily bit of bread is sweetened by his hunger!

The contradictory reports assigning the Prince, now to La Vendée, then to Poland, were the general subject of conversation. Being daily brought to the Temple by the civic commissaries and the national guard on duty, they gave rise to most extraordinary interpretations and diversities of opinion, among which was that of the royal orphan's escaping from the Temple. One day the commandant of the post asked to see little Capet. "The National Guard protects the Temple," said he, "and I wish to see whom it is we are guarding." Lasne, Gomin, and the commissary did not know what private interest might be concealed under these words of the officer, and did not comply with his demand, as they had no orders for doing so.

Another time (6th Prairial, 3rd year; Monday, 25th May, 1795), Huyot, a shipwright, the commissary on duty, said, as he entered the tower, "I am come to pay my court to the King

Progress of disease.

of Poland." The austere countenance of Lasne relaxed at the ironical tone of this singular courtier. "If he is King of Poland," said he, "I do not understand why the Vendéans are fighting." "It is but too well understood, citizens," replied the commissary; "their cause is that of their hearths and of their altars, of their country and of their God!—but it is an anti-constitutional, anti-republican cause; and it is impossible to make any treaty with them."

Yet all the while he was represented as the living standard of the enemies of the republic, while throughout the provinces fame had raised him to the throne of Louis XIV., or banished him to bear the sceptre of Sobieski,—the young descendant of the kings of France was doomed to misery and suffering on the pallet of a prison.

The progress of the disease was shown by very alarming symptoms, his weakness was excessive, his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the tower, the walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lasne with both hands upon his breast, as if he felt his heart sinking within him.

At last he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the little tower adjoining the large one, where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health occasioned by the change of air scarcely compensated for the pain which his fatigue gave him.

On the battlement of the platform nearest the left turret, the rain had, by perseverance through ages, hollowed out a kind of basin. The water that fell remained there for several days; and as, during the spring of 1795, storms were of frequent occurrence, this little sheet of water was kept constantly supplied. Whenever the child was brought out upon the platform he saw a little troop of sparrows, which used to come to drink and bathe in this reservoir. At first they flew away at his

The sparrows.

approach, but, from being accustomed to see him walking quietly there every day, they had at last grown more familiar, and did not spread their wings for flight till he came up quite close to them. They were always the same, he knew them by sight, and perhaps like himself they were inhabitants of that ancient pile. He called them *his* birds; and his first action, when the door into the terrace was opened, was to look towards that side,—and the sparrows were always there. As the Prince passed they rose in the air for an instant, wheeled about, and alighted again as soon as he was gone by. The child, leaning heavily on his keeper's left arm, or rather hanging upon it, with his back against the wall, would remain motionless a long time together, looking at his birds. He saw them come and go, dip their beaks in the water, then their breasts, and then their wings, and then shake their plumage dry; and the poor little invalid pressed the arm of his guide with a gesture that seemed to say—"Alas! I cannot do as much!" Then he would like to see them nearer, and, still with the help of his guide, would advance a few paces closer, then a few more, till at last he came so close that, by stretching out his arm, he could have touched them. This was his greatest amusement. From this platform, enclosed between the battlements and the roof of the great tower, he could see nothing but the sky, and we can easily understand that he could not be indifferent to these little creatures; he delighted so much in their chirping, and he must have envied them their wings so heartily!

As her brother's state grew more and more alarming, the affection of Madame Royale for him increased. One might have said that she guessed his danger. She was continually questioning the keepers and commissaries, without being able to obtain anything from them but vague words, which, though intended to re-assure her, only alarmed her the more. Her entreaties to see her brother, and to be allowed to nurse him, were always refused.

Progress of disease.

On hearing of the critical state of the Dauphin, M. Hue, in person, earnestly entreated the committee of general safety for permission to shut himself up in the tower with the child of his old master; but this gentleman, who had had the glory of being mentioned by name in the royal will, was not able to obtain the comfort of closing the eyes of the martyr's son. His request was denied on pretence that his attendance would be useless, as M. Desault visited the child daily, and the commissaries never left him.

Alas! M. Desault,—who had desired a little change of air for him, without being able to gain his point,—what could he do for his patient? What could the commissaries do?—the best intentioned of whom,—only serving one day, and being besides condemned to follow the instructions of the committees,—were not of sufficient consequence to authorise any measure of permanent benefit? I say nothing of the keepers—they were worthy men, certainly,—but their good-will and compassionate zeal were trammelled at every step by the fear of becoming suspected and thrown into prison. Though the members of the committee of general safety were changed every month, they never departed from the rules laid down by their predecessors, and adopted the system which Mathieu had announced to the tribune of the Convention, “to remain averse to all ideas of bettering the captivity of the children of Capet.”

Meantime the bare prescriptions ordered by M. Desault, to acquit his conscience of his duty, had been followed for a whole fortnight without producing much improvement; often the rubbing had more effect on the keeper's skin than on that of the invalid. Still a moral improvement was taking place in the mind of the royal child. He was touched by the lively interest displayed by his physician, who never failed to visit him at nine o'clock every morning. He seemed pleased with the attention he paid him, and ended by placing entire confidence in him. Gratitude loosened his tongue;

Progress of disease.

brutality and insult had failed to extort a murmur, but kind treatment restored his speech: he had no words for anger, but he found them to express his thanks. M. Desault prolonged his visits as much as was consistent with his other business,—or rather, as long as the officers of the municipality would permit. When they announced the close of the visit, the child, unwilling to beg them to allow a longer time, held back M. Desault by the skirt of his coat. The secret sympathy that bound the old physician and the young invalid together betrayed itself almost involuntarily: the latter showed it plainly enough in his look, his gesture, his obedience; the former in his care, his attentions, even in his anxiety. The prisoner doubtless thought of his physician as his preserver,—the physician of the prisoner as one doomed to die. Twice when he had left the Temple, the good and kind-hearted Desault was obliged to retire to his own house, so much was he hurt by the affecting sight of that deserted child, whom he could not tend, whom he could not cure, and yet who seemed, as it were, crying to *him* for help! The child appealed to him by his affection—the invalid attracted him by his suffering—and the old man, the physician, had only tears to offer in reply!

On the 10th Prairial (29th May), M. Desault came as usual at nine o'clock; the invalid's condition remained the same, and no change was ordered in the treatment.

On the 11th Prairial (30th May), a commissary on duty, named Breuillard, who knew M. Desault, said to him, as he went down stairs after the visit: "The child will die, won't he?" "I fear so; but there may be persons in the world who hope it," replied M. Desault. These were the last words the physician ever uttered in the Temple tower; and, though he spoke in a low tone, they were heard by Gomin, who was following Breuillard.

On the 12 Prairial (31st May), the commissary on duty, when he came at nine o'clock, said he would wait for the

The portrait.

physician in the child's room, and was admitted into it accordingly. This commissary was M. Bellanger, an artist, and formerly cabinet-artist to *Monsieur*, residing at No. 21 Faubourg Poissoniere. He was a worthy man, and the misfortunes of his benefactors had not—in those dark times, Alas! almost an exception!—destroyed the truthful devotion of his heart. M. Desault did not arrive. M. Bellanger, who had brought a portfolio full of his sketches with him, asked the Prince if he liked drawing, and then, without waiting for an answer, which indeed did not come, the artist opened his portfolio and spread it before the child's eyes. At first he turned over the pages carelessly, then he seemed interested, stopping a long time over each sheet, and when he got to the end he began it again.

This appeared to mitigate his sufferings, and to divert his mind in some degree from the grief occasioned by the absence of his physician. The artist often had to give him explanations of the different subjects in his collection; at first the child had remained silent, but by degrees he listened with more attention to M. Bellanger, and ended at last by even answering his questions. As he took the book again from his hands, M. Bellanger said to him: "I should very much have liked, Sir, to carry another sketch away with me; but I do not wish to do so if it be displeasing to you." "What sketch?" said the Dauphin. "A sketch of your face; it would be a great pleasure to me if it did not trouble you." "Would it be a pleasure to you?" said the child, and a most winning smile completed the sentence with the mute acquiescence he gave to the artist's wish.

M. Bellanger took a sketch in pencil of the child-King's profile: and it was from this profile that M. Beaumont, sculptor, a few days afterwards, and twenty years later the royal porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, executed the busts of Louis XVII.

On the 13th Prairial (1st June), M. Desault again failed

 Death of Desault.

to come. The keepers wondered at his absence, and the poor little invalid was much distressed at it.

The commissary on duty (M. Benoist, No. 4 Faubourg Denis), suggested that it would be proper to send to the physician's house, to make inquiries as to the cause of so long an absence. Gomin and Lasne had not yet ventured to follow this advice, when, next day, M. Benoist was relieved by M. Bidault (17 Rue de Bondi), who, hearing M. Desault's name mentioned as he came in, immediately said: "You must not expect to see him any more; he died yesterday.*

* The "*Moniteur*" of the 26th Prairial, 3rd year (4th June, 1795), devoted to him the following necrological article:

"France and all Europe have just lost citizen Desault, medical officer, and head of the Hospice de l'Humanité, who was the first in the practical, as in the instructive branches of the art he professed. His name has long been celebrated in all countries where surgery is held in honour, and it will not be forgotten.

"His country is indebted to him for immense works and numerous pupils. At this moment the republic has not an army of which the most skilful medical officers were not pupils of Desault.

"Such was the superiority of this great surgeon that posterity—which has begun, Alas! too soon for him!—will certainly call him a great man.

"Desault was an excellent citizen; he had been persecuted by our former tyrants, and his death was caused by their last accomplices. The day of the 1st Prairial determined the desperate crisis which brought him to the grave at the age of 49."

"The following lines were inscribed at the foot of his bust, by one of his friends, at the very moment of his interment:

"Portes du temple de Mémoire,
Ouvrez-vous! Il l'a mérité.
Il vécut assez pour sa gloire,
Et trop peu pour l'humanité."¹

¹ In order to understand this allusion to the persecutions suffered by Desault, we must notice that, on Chaumette's accusation, this illustrious physician had been arrested on the 28th May, 1793. At the end of three days he was set at liberty, owing to the complaints of his patients and the entreaties of his pupils. Ever since his detention a settled melancholy had sunk upon him, which increased with the calamities of the Revolution. During the night of the 29th May he was attacked by an ataxic fever, which carried him off on the 1st June, 1795, at the age of barely 51 years.

"Oh, open Memory's sacred temple-gate
To him whose virtues highest honours claim!
While all lament and mourn his early fate,
Short though his life—he lived enough for fame!"

Calumnies.

This almost sudden death, occurring under such circumstances, opened a vast field for conjecture; one report—which must seem surprising from its audacity, or, to speak more correctly, from its infamous nature—was as follows: persons ventured to say that, “M. Desault, after having administered a slow poison to his patient, had been himself poisoned by those who had instigated the crime.”

The whole life of M. Desault, noble as it was, defends him sufficiently from such a calumny; but, were it necessary to add material proof to the guarantee of his virtue, I should say that the mere existence of Lasne and Gomin protests strongly against so odious a falsehood: for I affirm that I have heard from their own lips, that the Prince took nothing that was not tasted by either one or the other, previous to its being given to him. Other imaginative persons have not scrupled to assert that M. Desault had not recognised the graceful, healthy child—whom he had often admired in better times and in another abode—in the poor little rickety invalid of the Temple, and that it was in consequence of his having expressed his intention of acquainting government with the imposture that the physician was poisoned. This supposition is about as correct as the former. M. Desault, who had attended the royal children of France in former times, never doubted that his young patient was the Dauphin. Not only did he recognise him at once by his countenance, but it would have been impossible for him to attend him a whole week without becoming perfectly convinced of his identity.

People are safe in romancing about the dead. After having interpreted the death of M. Desault as best agreed with their particular interests, they sought to strengthen the framework of their inventions by supporting it with the sudden death of M. Choppart, who, as they said, succeeded M. Desault in the care of the royal prisoner. Well, then, we reply that M. Choppart never made his appearance at the Temple tower at all; and that the drugs were not prepared in his house, but at

M. Pelletan.

M. Robert's, and afterwards at M. Baccoffe's, apothecary, who lived nearly opposite the Temple.

There was no note found among M. Desault's papers respecting his visits to the Prince. From the 31st May, the day before his death, till the 5th June, no relief from beyond the walls reached the prisoner, and we have seen what assistance he could have from within. His poor keepers could offer him nothing but their pity, and that checked by the constant supervision of a commissary, who was almost always either timid or positively unfavourable.

At last, on the 17th Prairial, 3rd year (Friday, 5th June, 1795), M. Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l'Humanité, was desired by the committee of general safety to continue the medical treatment of Capet's son.

M. Pelletan repaired to the tower at 5 o'clock, P.M.

"I found the child," says he, "in so distressing a condition that I earnestly entreated to be allowed the co-operation of another member of the profession, who might ease me of a burthen that I did not like to bear alone."*

All the resources of science, all the sedulousness of compassion every instinct of pity, had been thwarted beforehand by systematic calculation, and the door was only opened to physicians when the disease was past remedy.

The poor child bowed his drooping head like a young plant deprived of air, and whose tender root is being gnawed away by an unseen but mortal foe. Still the excess of his misery had not exhausted his resignation. There was no sign of resentment in his sunken eye, or on his wasted cheek; he suffered without a murmur, he pined away without complaining: the plant was dying on its stem, but, though its brilliant hues were gone, it still retained its grateful perfume.

Amid the agonising tortures of the disease, which troubled his senses, which fettered and racked his limbs, he often

* Letter of M. Pelletan to M. Dumangin, May, 1817.

Reflections.

raised his eyes to Heaven, as if he would say : "Thy will, Oh Lord, be done !"

I am not attempting to force the tribute of a few tears over his approaching end. I know but too well how common an event at every age death is, and that it is not without reason that the cradle and the coffin of man bear the same form, and are made of the same material. But the deviation from the ordinary rule here consists in that battle between life and death, that struggle which a child is compelled to maintain against torture. Infancy is so vivacious that it took two years to dry up the well-springs of life, to snap the last sentient fibre : iniquity succeeded ! Of all the dreadful crimes invented by the genius of revolutionary wickedness, doubtless this is the worst. Robespierre was only an imitation of Cromwell ; the Convention copied the Long Parliament ; and the scaffold of Louis XVI. stands beside that of Charles I. But here the similarities in history end. Richard III., in England, contented himself with smothering the children of kingly ancestors. What a distance there is between the murder in the Tower of London and the tragedy of the Temple tower !

How simple and common a thing the assassination of the sons of Edward was, when compared with the slow torments of the son of Louis XVI. ! and, when we think of Simon, Tyrrel seems worthy of regret !

The physician—sent for form's sake to attend the dying child, as an advocate is given by law to a criminal condemned beforehand—ventured, notwithstanding, to act with as much zeal in favour of the descendant of kings as he would have shown to the lowest son of the people. He even went so far as to blame the officers of the municipality for not having removed the blind which obstructed the light, and the numerous bolts, the noise of which never failed to remind the victim, both of his unhappy orphan condition and his fate as a captive. That sound, which always caused him an involun-

M. Pelletan's firmness.

tary shudder, still disturbed him in the last mournful scene of his unparalleled tortures. M. Pelletan said authoritatively to M. Thory, the municipal on duty : " If you will not take these bolts and casings away at once, at least you can make no objection to our carrying the child into another room, for I suppose we are sent here to take charge of him." The Prince being disturbed by these words, spoken as they were with great animation, made a sign to the physician to come nearer. " Speak lower, I beg of you," said he ; " I am afraid they will hear you upstairs, and I should be very sorry for them to know that I am ill, as it would give them much uneasiness." The commissary, either because he was himself disposed to make this concession, or because he was induced to do so by the influence of a generous voice, yielded, without making any opposition to the physician's demand, and all prepared to remove the prisoner into the room in the little tower which had formerly served as a sitting-room for M. Barthélemy. The child looked on, while the necessary arrangements for this removal were being made, with a mingled expression of distrust and satisfaction. He was carried into the room in Gomin's arms, the child's hand resting on his shoulder. The poor little boy suffered a great deal during the removal, and at first there was nothing to compensate him for this increase of pain, for his eyes were merely sensible of a radiant light, the very brightness of which prevented his seeing anything distinctly ; all objects around him were mingled together in a confused mass. But a moment afterwards he was well rewarded for this passing aggravation of his sufferings ; he found himself in an airy room, with a large window free from bars and obstructions,* and decorated with large white curtains, through which the sky and the

* The *palé* of the Temple tower was entirely isolated ; but on that side which was called the little tower side the windows looked out on the court-yards and the chapel. In one of these court-yards was a guard, called the chapel guard, which was kept up during the son's imprisonment as it had been during that of his father.

Approach of death.

sun could be seen,—the sky and the sun ! the bright rays of a pure sun coming in at the open window !—what a sight for a child so long buried in a dungeon !

By degrees the fresh air blew upon his burning head and reached his labouring breast; the expression of his countenance changed : distrust left his face, now lighted up by a ray of life. He opened his eyes wide, to look about his new abode ; and then, a moment after, he turned them on Gomin with a look full of gratitude and affection. To know how sweet it is to live, one must first have languished almost dead with misery for two whole years !

M. Pelletan had made no change in the treatment prescribed by M. Desault, and which was simply a decoction of hops, and friction ; all that he had been able to effect was to obtain a little air for his patient, and a little light for his almost sightless eyes. Nothing more could be gained for him from human art, and he could give him but a ray of sunlight as his last boon on earth !

And yet, was this comfort really a boon ? With air and light came back a little life, and with life came the power of thought ; of thought, which must have recalled his sharpest sufferings and the most cruel truths ; thought, bringing back so many recollections, and so many fears !

From eight o'clock at night till eight o'clock in the morning, the child remained as usual alone, according to the rules laid down.

On the 6th June, Lasne, went up into his room first ; he rubbed his right knee and his left wrist, and gave him a spoonful of mixture, without his making any opposition. Seeing him so well-disposed, and believing him to be really better, Lasne took him up. At eight o'clock Pelletan arrived ; he felt his pulse, examined his tumours, and made no alteration in the prescription ; he merely said to the child : “ Are you glad to be in this room ? ” “ Oh, yes ! very glad ! ” replied the Dauphin, in a weak voice, with a sad but sweet smile, that went to the hearts of those to whom he was speaking.

M. Dumangin.

At about two o'clock Gomin came up with the dinner, and, with him, the new civic commissary, named Hébert. The child, propped up by his bolster, took a little soup, and then, as if wearied by the exertion, lay down again, after putting a few cherries on his bed, which from time to time his feeble hand sought for and conveyed to his lips. Citizen Hébert (he was not unworthy of his name), addressing himself to Gomin said: "Ah, but citizen, you must show me your order for moving the wolf-cub." "We have no written order," replied the guardian; "but the physician, whom you will see to-morrow morning, will tell you we only acted in obedience to his orders." "And how long," returned Hébert, in a loud voice, "have the students in surgery governed the republic? You must ask for an order from the committee; do you understand me?" On hearing this rough menace, the child let fall his cherries, and withdrew his debile hand slowly beneath the bed-clothes. The happiness of having a well-lighted room and a little fresh air was too great to be unmingled with disquietude!

Night came again,—sad, silent night! in which the timid, dying boy was left a prey to his miserable thoughts and solitary sufferings. Who can tell how much he endured through that long night, while eager hands and hateful tongues seemed contending with him for the very couch on which the light of life was waning fast away?

Next day M. Pelletan learned that the government had acceded to his request for a colleague in the sad charge that had been intrusted to him. M. Dumangin, head physician of the Hôpital de l'Unité, made his appearance at his house on the morning of the 19th Prairial (Sunday, 7th June), with the official dispatch sent him by the committee of public safety. They repaired together immediately to the tower.

On their arrival there they heard that the child, whose weakness was excessive, had had a fainting fit (after the friction, and the usual potion), which had occasioned fears to

Approach of death.

be entertained that his end was approaching. He was a little recovered, however, when the physicians went up at about nine o'clock, accompanied by Hébert, who stood silent, and seemed embarrassed during the visit. Unable to contend with an ever-increasing exhaustion, they perceived there was no longer any hope of reviving an existence worn out by so much suffering, and that, henceforward, all that their art could effect would be to soften the last stage of this lamentable disease. They expressed great astonishment at the solitary state in which the child was left during the night and part of the day, and, as the keepers returned for answer that they were only following the rules which had been rigorously laid down, the physicians strongly insisted in their bulletin on the necessity of giving poor little Capet a nurse.* The committee of general safety made a decree next day to authorise the physicians to place some woman, whom they were themselves to select, in attendance on the child's sick bed.† This permission came very late—so late that the very same day the committee of general security had to make another decree, which, we shall see, annulled the first, then, Alas! of no avail!‡

The physicians allowed the child, whose throat was on fire, a glass of sugar-and-water, if he asked again for drink, and withdrew with a feeling of melancholy impotence. M. Pelletan's opinion was, that the young Prince would not live over the next day; M. Dumangin thought the closing scene not quite so near.

It was agreed between them that M. Pelletan should visit the child again at eight o'clock the next morning, and M. Dumangin at eleven.

Hardly had the physicians crossed the threshold when the

* See, in the Justificatory Papers, No. VIII. (Article 5 of the enumeration of facts, tending to prove that the heart of his Majesty Louis XVII. was really preserved).

† *Ibid.*, Article 6.

‡ *Ibid.*, Article 7.

Filial tenderness.

tongue of Hébert became loosened, and he broke forth into the following sudden exclamation, transmitted to us by the keepers : "I say, citizens, Marat was doctor to the body-guard of Capet d'Artois ; but he was a good friend to the people for all that !"

When Gomin went up stairs again at supper-time, he was very agreeably surprised to find the invalid a little better ; his complexion seemed clearer, his eyes brighter, his voice stronger. "Is it you ?" he said at once to his guardian, with a gesture of pleasure. "Well, you are not suffering so much," said Gomin. "Not so much," said the child. "You owe that to this room ; the air circulates freely here at least, and the light enters : the physicians come to see you, and all this should comfort you a little." He looked up at his keeper with a glance of grievous affliction. The eye, so clear a moment before, dimmed, and then sparkled suddenly again with a bright flash of light ; a large tear had fallen from it, and was rolling down his check. Gomin asked him kindly what was the matter. "Always alone !" he replied ; "my dear mother remains in the other tower !"

Thus we see that all the warmth and tenderness that unfortunate child had left in his heart, were bound up with the idea of his absent mother. Filial love had survived all else ; that love was as strong as his will, as profound as his soul. "Love," the Bible tells us, "is stronger than death." Whenever reflection overcame the feeling of his sufferings, every other thought gave way, while his sorely tried heart held sweet communion with the adored image of his mother.

Gomin resumed : "That's true ; you are alone, and it is very dull ; but you have not here before you, as is the case elsewhere, the sight of so many wicked men, and the example of so many crimes." "Oh, I see enough of them," he murmured ; "but," added he, fixing his eyes on his keeper, and laying his hand on his arm, "I see some good people, too, and they prevent my being angry with those who are not so."

The last day.

On this, Gomin said to him : "N——,* whom you have often seen here as commissary, has been arrested, and is now in prison." "I am sorry for it," said the Prince ; "is he here?" "No, somewhere else ; at La Force, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine." An ordinary spirit would have deemed itself avenged, but he had the magnanimity to pity his persecutor. He paused a long while, and then added, thoughtfully : "I am very sorry ; for don't you see he is more unfortunate than me, for he deserves his misfortune !" These words, so very simple, and withal so nobly wise, must doubtless seem surprising in the mouth of a child of barely ten years old ! Yet they are given exactly as he uttered them ; and it was not merely the words that struck his companion most, but the genuine, simple, touching tone in which they were spoken ; so true is it that there is a sort of precocious wisdom given by distress, or, to speak in a more Christian spirit, a sort of inspiration that Heaven grants to those who suffer and are about to die !

Night came—his last night !—which the regulations of the prison condemned him to pass once more in solitude, with suffering ; his old companion, only at his side. This time at least, however, death too stood at his pillow. It was Lasne again who first entered his room, between eight and nine o'clock on Monday, 8th June. Gomin has acknowledged to us, that for several days he had not dared to go up first, fearing that he might find the sacrifice complete.

The physicians came, each at his appointed hour. The child was up when Pelletan visited him at eight o'clock. Lasne had thought him better than he was the day before, but the physician's account proved to him but too clearly his mistake. The interview was short. Feeling his legs very heavy, the young invalid of his own accord soon asked to lie down.

* Notwithstanding all his efforts, Gomin, who remembered the fact perfectly well, could not recollect the municipal's name ; and the registers of the jail have also failed to give us this piece of information.

The last words.

He was in bed when Dumangin came in, at nearly eleven o'clock. The child received him with that invariable mildness which he preserved through all his sufferings, and to which that physician has borne witness.*

The two bulletins, which left the Temple at eleven o'clock, gave notice of symptoms alarming for the life of the invalid.

When M. Dumangin withdrew, Gomin took Lasne's place in the Dauphin's room; he sat down near his bed, but did not speak lest he should fatigue him.

The Prince never began a conversation, and therefore said nothing either, but he looked upon his keeper with a glance of the deepest melancholy. "How unhappy I am to see you suffering so much," said Gomin. "Take comfort," said the child, "I shall not suffer always!" Gomin knelt down, that he might be nearer to him. The child took his hand, and pressed it to his lips. The pious heart of Gomin prompted an ardent prayer—one of those prayers that misery wrings from man, and love sends up to God. The child did not let go the faithful hand that still remained to him, and raised his eyes to heaven while Gomin prayed for him. It is not possible to describe how truly holy and angelic was this last infantine look.

It may be asked, perhaps, what were the last words of the dying boy; for the reader knows those of his father, who, from the scaffold, which his virtues transformed to a throne, bestowed his pardon upon his murderers below. He knows those of his mother, that heroic queen, who, impatient to leave the earth, where she had endured so much, begged the headsman to be quick. He knows those of his aunt, that truly Christian virgin, who when they removed her dress in order to strike more easily, besought, with a supplicating eye, in the name of decency, that they would cover her bosom. And now, shall I venture to repeat the last words of the orphan? They have been related to me

* Letter from M. Dumangin to M. Pelletan; Saint-Prix, 1st May, 1847.

Celestial music.

by those who received his last breath, and I will faithfully inscribe them in this royal "Book of Martyrs."

Gomin, seeing the child calm, motionless, and mute, said to him: "I hope you are not in pain, just now?" "Oh! yes! I am still in pain, but not nearly so much—the music is so beautiful!"

Now, there was no music to be heard, either in the tower or anywhere near; no sound from without could reach the room where the young martyr lay, expiring. Gomin, astonished, said to him: "From what direction do you hear this music?" "From above!" "Is it long that you have heard it?" "Since you knelt down. Do you not hear it? Listen! Listen!" And the child, with a nervous motion, raised his faltering hand, as he opened his large eyes, illuminated by ecstatic delight. His poor keeper, unwilling to destroy this last sweet illusion, appeared to listen also, with the pious desire of hearing what could not possibly be heard.

After a few minutes of attention, the child again started, his eyes sparkled, and he cried out, in intense rapture: "From amongst all the voices, I have distinguished that of my mother!"

That word, as it left the orphan's lip, seemed to relieve him from all suffering; his knitted brow relaxed, and his look lighted up with that calm brightness, given by the certainty of deliverance or of victory. His eye fixed on an invisible object—his ear attentive to the far distant sound of one of those concerts that human ear hath never heard—a new existence seemed to break in upon his young soul.

A moment after the brightness of that gleam was gone; his arms were crossed upon his breast, and an expression of sad discouragement was visible in his countenance. Gomin looked close at him, and followed all his motions with a troubled eye. The child's breathing was not more powerful, but his eye was wandering, slowly and confusedly, and from time to time it was turned towards the window. Gomin asked him what so in-

Death of Louis XVII.

terested him in that direction ? The child looked at his keeper a few moments, and then, as if he had not understood the question, though it was asked him again, made no reply.

Lasne came upstairs again to relieve Gomin, and the latter went out of the room, his heart very heavy, but not more uneasy than he had been the day before, for he did not even yet anticipate so sudden a close. Lasne sat down near the bed, and the Prince looked at him long, with a fixed and dreamy eye. On his making a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he felt, and what he would like. "Do you think my sister could have heard the music?" said the child; "how much good it would have done her!" Lasne could not answer. The anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly and piercingly towards the window. An exclamation of joy escaped his lips—then he said, looking at his keeper: "I have something to tell you!" Lasne came close to him and took his hand; the prisoner's little head leaned on the keeper's breast—who listened, but in vain! All was said! God had spared the young martyr his last mortal convulsion of anguish. God had kept to Himself the knowledge of his last thought. Lasne put his hand on the child's heart. The heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat: the hour was a quarter past two, P.M.

Lasne acquainted Gomin and Damont, the commissary on duty, with the event, and they instantly repaired to the chamber of death. The poor little royal corpse was carried from the room into that where he had suffered so long—where for two years he had never ceased to suffer. From this royal apartment the father had gone to the scaffold, and thence the son must pass to the burial-ground. The remains were laid out on the bed, and the doors of the apartment were set open—doors which had remained closed ever since the Revolution had seized on a child, then full of vigour, and grace, and life, and health!

Concealing the agitation and sorrow he felt, beneath an aspect of cold indifference, Gomin repaired to the committee of

Affliction of Gomin.

general safety ; there he saw M. Gauthier, one of the members, who said to him : " You did very right to take charge of this message yourself, and promptly ; but, notwithstanding your diligence, it has arrived too late, and the sitting is over. The report cannot be made to-day to the National Convention. Keep the news secret till to-morrow, and till I have taken all proper measures. I will send M. Bourguignon, one of the secretaries of the committee of general safety, to the Temple, in order to convince himself of the truth of your declaration."

M. Bourguignon followed Gomin to the tower accordingly. He verified the event, and renewed the exhortation of keeping it secret, and of carrying on the service as usual.

At eight o'clock in the evening, supper was prepared for 'little Capet.' Caron brought it, and Gomin proffered to take it upstairs himself. But he went up without the supper, alone, a prey to affliction the most profound. This grief, which he had suppressed for five hours before the public, broke out into weeping when he found himself beside the lifeless body of Louis XVII. Never did the impression made by this spectacle fade from his memory, or from his heart ; it was still fresh there when I knew the good old man in the last years of his life. He said to me, at the age of eighty (if these are not exactly his very words, I can say positively that they are the purport of what he said) : " I had the courage to go upstairs again, and re-enter his room. After closing the door carefully behind me, I timidly raised the covering, and gazed upon him, and my heart filled with sad and tender thoughts. The lines which pain had drawn on his forehead and on his cheeks had disappeared ; the beautiful curves of his mouth had resumed their sweet look of repose. His eyes, which suffering had half-closed, were open now, and shone as pure as the blue Heaven. One would have said his last look had rested on some beloved form ! His beautiful fair hair, which had not been cut for two months,

Gomin's narrative.

fell like a frame around his face, which I had never seen so calm. His expression was smiling; it wore the character which it must have presented in his happier days.

"It was as if, now that men could do more against him, the calmness of his countenance had returned of itself, and that the moral grace and candour of his heart shone forth in his face.

"There he lies, still and mute, his short life and his long trials over! Why did I not pass more time with him in his prison? Now it seems to me that I was wrong not to have had more courage.

"He is dead, and I can make him no compensation; there lies his poor body, that suffered so much. Where is his young spirit that suffered even more? Oh, my God! if Thou art just, what recompense hast Thou not given to so much patience—what a crown to so much anguish?

"An hour elapsed, during which—breathless, my eyes fixed, unable to speak—I stood by his remains. That solemn hour must have had a great influence over my whole life. A voice had spoken in my heart, and I resolved to become a good man.

"Alas! I did not kneel to pray—I did not join his little hands—I did not clasp them round the crucifix! No Christian sign, no Christian voice, no Christian act, was near the couch of the last descendant of the Most Christian Kings! Earth had given him nought but outrage, and yet at that moment his half-closed eyes seemed to look so lovingly on earth, that one might have deemed the poor child enwrapped in sweet contemplation.

"I was choking with grief. I withdrew. I thought I would go up to the platform for air, and tried to ascend the staircase by two steps at a time. I could not do it. Yet I had not now the sick boy on my arm, whom I supported there some days before; my strength had failed me. How wide the terrace seemed that evening! The night was fine

Visit of the officials.

and clear. I drew near the little basin—the water was dried up, and the birds were flown.

“I know not how or why the idea of the coronation of kings then crossed my mind and agitated my heart, but so it was. At that time of mourning I involuntarily remembered the birds which, at the joyous hour of enthronement, are liberated, to wing their course through the cathedral at Reims; and, suddenly, in the fever of my grief, something seemed to tell me, that they too were the birds of a coronation, and that the child had just been crowned!”

At eight o'clock next morning, 21st Prairial (9th June), four members of the committee of general safety came to the tower, to make sure that the Prince was really dead. When they were admitted to the death-chamber by Lasne and Damont, they affected the greatest indifference: “The event is not of the least importance,” repeated they, several times over; “the police commissary of the section will come and receive the declaration of the decease; he will acknowledge it, and proceed to the interment without any ceremony; and the committee will give the necessary directions.”

As they withdrew, some officers of the Temple guard asked to see the remains of little Capet. Damont having observed that the guard would not permit the bier to pass without demanding its being opened, the deputies decided that the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard going off duty, together with those coming on, should be all invited to assure themselves of the child's death.

Citizen Darlot (residing at 335 Rue Michel-Peltier, Temple section), the civic commissary who was to relieve Damont, soon arrived to take his turn of duty. He was followed by MM. Bigot and Bouquet, his comrades, whose duties as commissaries did not require their attendance before the next day and the day after, but who had now been summoned on extraordinary duty; their comrade Damont, also, who entered the Temple on the 20th Prairial (8th June), did not withdraw

 Identification of the body.

on their arrival; he remained during the visit he had invited, and all the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard having been assembled in the room where the body lay, he asked them if they recognised it as that of the ex-Dauphin, son of the last King of France. All those who had seen the young Prince at the Tuileries, or at the Temple (and most of them had), bore witness to its being the body of Louis XVII. When they were come down into the council-room, Darlot drew up the minutes of this attestation, which was signed by a score of persons. Among them appear the citizens:

Bourgeois, commandant, section of Fidélité.

Lucas, adjutant, ditto.

Ratreaux, captain, ditto.

Séguin, lieutenant, section of Droits de l'Homme.

Normand, second-lieutenant, section of l'Homme Armé.

Vuillaume, serjeant, section Des Arcis.

Damont, }
 Darlot. } Civic commissaries.

Bigot, ditto, section of Droits de l'Homme.

Bouquet, ditto, section of Fidélité.

These minutes were inserted in the journal of the Temple tower, which was afterwards deposited in the office of the minister of the interior.*

During this visit, the surgeons intrusted with the autopsy arrived at the outer gate of the Temple. These were Duman-

* "The minister of the interior declares that citizen Lasne, keeper at the Temple, transmitted to him four registers, on one of which are two sealed bands, inclosing a case with papers, all relating to the detention of the ex-King and Queen, of Elizabeth, and of the son and daughter of the said ex-King and Queen. Also a little sealed packet, of all which he releases the said citizen Lasne.

"Also he has given him two copper seals, one of the old municipality, and one of the commissary-keepers of the Temple.

"Paris, 9th Germinal, 4th year of the French Republic.

"BENEZEOL."

"CHAMPAGNEUX, Chief of the First Division."

The autopsy.

gin, head physician of the Hospice de L'Unité; Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de L'Humanité; Jeanroy, professor in the medical schools of Paris; and Lassus, professor of legal medicine at the Ecole de Santé of Paris. The two last were selected by Dumangin and Pelletan, because of the connection formerly of M. Lassus with Mesdames de France, and of M. Jeanroy with the House of Lorraine,* which gave a peculiar weight to their signature. Gomin received them in the council-room, and detained them until the National Guard, descending from the second-floor, entered to sign the minutes prepared by Darlot. This done, Lasne, Darlot, and Bouquet, went up again immediately, with the surgeons, and introduced them into the apartment of Louis XVII., whom they at first examined as he lay on his death-bed; but M. Jeanroy, observing that the dim light of this room was but little favourable to the accomplishment of their mission, the commissaries prepared a table in the first room, near the window, on which the corpse laid, and the surgeons began their melancholy operation.†

* Letter from M. Dumangin to M. Pelletan, previously quoted.

† The following is the report :

"Report of the examination of the body of the son of Louis Capet, made at the Temple tower, at three o'clock, A.M., this 21st Prairial.¹

"We, the undersigned, Jean-Baptiste-Egérie Dumangin, head-physician of the Grand Hospice de L'Unité, and Philippe-Jean Pelletan, head-surgeon of the Hospice de L'Humanité, assisted by citizens Nicolas Jeanroy, professor in the medical schools of Paris, and Pierre Lassus, professor of legal medicine in the Ecole de Santé of Paris, whom we associated with ourselves in obedience to a decree of the committee of general safety of the National Convention, dated yesterday, and signed Bergoing, president; Courtois, Guuthier, Pierre Guyonard; for the purpose of proceeding together to examine the body of the son of the late Louis Capet, and verifying its state, have acted as follows :

"Having all four arrived at eleven o'clock, A.M., at the outer gate of the Temple, we were received there by the commissaries, who admitted us into the tower. On attaining the second-floor, we found on a bed, in the second

¹ The date of the year is not to be found in any part of this report.

The autopsy.

While these things were passing at the Temple, Achille-Sévestre, the deputy from Ile-et-Vilaine, who had voted for

a suite of rooms there, the dead body of a child, apparently about ten years old, which the commissaries declared to be that of the son of the late Louis Capet, and which two of our number recognised as that of the child they had been attending for several days. Said commissaries declared to us that this child had expired at about three o'clock, P.M., the day before: on which we proceeded to seek for the signs of death, which we found in the general paleness and coldness of the entire body, the stiffness of the limbs, the dimness of the eyes, the livid spots common in the skin of a corpse, and, above all, by decay having commenced in the stomach, the scrotum, and the inside of the thighs.

"Before proceeding to open the body, we remarked a general want of flesh, characteristic of marasmus, and the stomach was very much distended and swollen. On the inner side of the right knee we observed a tumour, the skin not discoloured, and on the os radius, near the wrist on his left side, another smaller tumour. That on the knee contained nearly two ounces of a greyish matter, puriform and lymphatic, between the periosteum and the muscles; that on the wrist contained matter of the same nature, but thicker.

"When the stomach was opened, there escaped more than a pint of turbid serum, yellowish, and very fetid; the intestines were swollen, pale, and adhering to each other, as well as to the sides of this cavity; they were covered with a great quantity of tubercles, of various sizes, and which, when opened, were found to contain the same matter as in the external deposits of the knee and wrist.

"The intestines, when laid open to their full extent, were very healthy inside, and contained but a very small quantity of bilious matter. The stomach was in exactly the same state; it adhered to all the neighbouring parts, was pale externally, and covered with small lymphatic tubercles, similar to those on the surface of the intestines; its internal membrane was in a healthy state, as were also the pylorics and œsophagus; the liver adhered, on its convex side, to the diaphragm, and, on its concave side, to the viscera which it covers; its substance was in a healthy condition, its size the same as is ordinarily the case, and the vesicle of the gall moderately full of bile of a dark green colour. The spleen, the pancreas, the reins, and the bladder were in a healthy state; the epiploon and the mesentery, destitute of fat, were found covered with lymphatic tubercles, like those we have just mentioned. Similar tumours were scattered over the thickness of the peritoneum covering the inner face of the diaphragm; this muscle was in a healthy condition.

"The lungs adhered throughout their surface to the pleura, the diaphragm, and the pericardium; their substance was healthy, and without tubercles; there were some about the trachea and the œsophagus only. The pericardium contained the usual quantity of serosity; the heart was

Report on the death.

the death of Louis XVI., and who had said, in speaking of the Dauphin (18th April, 1794): "*This child will never attain his majority!*" made the following report to the National Convention, in the name of the committee of general safety :

"Citizens.—For some time past the son of Capet had been troubled with swellings on the right knee and left wrist; on the 15th Floréal his pain increased, the invalid lost his appetite, and was attacked by fever. The celebrated Desault, medical-officer, was appointed to see and attend him, as we were convinced, by his talents and probity, that he would not fail to exercise that care which is due to humanity.

pale, but in a natural state. The brain and its dependant parts were in most perfect completeness.¹

"All the disorders of which we have just given the details are evidently the effects of a scrofulous tendency, which has long been in existence, and to which we should attribute the death of the child.

"This report was made and closed at Paris, in the above-mentioned place, by the undersigned, at half-past four, P.M., above-named day and year.

"J. B. E. DUMANGIN, P. J. PELLETAN, P. LASSUS, N. JEANROY."

This report was completed by M. Pelletan in 1817, who made the following declaration :

"I the undersigned, chevalier of the royal order of the legion of honour, member of the royal academy of science, professor of the faculty of medicine, further certify that, after having sawed the skull across, at the line of the sockets of the eyes, in order to anatomise the skull in the dissection of the body of the son of Louis XVI., as I had been ordered to do, I replaced the scalp on the skull, and covered it with a few strips of skin, which I had separated from it, and which I sewed together; lastly, that I wrapped up the head entire in a cloth or handkerchief, or perhaps a cotton cap, fixed below the skin or nape of the neck, as is done in similar cases. All this will be found, if it be true that it has not been destroyed by putrefaction; but at any rate the scalp of the skull will certainly be found, wrapped up in the remains of these cloths or cotton cap.

"Paris, 17th August, 1817."

(Signed) "PELLETAN."²

¹ "Old M. Jeanroy," said Lasne to me, "asserted that, in more than forty years' exercise of his art, he had never yet seen the brain so much developed in a child of that age, and that, judging from appearances, Louis XVII. would have been a man of great decision of character.

² M. Pelletan subsequently declared, that during the operation of dissection, he put aside the Dauphin's heart, and carried it away, that he might have this sad and mournful relic of the child-king to convey to the royal family. (See the polemic discussion on this subject, Document No. VIII.)

Reception of the news of death.

"Still the disease assumed a very serious character. On the 16th of this month Desault died, and the committee appointed in his stead citizen Pelletan, a well-known medical man, and citizen Dumangin, head-physician to the Hospice do L'Unité, as his coadjutor. Their bulletin of yesterday, at eleven o'clock, A.M., announced symptoms which gave cause of alarm for the life of the invalid, and, at a quarter-past two, P.M., we received the intelligence of the death of the son of Capet.

"The committee of general safety has desired me to inform you of the event. All is verified, and here are the reports, which will remain in your archives."*

The National Convention heard this announcement with apparent indifference. It was part of their policy not to take much notice of the Prince's last hour, though it was the welcome result of a plan they had long pursued.

We return to the Tower. The dissection over, the gentlemen of the profession retired; it was nearly five o'clock. The news of the death, announced to the Convention, had already spread in Paris. Several groups had formed on the outskirts of the Temple, at the doors of houses in that neighbourhood. The event was discussed by some fanatics with joy, but by the mass of the people with pity and commiseration, as they recollected the beauty, the graceful ways, and the generous heart of the young Prince. In particular there was one poor woman who made her appearance in the Rue Saint-Martin, pale, with dishevelled hair, and holding a few remains of withered flowers in her hand,† walking very fast, and uttering groans of distress. Being soon escorted by some children, who thought the woman intoxicated, she reached the Temple-gate, by the Rue-Phélippeaux, from which the sentry

* Sitting of the 21st Prairial, see "*Moniteur Universel*," of the 23rd Prairial, 3rd year (11th June, 1795).

† On the breast of an old naval officer, shot at Quiberon, was found a locket, in which there was a rose, dried up, and almost reduced to powder; on the reverse was this inscription: "Given by Monseigneur the Dauphin, Paris, 1st August, 1790."

 Madame Royale.

repulsed her. Her cries and sobs brought Darques, the porter, and a gendarme, who asked the unfortunate woman what she wanted? "I want to see him again," she said; "I want to see the dear child again, who made me sit down in his little garden at the Tuileries." And when Darques told her no one could enter. "People are always allowed to go to the dead," she exclaimed, sobbing; "I want to lay the flowers he gave me in his coffin!" Some compassionate people drew her away.

Out of the Temple, every one knew the event: there was but one person who was not aware of it, and she was within the tower! It was now reserved for Madame Royale to learn, at one and the same time, the deaths of her mother, her aunt, and her brother. The latter was lying dead a few steps from her, in the very room beneath her own, and his sister knew it not. At eight o'clock in the evening, Gomin, who had not seen the Princess since the morning of the day before, came into her room, together with Darlot and Caron, bringing her supper. Madame was sitting, as usual, on the sofa against the window; she was writing, and had a book open before her: it was a volume of Voltaire's "*Théâtre*," and she was copying the tragedy of *Zaïre*. I have in my possession the first two acts of that tragedy, copied in the fastness of the Temple by the young Marie-Thérèse. How is it possible to read without emotion the following lines, traced by such a hand, in such a place, on such a day?

"Ma fille, tendre objet de mes dernières peines,
 Songe au moins, songe au sang qui coule dans tes veines;
 C'est le sang de vingt rois, tous Chrétiens comme moi,
 C'est le sang des martyrs!"*

Madame did not address the commissaries, whose manner, apparently cold and reserved, betrayed no emotion; to make

- * "Oh! thou, the tender cause of this my anxious parting pains,
 My daughter! think, Oh, think, what blood is flowing in thy veins!
 The blood it is of twenty kings, all Christian kings, like me,
 The blood of martyrs, &c."

Inspection of the body.

still more sure, the good-hearted Gomin had that day avoided her glance.

On the 22nd Prairial (Wednesday, 10th June), at six o'clock in the evening, citizen Dusser, police commissary, accompanied by citizens Arnoult and Goddet, civic commissaries of the Temple section, presented himself at the tower of the Temple, in order, conformably with a decree issued by the council of general safety, to proceed to the official verification of the decease of the unfortunate little Capet, and the interment of his remains.

They went up with the keepers to the second story of the tower. A ray of sunshine gleamed through the window, and fell on the blood-stained sheet which covered the remains of the descendant of Louis XIV., now stretched on a wooden bedstead, without any mattress. The sheet being removed, the victim was seen by the new commissaries, bearing the traces left by the professional men; the scalpel of science had mutilated that body, already disfigured by suffering, but it had respected the pale emaciated face, on which an expression of indescribable calmness and purity had succeeded to that of pain. His lips, so far from being contracted by death, wore the appearance of mildness and serenity; his eyes, not closed by mortal hand, had closed of themselves; or rather, one might have said, that since the fatal couch had been deserted by man, an angel had breathed on that little head, which, youthful and delicate as it was, had yet borne the crown of thorns like the rest of his family.

The mortuary register was drawn up: this paper, which has been up to the present day so little known that its existence might have been denied, seems to us sufficiently interesting to be reproduced here.*

After having signed this document in the next room, the

* We discovered it in the Archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville, in No. 23 of the register of the police commissaries, Temple section. The only register of decease hitherto published, is dated on the 24th Prairial;

The coffin.

commissioners again approached the fatal couch. I know not what sentiments may have been awakened in their minds by a spectacle so extraordinarily mournful, but they looked on it for some time, mute and motionless.

At length, breaking this long silence: "Is not all ready?" asked one of them. "What is the man that was sent for about?" "I am waiting," replied a deep voice from the shadowed part of the room; it was that of the man employed in interments, who was standing near the door, with a coffin under his arm.

"Come nearer, and let us make haste." And the undertaker put down his boards on the floor. He took the body of the royal orphan, and laid it naked in the bier, for he who had been cradled in purple had not a winding-sheet in which to be interred. "Stop, here's something to put under his head," said the youngest commissary, presenting his handkerchief; and his colleagues looked on him with a dubious glance, astonished at his weakness, perhaps at his boldness and reverence for the dead. This example gave encouragement to the good-natured Lasne, who hastened to bring a sheet to serve as

its last lines prove that the one we give from the autograph served as its basis.

"Municipality of Paris.

"Register of decease, 3rd year.

"24th Prairial, 3rd year of the Republic.

"Register of the decease of Louis-Charles Capet, on the 20th instant, at three o'clock, P.M., aged ten years and two months, native of Versailles, department of Seine-et-Oise, residing at Paris, in the Temple tower, son of Louis Capet, last King of the French, and of Marie-Antoinette-Josèphe-Jeanne of Austria, on the declaration made by Etienne Lasne, aged thirty-nine, guardian at the Temple, residing, Rue et Section Droits de l'Homme,—this declarant says he is a neighbour; and by Remi Bigot, aged fifty-seven, a clerk, No. 61 Vielle Rue du Temple,—this declarant says he is a friend. See the certificate of Dusser, police commissary, of the 22nd instant.

"LASNE, BIGOT, ROBIN, Public Officer."

(Archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville.)

The funeral.

a shroud—I would say, a royal mantle—for this last King of the monarchy; for it is only in this indigent and humiliating winding-sheet that his corse will appear in history. And the fir planks were fastened down with four nails, while the sound of the hammer on the coffin of the child shook the floor of the old room, and awoke the slumbering echoes in the feudal tower.

The bier was taken down into the first court, laid upon trussels, and covered with a black cloth. As they left the threshold of the deserted room, where so much unknown suffering had passed away, poor Gomin said to Gourlet, who was walking behind the others: "You have no need to shut the iron door now!" He was right, the prisoner was free—the prison was to remain mournful and silent—human depravity had done its work, and retired!

It was seven o'clock when the police commissary ordered the body to be taken up, and that they should proceed to the cemetery. It was the season of the longest days, and therefore the interment did not take place in secrecy and at night, as some misinformed narrators have said or written; it took place in broad daylight, and attracted a great concourse of people before the gates of the Temple palace. One of the municipals wished to have the coffin carried out secretly, by the door opening into the chapel inclosure; but M. Dusser, police commissary, who was specially intrusted with the arrangement of the ceremony—to the great satisfaction of Lasne and Gomin—opposed this indecorous measure, and the procession passed out through the great gate. The crowd that was pressing round was kept back, and compelled to keep a line by a tri-coloured ribbon, held at short distances by gendarmes. Compassion and sorrow were impressed on every countenance. A small detachment of the troops of the line from the garrison of Paris, sent by the authorities, was in waiting for the procession, to serve as an escort. They departed. The bier, still covered with the pall, was carried on a litter, on

The grave.

the shoulders of four men, who relieved each other two at a time; it was preceded by six or eight men, headed by a serjeant. Dusser walked behind, with Lasne and the civic commissary before-mentioned; Damont, who was on duty the day of the death, 20th Prairial; Darlot, on duty the 21st; Guérin, the 22nd; and Bigot, who was to have been so next day. With them were also Goddet, Biard, and Arnoult, whom the Temple section had appointed to assist Dusser in making the official report of the decease, and superintending the interment. Then came six or eight more men and a corporal. They proceeded along the streets of La Corderie, Bretagne, Pont-aux-Choux, Saint-Sébastien, Popincourt, and Basfroid, and entered the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite by the Rue Saint-Bernard. The procession was accompanied a long way by the crowd, and a great number of persons followed it even to the cemetery. Those few soldiers round a little bier, attracted the attention of the public, and called forth questions all along their way. In particular, there was a marked movement of interest in a numerous group that had formed at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and which was mainly composed of women. The name of "Little Capet," and the more popular title of Dauphin, spread from lip to lip, with exclamations of pity and compassion. Further on, in the Rue Popincourt, a few children of the common people, in rags, took off their caps, in token of respect and sympathy, before this coffin, that contained a child who had died poorer than they themselves were to live.

The procession entered the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, not by the church, as some accounts assert, but by the old gate of the cemetery. The interment was made in the corner, on the left, at a distance of eight or nine feet from the enclosure wall, and at an equal distance from a small house, which subsequently served as a class-room for a Christian school. The grave was filled up—no mound marked its place—the soil was restored to its former level—and not even a trace remained of the interment! Not till then did the commissaries of police

All is over.

and the municipality withdraw. They departed by the same gate of the cemetery, and entered the house opposite the church, to draw up the declaration of interment. It was nearly nine o'clock, and still daylight. The air was clear, and the aureola of luminous vapour that crowned that lovely evening, seemed delaying and prolonging the farewell of the sun.

Two sentinels were posted, one in the cemetery, and one at the entrance-gate, to prevent any person from attempting to carry off the body of Louis XVII. This precaution was taken for two or three nights.

BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

THE CEMETERY OF SAINTE-MARGUERITE.

FRIDAY, 10TH MARCH, 1837.

Site of the Dauphin's grave : disputes on that subject—Letter of Abbé Raynaud—Law of the 17th and 18th January, 1816—Royal edict—Letter from the minister of general police—Letter from the prefect of police—Deposition of the gardener at the Luxembourg—Differences of opinion : doubt: the royal edict is not carried out—Pilgrimage to the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite—Reflections.

FOR twenty years we have been making constant inquiry into everything that related to the life and death of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. Providence vouchsafed to preserve the lives of two old men, who have thrown a great deal of light on our investigations, and who have furnished us, as it were, with hourly bulletins of his last illness. We would wish to be enabled to point out, with equal precision, the turf that now covers his mortal remains. Unfortunately, however, the intelligence which was our guide in the Temple tower fails us when we come to the cemetery. Almost all the accounts hitherto considered as genuine, assert that the remains of the young Prince were interred in the common trench. Yet Lasne always affirmed the contrary to me, with the emphasis of an honest man, who has very distinctly seen all that he has seen, and feels himself entitled to correct an erroneous assertion. He has assured me that the coffin of Louis-Charles was laid in a grave by itself, at a distance of eight or nine feet from the inclosure and from the school-house.

In whatever way he was buried, however,—by himself, or in

The Abbé Raynaud.

the common grave,—the spot at least is exactly and indisputably known. But has it always inclosed the burden intrusted to it? This is the question that arises, and we cannot answer it with certainty.

In this trying perplexity, it becomes our duty simply to place before our readers the various information we have received on the subject, and in the order in which it was collected.

The first document that reached us contradicting the declaration of Lasne, that the young King had been buried in a grave by himself, was the following letter, addressed to us in the year 1837, by the Abbé Raynaud, who had been curate of Sainte-Marguerite ever since 1803 :

“ Paris, 7th, November, 1837.

“ You do me the honour of applying to me for information concerning the interment of Louis XVII. in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite. Having been appointed curate of this parish,—which I have never quitted since,—in the year 1803, I then became acquainted with Pierre Bétrancourt, commonly called Valentin, who had been sexton here from twenty to thirty years, and with the herein-named Decoufflet, for a long time head of the Quinze-Vingts. The details which I am about to transmit to you, were given me by these two persons, whose testimony deserves credit on account of their known probity and piety. They both declared to me, that the Dauphin was buried in the common trench,* that for one or two nights, the cemetery was watched by the police and by the military; but that, on the third night, being relieved from their presence, they had made search for the coffin, and easily recognised it by a mark they had made on it with chalk;† but that, in order

* The large grave into which the victims of the Revolution were cast. Abbé Raynaud is mistaken in making Decoufflet a fellow-workman of Valentin's. It will be seen later that Decoufflet was not present at the interment.

† Decoufflet's widow said to me, that, in order to find the coffin more easily, Valentin *perhaps* had left some space between those which had been laid there before and those which followed it. (Might it not have been this precaution that gave rise to the idea of a separate grave?)

 Locality of the grave.

to make still more sure, they had raised one of the boards which had been badly nailed down, and had seen a child's head, the skull of which had been opened;* that they had dug another grave beneath the cemetery gate that looks upon the chapel of Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, and had there deposited the young Prince's coffin, after having made a Maltese cross with laths of wood on the upper plank of the said coffin.

"I repeat that I was well acquainted with these two persons for many years, and never entertained a doubt of their account being perfectly true; it was given, besides, at a period when they could have no interested motive for mis-tatement.

"Decouflet, beadle of the Quinze-Vingts, died on the 4th October, 1824. I remember that, seven or eight years before, when there was some talk of digging up the cemetery to search, M. Quinet, the worthy vicar of Quinze-Vingts, who died some years ago vicar of Saint-Ambroise, had Decouflet called to him, and said, gravely and solemnly: 'Well now, Decouflet, it is no jesting matter; mind what testimony you give, for you will certainly be thrown into a dungeon if you do not speak the truth.'

" 'I have said it for these twenty years, M. le Curé, and the search they are going to make will prove it.'

"As to Valentin, he died before the Restoration,† but he was so firmly convinced that a time would come when a search would be made for the remains of the royal child, that, some hours before his death, he said to his wife: 'One day you will

* I remarked to Decouflet's widow, that, after the dissection, the child's head had been covered up with bandages, which reached below the chin, and that, therefore, it could not have been possible to see that the skull had been opened. "Oh! sir," replied she, "the cloth must have been stained with blood: besides, *perhaps* Valentin lifted it off." It will be observed that Decouflet's widow always said *perhaps*: she knew nothing except from Decouflet, who had heard nothing except from Valentin.

† On the 4th June, 1809, the body of Pierre Bétrancourt, aged sixty-two years, of No. 37 Rue Saint-Bernard, was brought to the church of Sainte-Marguerite.

Locality of the grave.

receive something handsome, and be happy; when they find the Dauphin again, they will reward me in you!"

"This, sir, is the information I have received from the fountain-head. I hasten to transmit it to you, because you take an interest in it; but I also transmit it with confidence, because, in my opinion, it is of unimpeachable veracity.

"With respect to the measure which at the time prevented the search ordered by Louis XVIII., I am not aware of the motive which prompted it. It was, I believe, in March or April, 1816; M. Decazes, minister of police, had directed M. Anglès, prefect of police, to institute an inquest, in order to discover the remains of the young King. The day had been fixed for that ceremony, and notice had been given to M. Dubois, vicar of Sainte-Marguerite. We were all there at the appointed hour, with alb, and stole, and surplice, and the cross at our head, waiting for the delegate of the minister of police, who was to preside over this inquest. He never came. After several hours' waiting, we received a message from M. Anglès, stating that it was expedient to defer this operation. We were vexed at the order; poor Decouplet himself was much disappointed, for the moment was just approaching when he was to see his assertions verified, and his zeal rewarded. It appears that some witnesses of the burial did not exactly agree as to the spot where it occurred, and perhaps the decision which nullified the effect of the royal order is to be attributed entirely to their contradictory opinions. But no one could have been better informed on this subject than Valentini and Decouplet, who had never left the place, and their testimony ought to have been listened to.

"RAYNAUD, Curate."

Prior to the royal order mentioned by M. Raynaud, the two Chambers had, on the motion of Châteaubriand, inserted, on the 17th and 18th January, 1816, a clause in the following terms, in a law relating to the expiatory measures of the 21st January —

Monuments decreed.

"There shall also be a monument erected, in the name and at the expense of the nation, to the memory of Louis XVII., of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Elizabeth."^{*}

It was with the intention of carrying out this law that the King, Louis XVIII., gave orders for search to be made after

* In consequence of this, two royal ordinances, dated 19th January and 14th February, 1816, prescribed the completion of the church of La Madeleine, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, in order to the placing there of the expiatory monuments voted by the Chambers. Lemot, a celebrated sculptor, was intrusted with the execution of Louis XVII.'s mausoleum.

On the 8th June following, the anniversary of that Prince's death, Tiolier, engraver-general of coins, presented to Louis XVIII. and the royal family two medals, struck at the Hôtel-de-Paris, and consecrated to the memory of the royal child. On the ground of each is the portrait of the young King, with this inscription: "LUDOV. XVII. D. G. FRANC. ET NAV. REX." On the reverse of one is the fatal date which made him at once an orphan and a King: "XXI JANUARI. MDCCCLXXXIII,"¹ entwined with a martyr's palm and cypress; on the reverse of the other medal is represented a lily, broken by the storm, with the legend: "CECIDIT UT FLOS," and this inscription: "VIII. JUNII MDCCXCIV."

Some biographers have made mention of an inscription composed by M. Belloc for the mausoleum of Louis XVII. We give it here a place; the monument, was never executed:

Memoriæ. et. cineribus
LUDOVICI. XVII
quem
parentibus. sanctissimis
infando. funere. orbatum
nullas. non. ærvmnas. perpassum
in. ipso. fere. vitæ. limine. mors. sustulit
die. VIII. Junii. an. M. DCC. LXXXV
Vixit. annis. X. mensibus. II. diebus. XII
Ludovicus. XVIII
fecit
fratris. filio. dñicissimo
ac. supra. ætatis. modum. pientissimo
Salve. anima. innocens
quæ. cœ. ærvm. Galliar. sidus
beato. spatiar. polo
volens. hanc. patriam. domumque. Borbonidum
placido. lumine. intvetor.

¹ So in the original.

Locality of the grave.

the mortal remains of the King, his nephew, in the month of February, 1816. A few days afterwards, the minister of general police wrote as follows to M. Anglès, prefect of police :

“ Paris, 1st March, 1816.

“ Monsieur le Comte,

“ His Majesty, by his ordinance of the 14th February, has decided on the site to be occupied by the religious monument that is to be erected to the memory of Louis XVII.

“ It is now essential, and I have already called your attention to this subject, to discover the precious remains of that illustrious victim of the Revolution. It is well known that the young King was interred in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, Faubourg Saint-Antoine, in presence of two civic commissaries and the police commissary of the Temple section, on the 8th June, 1795

“ The young King is to be laid in Saint-Denis. I desire you will give me an account of the exact measures you have taken in order to attain this end, and of their results

“ It will be essential, if the precaution has not already been taken, to summon the commissaries and other persons who must have been present at the burial.

“ Accept, &c.,

“ C. DECAZES,

“ The minister of general police.”

The prefect of police answered the minister as follows :

“ Paris, 1st June, 1816.

“ Monsieur le Comte,

“ On receipt of your excellency's letter, I directed two police commissaries, Messieurs Petit and Simon, to gain, in the first instance, all the information he was capable of giving on the subject from M. Dusser, ex commissary of the Temple section, who was present in that capacity at the interment of the young monarch.

Locality of the grave.

"The result of the information obtained from him by the commissaries was, that Voisin, now an old man of seventy-five, and an inmate of the Hospice de Bicêtre, was, at the period of the death of Louis XVII., guide to the funeral processions of the parish of Sainte-Marguerite, in the cemetery of which the Prince was interred, and that, consequently, he might be able to furnish them with information respecting the exact spot.

"MM. Simon and Petit interrogated this man accordingly, and drew from him some details, which put them in the way of establishing a system of regular information. He asserted that, on the morning of the day of that melancholy ceremony, he had dug a single grave, in which the body of the King was laid; and having gone to the cemetery accompanied by MM. Simon and Petit, he traced out a space of ground within which, at a depth of six feet, the King's coffin should, according to him, be found, made of white wood, and having at the head and feet the letter D, which he had written with charcoal.

"The commissaries also saw Bureau, gate-keeper of the said cemetery for twenty-eight years; he affirmed that, on the morning of the 12th June, 1795, Voisin had asked him for a coffin for a young girl, and that in the course of the day he had learned that it was for the Prince, then called the Dauphin. He states that Voisin had not dug any private grave, and that the minutes of the burial in the common trench were written in the parochial residence.

"Pursuing their inquiries, the commissaries learned from the present vicar of Sainte-Marguerite that a grave-digger, named Bétrancourt, commonly called Valentin, whose widow was still alive, had taken the body of the young Prince out of the common trench, and had interred it in a grave by itself.

"The widow of this man was asked if she could give any information respecting the exact spot of the burial, by confirming what the vicar had said; she directed them to a friend of

Locality of the grave.

her deceased husband, named Decouflet, beadle of the parish of Quinze-Vingts, to whom they addressed their inquiries; he declared that Bétrancourt, commonly called Valentin, had once, while he was digging a grave in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, in the year 1802, directed his attention to a place near the pillar on the left of the church, from which he removed about two feet of earth; this laid bare a stone of the foundation wall of the church, on which was a cross. Bétrancourt added, that some day there would be a monument raised there. 'For,' said he, 'the Dauphin's coffin lies beneath.'

"From all the information obtained from these different persons, and inserted in the minutes drawn up by the commissaries, it appears that, on the 24th Prairial, 3rd year (12th June, 1795),* the mortal remains of his Majesty Louis XVII., inclosed in a coffin of white wood, four feet and a-half in length, were carried from the Temple to the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, at about nine o'clock at night, and laid in the great common trench; that the minutes of this ceremony were drawn up at the parochial residence by M. Gille, then a police commissary; that it is probable the body was removed from the common trench; that this operation was performed in secret, in the course of the same night or of the next, by Voisin or Valentin: if by the latter, that the ashes of the young King repose beneath the left pillar of the church door, as one enters the cemetery; if by the former, that the grave where he was laid alone may be found within the space designated by Voisin, to the left of the cross that rises in the middle of the cemetery, as seen by a person having his back to the church.

"The commissaries who have made the inquest incline to

* It was on the 22nd Prairial (10th June), that the funeral took place, and not on the 8th June, as has been just before stated in the letter of the minister of police, nor on the 24th Prairial, as it is here asserted by the prefect of police. Errors in the dates often occur, even in official documents. When accounts are contradictory, it requires some trouble to arrive at the truth.

Locality of the grave.

the belief that, if the remains of the young King have not been confounded with other dead bodies, they are most probably in the place pointed out by widow Bétrancourt, or Valentin, and Decouflet.

"The above are the measures taken by me, in order to carry out your excellency's views, and obey his Majesty's wishes; and such the state of the researches, and the results they have produced, in furtherance of the efforts to recover the mortal remains of that unfortunate young King, Louis XVII.*

"I beg your excellency to accept, &c.

"COMTE ANGLES.

"The minister of state, prefect of police."

* Although the above letter of the prefect of police repeats exactly all the information obtained for him by his commissaries, we think it expedient to give the whole of their report, in order that none of the documents concerning this melancholy affair may be wanting.

"Reply respecting the precious remains of Louis XVII.

"To His Excellency the Minister of State, Prefect of Police.

"Monseigneur,

"By your Excellency's letter of the 8th instant, you directed us to proceed to an examination of MM. Dusser (ex-police commissary), Voisin, and others, which might lead to the discovery of the remains of the unfortunate young monarch, Louis XVII, who died at the Temple in the year 1793.

"Having been honoured with so important a mission, we have neglected nothing that could contribute to its success; though we cannot venture to flatter ourselves that our discoveries will ultimately satisfy the just impatience of all good Frenchmen.

"In order to follow the course prescribed by your Excellency, we repaired in the first instance to M. Dusser, ex-police commissary of the Temple section, who had conducted the interment; after which we sought out the residence of MM. Biard and Goddet, civic commissaries of the same section, who had been his assistants; and lastly we interrogated Voisin, who, in his capacity of guide to the funeral processions, had been occupied in all the matter-of-fact operations of this sad ceremony.

"M. Dusser states that he gave a more striking character to the funeral procession than was consistent with his own personal safety, and that, contrary to the directions of the authorities, he had a separate grave dug; yet he affirms at the same time that he could not at all point

Locality of the grave.

Thus, as is proved by this letter and the minutes, of which it contains the import, even those who witnessed the interment

out even whereabouts the said grave was opened. How are we to reconcile this want of memory with the feelings M. Dusser must have had to induce him to perform for the King's sake a duty which, according to his own account, might have endangered his life?

"Voisin, an old man of seventy-five, now an inhabitant of the Hospice de Bicêtre, declares that it was he who caused the procession to pass out by the great gate, instead of the little one, as was wished; that, on its reaching the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, the body was laid by him in a separate grave which he had dug with his own hands that morning; and, having been taken to the cemetery, he traced out for us a space of ground about ten feet long by twelve broad, within which, by his account, the young King's coffin lies, at a depth of six feet, made of white wood and having the letter *D* at the head and feet, written on it by himself with charcoal.

"The gate-keeper of the cemetery, Bureau, who has filled that situation for twenty-eight years, asserted that Voisin came to him on the morning of the 12th June 1795, to ask him for a coffin for a young girl, and that he provided him with one, of four feet and a-half in length; that, in the course of the day, he had reason to feel convinced it was destined to receive the young Prince, who was then called the Dauphin; that the procession arrived at nearly nine o'clock that evening, and he made it pass through the church; that they went and laid the body in the common trench; that he saw this himself; that there were no separate graves dug then, and that it was even expressly prohibited to open any at that time; that the minutes of the burial were drawn up afterwards in the parochial residence by Gille, then police-commissary of the Montreuil section, and signed by M. Dusser and other functionaries both civic and military.

"A very animated discussion arose in our presence, at the cemetery, between Voisin and the said Bureau: both became exceedingly warm on the subject; the former maintaining that he had dug a separate grave in the place he pointed out, and the other denying that he had, or ever could by any possibility have done so.

"We put an end to the debate by sending Voisin away, and went with Bureau to the house of the vicar of Sainte-Marguerite, who, according to the gate-keeper, had been informed as to the particular spot in the cemetery where the body of Louis XVII. had been laid, after it had been privately withdrawn from the common trench.

"The vicar told us he had collected some intelligence with respect to this affair, of which he had spoken to the King, Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême and Madame la Marquise de Tourzel; and he suggested to us that a gravedigger, surnamed Valentin, who had been dead several years, had withdrawn the body of the young Prince from the common trench, and had buried it in a particular spot, which he hoped to recognize

Locality of the grave

of the month of June, 1795, were far from agreeing in their account of the transaction in March, 1816. Voisin and Dusser

again; and that he should wait for orders from his superiors to make such use of these data as might be judged expedient.

"We could not neglect this intelligence, and we therefore examined the widow of the gravedigger, Pierre Bétrancourt, surnamed Valentin, who had been firmly attached to the cause of the Bourbons, and was a man of prudence and courage, and quite capable of exposing himself to danger, rather than suffer the young Prince's remains to be so shamefully confounded with the other dead bodies.

"According to the declaration of Bétrancourt's widow, her husband had confided to her that, on the same night in which he was buried, or on the next (she is not sure which), he had removed the body of the young monarch, and laid it in a grave dug partly in the foundation wall and partly in the cemetery, to the left of the church door, on the same side with the sacramental altar, but that her husband had not shown her the exact spot; that there was but one man to whom he had pointed it out, and that this man was named Decouflet, beadle of the parish of the Quinze-Vingts.

"We repaired to the house of Decouflet, and asked him to accompany us to the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite; there he declared to us that he had formerly been porter to the abbey of St. Antoine, that his attachment to the Bourbon family and his avocations had connected him on terms of intimacy with the late Bétrancourt; that, being with him in the cemetery one day, in March, 1803, his friend being at work in the grave of the late M. Colin, schoolmaster of Picpus, dug away about two feet of earth near that grave, along the pillar of the church-door, to the left as you enter the cemetery, and thus laid bare a stone of the foundation-wall of about a foot and a-half square; that he pointed out to him a cross on the surface of two or three inches in length, which looked as if it had been made with a hammer; and that he then said to him: "You see this place: they will raise a monument here some day, for the Dauphin's coffin lies beneath." He added that he had taken it out from the common trench, and had placed it in that spot. M. Decouflet does not exactly recollect whether it was done on the night of the burial, or on the next night; that his friend recommended him not to tell anyone about it for the sake of their own security, and that he did not mention it until after the return of his Majesty, Louis XVIII.

"The result of our inquiries, inserted in the subjoined report is, that on the 24th Prairial, 3rd year (12th June, 1795), the mortal remains of his Majesty, Louis XVII., inclosed in a coffin of white-wood, four feet in length, were conveyed from the Temple to the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, at nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and laid in the great common trench; that the minutes of the said ceremony were drawn up

 Locality of the grave.

affirmed, as did Lasne, that a separate grave had been selected; Bureau, Valentin, and all the other witnesses point out the common trench.*

by Gille, then police-commissary of the Montreuil section, conjointly with M. Dusser and other functionaries, at the parochial residence; that it appears probable that the body was withdrawn from the common trench; that this operation was performed in secret on that night or the next; that this last service of a dutiful subject was rendered to the young monarch by the late Bétrancourt or by Voisin; that if by Bétrancourt, the spot consecrated to receive the relics of Louis XVII. is beneath the pillar of the church door, on the left as you enter the cemetery; that if by Voisin, the separate grave may be discovered within the space he pointed out on the left of the cross erected in the middle of the cemetery, the church being at the back of the spectator; that, notwithstanding, it is more probable that the grave was dug by Bétrancourt, for that the opinions of the man, together with his devotion to the Bourbon family, might have prompted him to this generous deed; that M. Dusser scarcely could, under the circumstances in which he acted, venture to act openly in the presence of a great number of persons, so as to have the body of the young monarch laid in a separate grave; that if this step had taken place, as he affirms, in public, there would have been witnesses enough in the last two years who would have joined in proving so desirable a circumstance.

"We incline to think that if the remains of the young King have not been confounded with those of the other dead bodies, they will probably be found in the place pointed out by Decouffet and the widow Bétrancourt; but, should no trace of them be discovered in the latter spot, then the assertion of Voisin should be verified.

"MM. Biard and Goddet could not be consulted, because the former died at his residence Rue Charlot; and the latter, whose son keeps a café in the Rue Rivoli, has retired to Loret, near Pacy-sur-Eure.

"These, Monseigneur, are the conclusions at which we have arrived, after the reiterated efforts we have made since our reception of your orders.

"If we have not succeeded in giving proof of unerring discernment, at least it is enough for us to have been enabled to display our anxiety to please you, and our devotedness to the august family of the Bourbons.

"We have the honour to be, &c.,

"SIMON.

"PETIT.

"The police-commissaries of the Hôtel-de-Ville and Temple districts.

"Paris, 15th March 1816."

* At the period of the Restoration, M. Dusser claimed to be had in remembrance for his conduct on this occasion. We think it expedient to reproduce, in this place, the petition addressed by him to the royal govern-

Dusser's memorial.

This is not all; some voices were raised, saying that the procession and obsequies of Louis XVII., in the cemetery of

ment in November, 1814; it gives us some details relative to the Dauphin's funeral, but we must observe that this document ought to be read with caution, as it bears some analogy to the report of Harmand (of the Meuse). If this latter had a prefecture to keep, the other had the situation of a police-commissary to gain, and the private views of the petitioner exercise a retro-active influence on the account given by the official witness of the obsequies of the Prince. The paper is as follows:

"Archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville, case for applications for the situation of police-commissary.

"Extract of a memoir from M. Dusser to be included in the organization of the police force, November, 1814.

"Funeral

"On the 24th Prairial, 3rd year, I was commanded by the committee of general safety to repair to the Temple tower, in order to state officially the decease of the young and innocent victim who had just expired. I was also directed to superintend his burial at the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

"This mournful ceremony had attracted a great concourse of people before the palace-gate of the Temple, and it was wished that the body of the unfortunate child should pass out without any ceremony by a little door which opened into the Temple inclosure. I alone opposed this unseemly measure, and the funeral, in consequence, went out by the great gate. The compassion and sorrow of the public, which it had been an object to avoid, were depicted in every face; but, as I had foreseen, there was no disturbance at all.

"When we reached the place of burial, I took it upon myself to order that the child should be interred *in a separate grave*, and not in the common trench; and this order was put in execution, in presence of MM. Biard and Goldet, members of the civic committee of the Temple section, who were under the dominion of the same sentiments with myself. That very evening I was sent for by the committee of general safety, to give an account of my conduct. Most of the members of the said committee were furious against me. The severest measures were proposed—that is to say, my arrest as a *royalist*, and arraignment before the revolutionary tribunal; but, fortunately for me Louis, member the Bas-Rhin with whom I was acquainted, having undertaken my defence and quieted his colleagues, I was sent back to my post, with injunctions to behave far differently for the future, under pain of rigorous punishment."

Pierre Dusser, police-commissary of the Temple division, sixth municipal circuit of Paris, was called upon, in that capacity, to give an official report of the death of Pichegru in 1804. He was at that time 43 years old, and lived at No. 50 Boulevard du Temple.

Sainte-Marguerite, were only a feint, and that his remains were really buried at the foot of the tower where his deplorable destiny was fulfilled.

Then came another deposition, which clashed strangely with all the preceding assertions. On the 11th June, 1816, M. Louis-Antoine Charpentier, head gardener of the Luxembourg palace, presented himself at the prefecture of police, in consequence of a summons to that effect, and there made the following declaration :

" On the 25th Prairial, 3rd year, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, a person made his appearance at my residence, having been sent from the revolutionary committee of the Luxembourg section, and desired me to repair to the committee instantly, which I did: there a member gave me orders to return the same night at ten o'clock, and to bring two of my workmen with me, as well as a pick-axe and a shovel.* At the appointed hour we were all three at the committee, where, after having waited till eleven o'clock, a member with his scarf on, without giving us any explanation, made us get into a hackney-coach, which took us to the end of the Rue du Jardin-des-Plantes; there he told us to alight and accompany him on foot as far as the cemetery of Chamart, still keeping perfectly silent. Here I ought to observe that the whole proceeding seemed wrapped in impenetrable mystery. The carriage in which we left the committee was neither preceded nor followed by any escort whatsoever.

" When we reached the cemetery (it was half-past eleven o'clock), the person under whose guidance we had started first sent away a man who had opened the gate for us, and appeared

* The two workmen were terrace-makers, and their names:
1st, Charles, between 50 and 60 years of age, living at Gros-Caillon.
2nd, Le Roux, aged 55 or 56 years, residing in the Rue Mouffetard.
M. Charpentier was never acquainted with them, in any way, at all more exact and circumstantial.

(Taken from the Archives of the Prefecture of Police.)

Charpentier's account.

to have his dwelling in the cemetery. He then bade us, I mean the two workmen and myself, come forward on the right hand of the entrance, to a distance of only eight or ten feet. Then he told us that we were to dig a grave at that place, three feet wide by six long, and six feet deep. We conformed to these directions, at least as to the width, but as two workmen could not work together in a space of six feet we were obliged to give the grave a length of eight feet. At length we reached a depth of about six or eight feet, when we heard the sound of a carriage arriving. At the same moment we were desired to leave off working, the cemetery gate was opened, and we saw three members of the revolutionary committee, wearing their scarfs, like the one with whom we had come, alight. We could each observe at the same time a coffin, of about eight or ten inches wide, and four and a-half feet long, which the members of the committee, with the assistance of the coachman, lifted out themselves, and laid down at the entrance of the cemetery, after which I and my workmen were sent out of the burial-ground. However, shortly afterwards we were recalled, and were enabled to observe that, during the interval of our absence, the coffin had been let down into the grave, and then covered over with five or six inches of earth. We were then desired to fill up the grave, and, when this operation was complete, to trample on the surface with all our might. We concluded, from these directions, that the object was to hide, at least as far as possible, all trace of the soil having been newly turned up in that place.

"All being now over as far as we were concerned, we were most strictly enjoined to be silent respecting the operation in which we had taken a share. We were even told, on this subject, that whichever of us should commit the least indiscretion would certainly be sought out and punished. Lastly, an assignat for ten francs was given to each of my workmen; as for me, I was promised a reward, which I took care, for many reasons, not to demand, especially after hearing one of the members of

Charpentier's narrative.

the committee say, laughing, 'Little Capet will have a long way to go to find his family again!'

"When he was interrogated as to whether he had not formerly perceived the importance and interest of such a declaration, so nearly touching the royal family of the Bourbons, and whether he had ever taken any steps with that object, Charpentier replied that, towards the month of December, 1814, he had spoken of it to Madame la Marquise de Soucy, who was to have mentioned it to her Royal Highness Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, but that since then he had heard no more about it; that, subsequent to the month of January, 1815, he was taken by Madame la Comtesse Dernault* to the house of an ecclesiastic, then private secretary to the minister for the interior, who, notwithstanding the declaration of M. Charpentier, appeared to be impressed with the opinion that the body of young Louis XVII. had been buried at the parish of Sainte-Marguerite. Nevertheless, the private secretary informed him that he would call the attention of the minister to the subject. M. Charpentier does not know what may have been done in consequence, and affirms that, for his part, he had heard nothing as to the course taken in that quarter with reference to the step he had taken.

"In proof whereof he has signed the present declaration, certifying that it is in every point conformable to the exact truth.

"CHARPENTIER."

Other testimonies arrived, some agreeing with that of Bétrancourt's widow and Decouflet,† and others denying all

* Madame Dernault resided at that time in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genève.

† We will now give a fragment of a letter which appears to us to be stamped with a certain character of truth:

"To his Excellency Monseigneur le Comte Decazes, secretary of state and minister of the department of general police.

"MONSIEUR,

"On the 9th January, 1804 (otherwise the 18th Nivôse, 12th year of

Talmer's letter to the Comte Decazes.

idea of substitution. The dispute between MM. Bureau and Dusser re-commenced. the latter having on his side Voisin and Lasne, and the former the indisputable support of an invariable regulation. Uncertainty having been thus increased by so many various and contradictory reports, the authorities were completely confounded, and the intended search did not take place.

the republic), I was having a stone put over my father's grave in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite.

"The common gravedigger came up to me, and I entered into conversation with him; first, touching the small size of the cemetery in proportion to the number of bodies deposited there; and afterwards, respecting the vicissitudes of human affairs. The man confidently declared to me that the Dauphin (he applied that term himself) had been privately buried there; that his body, which had been put into the common trench, had been withdrawn from it by night, and subsequently laid by itself in the ground, at a short distance from the spot upon which we were then standing.

"This account redoubled my interest and attention. I questioned him as to the exact place where he thought the body of his Majesty had been laid, and he showed it me with the shovel he had in his hand. It was on my left, eighteen or twenty feet from my father's grave; that is to say, due west, as I was facing the north.

"Not content with this explanation, I took him to the ground he had pointed out to me, and there he again affirmed that this sacred deposit would be found, the feet turned towards the north, within a circle of from twenty-five to thirty feet.

"According to this gravedigger, the common trench, where the body had lain for several days, had a direction due north and south, and ran along the wall at the bottom of the cemetery, on the left of the entrance-gate, from which it was about thirty feet distant.

"Further, according to his account, it is certain that the person intrusted with this removal (and I suspected it was himself, because he was very reserved in his conversation, not being acquainted with me) had effected it secretly, and to avert all suspicion had taken the precaution of flattening down the little mound of earth usually seen on all the others, for it was level with the ground in the entire extent.

"The man, whose name I have never known, told his story with such an air of truth that it entirely convinced me.

"It is with a firm belief that the body of the unfortunate Prince must be in the place above-mentioned that I ask your Excellency's permission to enter the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, and, if time has respected the grave of my father, I am positive, by placing myself in the same position

Conclusions.

It is not our business either to praise or to blame the government of that period for the decision which annulled the effect of the royal order. Their confidence was no doubt shaken by the contradictory statements, but perhaps these ought not to have had the effect of thwarting their zeal and preventing their fulfilment of a duty. I am of opinion that satisfactory results would have been attained by following the directions given by Voisin, or rather, by attending to the declaration made by Valentin just before his death, and renewed by Decoufflet in presence of the authorities, whom he readily accepted as judges of his evidence. It appears to me that there is no parity of plausibility between the mysterious scene of Clamart and the official ceremony of Sainte-Marguerite; between the *ipse dixit* of Charpentier and his personal opinions—solely founded on a word, perhaps ill-understood or indistinctly heard—and the depositions of so many persons who had seen with their own eyes the mortal remains of the Dauphin placed in a coffin, and this same coffin conveyed from the Temple tower to the cemetery of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. As it has been proved to me that the royal child died in the Temple, so it has been equally demonstrated that his corpse, wrapped in a winding-sheet, was placed in a coffin; that this coffin was neither re-opened nor changed, but that it and its contents were

I was in on the day when the gravedigger confided his secret to me, that I shall, on the instant, be enabled to point out the exact spot shown me by him.

“I have the honour to be, &c.,

“PINON DUCLOS DE VALMER,

“Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, No. 12 Rue Buffaut.

“Paris, 20 June, 1816.”

To this letter is appended this official note:

“The minister of general police has the honour of submitting to M. the prefect of police a letter from one M. Pinon Duclos de Valmer, relating to the place where the remains of the young and unfortunate Louis XVII. were buried; he is requested to make use of this document if he thinks it serviceable.

“This 20th June, 1816.”

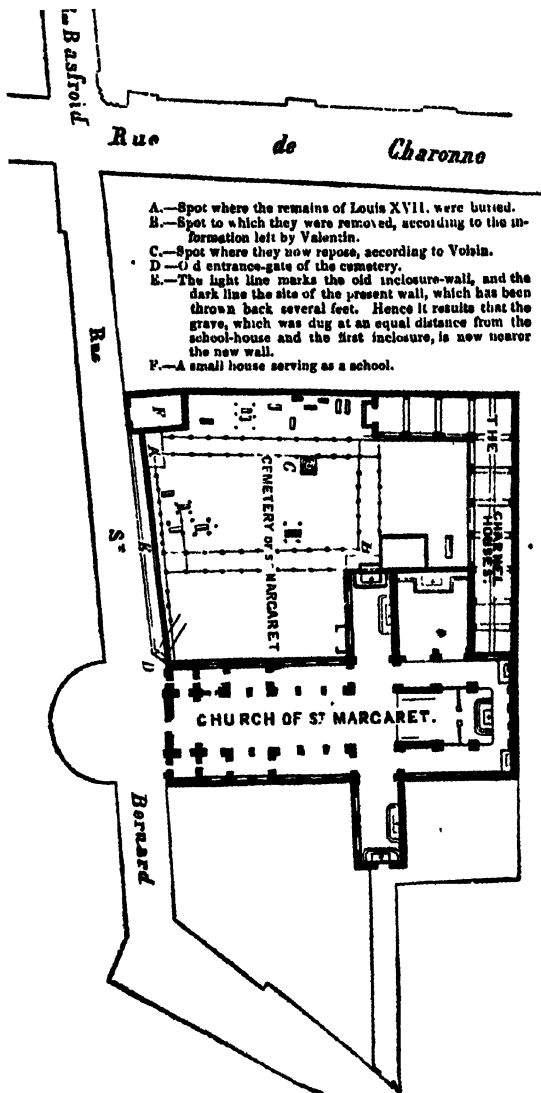
The cemetery revisited.

really buried in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguërite, and in the place we have designated. All the statements agree with respect to the primitive resting-place; they are only at variance in reference to the removal which the two gravediggers pretended to have effected. The plan on the next page gives these various indications.

The above is all the information I have been able to obtain respecting the interment of Louis-Charles of France.

Few inhabitants of the centre of Paris are acquainted with the church and cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite. Before I turned my attention to the drama which forms the subject of this work, I was even ignorant of the existence of a parish bearing such a name in Paris. The first time I visited it, Friday, the 10th March, 1837,—being desirous of seeing the place where the relics of the last royal victim lay,—was, as I remember, one of those fine days in the early part of the year which restore to nature her crown of youth and gladness. The fashionable population of the town, leaving their heated winter rooms, were thronging the Boulevards, to enjoy the genial influence of the sun. The youth of our drawing-rooms, weary of brilliant lamps and lighted rooms, were seeking to recover, by change of air, that fresh bloom of their spring-time, endangered, and all but faded, by late hours and amusements. Filled with melancholy thoughts I passed rapidly by those idle sons of earth, the happy of this life, who, in the midst of their gay walk, had no idea that the man who hastened past them was bound on a mournful pilgrimage: the subjects of my contemplation were within myself.

From the Rue du Temple to the church of Sainte-Marguerite, I passed on foot along the very same route taken by the funeral. Deeply intent on my subject, I pictured to myself that last ceremony, as Lasne had described it to me, and the whole of that ten years' story unfolded itself once more before my eyes: the life, so short, and yet so long; the road from Versailles to this obscure churchyard, so rapid and



The cemetery revisited.

so rough! I reached the front of the church, and recognised the various places exactly as they had been pointed out to me; on the left, I saw the inclosure wall, and the gate by which the funeral had entered. But having got to this gate, which had not been opened for many a long year to admit the dead, I was obliged to alter my plan, and accordingly entered the church. I am unable to express the emotion I felt; my head bowed down, I bent my knee almost involuntarily. When I arose and looked about me, I saw that I was alone in that hallowed pile. The trees I caught sight of through the windows did indeed show me where the burial-ground lay, but in order to make my way into it I did not know to whom I could apply, when, turning to the left, in the small chapel of Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, I espied a little door, which to my great surprise I found was not locked. I entered the cemetery accordingly, and treading softly on the turf that covered so many heads and bodies, severed by the scaffold knife, I went straight to the place that had been described to me: there I stood, my clasped hands resting on my stick, my eyes fixed on the ground, plunged in the deepest musing. Oh! it is not in the power of language frozen by philosophy to analyse that sacred and mysterious charm that binds us to a mournful recollection, that affords even a pleasure amidst painful feelings, and renders dear to us the most trivial circumstance, the most minute detail, relating to the affections of the soul. I was unable to stir: a labouring man, advanced in age, opened the door of the charnel-house, and came up to me. "It is here, is it not?" I said to him, striking the turf beneath my feet with my cane; and he, not understanding these words at all, nor my presence in that place, asked me what I wanted. "I was brought here by a motive of piety," I replied; "I am performing a duty of love." "Then, sir, it must be a love that goes a long way back," said he, incredulously; "for by your age you could not have had anyone but a grandfather in this cemetery. The most recent monument here is older than you are." "The person in re-

The cemetery revisited.

membrance of whom I came," I replied, "never had a monument: not even in this place would wicked men allow him a name!" The man understood me then, and the expression of his features suddenly changed: he took off his hat, looked respectfully at me, and said: "Yes, sir, it is indeed there that Louis XVII., King of France, is resting. I beg your pardon, not to have guessed your meaning sooner; but, in the course of the thirty years that I have been employed about the parish church, I have never seen anyone brought hither by the feeling that prompted your coming."

Entering into confidential and sympathetic conversation with the old man, I spoke to him of the conduct of the two gravediggers, but he had heard only very vague reports on that subject; he did not seem to believe that the body had been removed from one place to another, and he alway brought me back to the spot of earth where he had first accosted me, repeating: "It is there—it is indeed there!"

My Prince! the mournful but beloved subject of this work, thou knowest with what pious love and conscientious fidelity I have collected the almost obliterated traces of thy sufferings and death. I wish to complete my work by raising a simple stone over the place where thou wert laid: our children will not pass it by without giving thy memory a tear. If I have been prevented doing more thou wilt forgive me for it, for often have I cried: "Where are the forgotten relics of the son of Louis XVI.? Has the earth that received them devoured all, to the last fragment of a bone? There, beside thee, hath been cast many an unknown victim, martyred for his birth, his honour, religion, or wealth, and dying obscurely as he had lived unostentatiously and simply. Hath time reduced all alike to dust? Hath it mingled them with the dust of that pious and heroic generation, whose remains, forgotten by men, are now covered with rank grass?"

Nothing is more sadly affecting than the appearance of a deserted churchyard. Alas! in the whirlpool we inhabit,

Reflections in the cemetery.

scarcely do we notice the numbers of those who fall beside us ; with more reason, then, do we tread with indifference upon the graves of those who went before. It is but fifty years since this cemetery was closed to the dead, and now the living know the way to it no more. Worldly joys spring up and cover our regret, like the turf upon the grave. There, not a human foot has left its print on the thick grass for years ; no little path now leads to some cherished mound. A few trees are left standing because they are still young, and it would not be worth their possessor's while to fell them yet. Beneath this spot the generations of the past succeeded each other rapidly ; for in this narrow world our struggle for room ends not even with our life, and the dead are moved aside to make way for the dead.

How often in this fatal spot—amid ruined tombs and shrubs unpruned, and all but choked with briars and nettles—how often did I repeat that terrible and too familiar question : " Capet, where are you ? Get up ! " and I went, musing and sad, from the one to the other of the two graves that the gravediggers had asserted they had made, and in thought collected thence the mournful remains of royalty, to be borne with pomp to Saint-Denis. Then again I was overpowered by the stern reality, and I began to regret that royal order, given as it were merely for shame's sake, and not enforced, from a sort of indifference as to its results. The men in power did not sufficiently consider what they owed of consolation to the Dauphin's sister. That holy child of Louis XVI., faithful in misfortune as misfortune was constant with her, was unable, from insufficient or contradictory information, to breathe one of the prayers, and drop one of those tears, that she had always ready in sympathy with the unfortunate, on the ground that had received the remains of her brother.

It seemed as if France had agreed unanimously to forget this cemetery, and yet,—Royalty, of thirteen hundred years' existence, that began't at Reims, it was here that thou wert

Reflections in the cemetery.

lost! Here that, while thy dust was being scattered out of thy tombs elsewhere, the youngest scion of thy stock crumbled into earth. But thy tombs, empty or defaced, bear witness still to thy former presence, and thy actions may be read in story, and the form of thy coffins be seen at Saint-Denis. Nothing has remained of this child: not a royal act: not a burial-stone! Heaven, that destined not that youthful head to any great design, gave it, notwithstanding, a counsellor—misfortune! In closing his career thus early, the will of God was not to justify the name of King in him; but He made him bear the hardest adversity that could ennoble the name of a child. If others need conquests and victories to gain immortal fame in story, this child has well won his by suffering like a martyr—his birth and death would have ensured it without. Yes, I doubt not that his misfortunes will some day give him a place in our annals, when they are once repeated by some voice more popular than mine. Still it has seemed to me that, by admitting me to a knowledge of the mysteries of that last long illness, Providence laid on me the task of collecting all the accounts of it remaining. God often gives a mission to the meanest and the weakest. One ought not to consider one's powers when fulfilling a conscientious duty

BOOK NINETEENTH.

MARIE-THERÈSE LEAVES THE TEMPLE

Gomin's account of the daughter of Louis XVI.—Demands and petitions for the liberation of Marie-Thérèse : re-action in public opinion—The condition of the Princess is improved—Negociations of Austria for the recovery of Madame Royale—Deliberations in the Convention—A decree passed—Official notes exchanged—Madame de Chantereine at the Temple—The Princess hears of the deaths of her family—Walks in the garden—The Temple goat—Demonstrations of sympathy: M. and Madame Hue—Madame's mode of passing the day at the Temple—Mesdames de Tourzel—Madame de Mackau—Counter-stroke of the 13th Vendémiaire at the Temple—Lemaître condemned to death—Marie-Thérèse examined—Severe orders—The negociations proceed with Austria—M. Carletti—Decree of the Executive Directory upon the exchange of Marie-Thérèse for the prisoners in Austria—M. Bénézech at the Temple—The Directory decides that Madame shall travel incognito—Preparations for the departure—Conversation of M. Bénézech with M. Hue—Madame leaves the Temple—Madame de Soucy : M. Méchain and Gomin—Marie-Thérèse's travelling journal, written by herself—Madame at Huningue—The Hôtel du Corbeau—Final negociations—M. Bacher and Baron de Degelmann—Madame's farewell to Huningue : her words on leaving France—M. Reber—The Prince of Gavre—The exchange—Marie-Thérèse at Basle—Her arrival at Vienna—Presents of the Emperor to the Swiss authorities—Present of Madame Royale to Gomin.

AFTER the death of Madame Elizabeth, Marie-Thérèse continued to occupy the apartments, on the third floor of the tower, that had belonged to her aunt and mother. Nothing had been altered in her room, the description of which we have given in the first volume, pages 265 to 267.

Gomin's narrative.

"The evening of my arrival at the Temple," said Gomin, "Laurent took me to see the prisoners. I will not speak of what I felt, when for the first time I went up the stairs, impeded by so many wickets. When we reached the second-floor, before an iron door, 'There is the brother,' said Laurent to me; 'it used to be their father's room.' After this visit we ascended to the third story, and, as before, found our way blocked by an iron door; 'Here is the sister; it used to be their mother's room.' We went in: Madame was sitting, on the sofa, against the window, and seemed busied with sewing or embroidery; she did not raise her eyes. Laurent presented me as his colleague; but she answered not a word.

"I bowed low as I withdrew, and I have since learned that this departure from the custom of the place had made the Princess take notice of me from the very first. On subsequent days, when I saw her again, I remained before her, keeping a respectful silence, and I do not know any occasion when I addressed her first. During the two or three first days of my instalment there she did not speak to me; but I thought I observed that she examined me attentively, and, as I was afterwards a witness of the marvellous quickness she displayed in discovering the political opinions of certain commissaries, I have no doubt that her glance soon penetrated my heart too, and discerned its sentiments. A bold step I took entirely won for me her good graces. As I was always the last to leave her apartment—having acquired the habit of closing the door myself—one morning, when Laurent and the civic commissary were already on the staircase, and had their backs turned, I gave Madame some paper and a pencil, begging her to write down anything she wished to have. She answered me for the first time: 'Some chemises, and some matches.'

"By this means I succeeded in doing her some little service. When times grew gentler, the pencil was rendered less necessary. The Princess did not speak to me before the

Gomin's narrative.

commissaries, fearful of causing me to be suspected ; but while I was going out after them, Madame came quickly behind the door, and spoke a few words to me. It was in this manner that I learned she had neither shoes nor stockings left. Laurent and I had not perceived it, because Madame always took care to keep her dress down, so as to hide her feet. There seemed to be a favourable opportunity for supplying this want that same day. We had, as civic commissary, a man whose good intentions I had already noticed. It was Armand (a lemonade-seller, keeping a café, which bore his name, on the Boulevard du Temple). We arranged with him, my colleague and I, to present our request to the committee of general safety. Both our demands were granted ; a packet containing a dozen pair of stockings was sent us, and a person came with a basketful of shoes from a shoemaker, whose shop was situated near Sainte-Elisabeth : Madame selected one pair, but, being encouraged by me, she took a second. Afterwards, when Lasne was my colleague, we had a little more liberty. We were allowed to show more consideration and deference to the Princess ; but it may readily be conceived how much reserve and prudence were necessary for the part we had to play ; and our own good dispositions were of necessity subjected to what we supposed were the sentiments entertained by the commissaries. Some among them were worthy people enough, but there were also some of a hateful cynicism, who indulged themselves by addressing the Princess as 'Thou,' and speaking brutally to her.

"Madame has told me that one of these latter said to her : 'Hast thou any water ?' 'I do not know.' 'And who should know ? Go and see.' Madame habitually gave no answer ; she was always in her place, calm and silent, and frequently her imposing air checked the insult on a municipal's lips. There were some among them who took advantage of each little circumstance that occurred to aggravate her situation. Thus one day they decided to take from her the flint and steel, with the

Gomin's narrative.

aid of which she procured for herself two things so precious to a captive—fire and light.”*

[One of her most painful recollections was that of the nightly rounds made by the ‘commissaries throughout the tower. The gloomy sound of the bolts being drawn, and the threatening voice requiring the door of her room to be opened in the middle of the night, had left a painful impression on her mind. It was after one of these visits that, having no friendly ear to which to confide her feelings, she expressed them in some lines of poetry the original copy of which is in our possession, and which have the merit of showing the serenity, unmixed with bitterness, preserved by the young captive amid her trials.]

“Madame knew nothing of the events that had deprived her of her most beloved relations. Her young brother, whose last sigh had not reached her, was often the subject of her inquiries. The vague answers she received were not such as

* “Commune of Paris.

“1st Thermidor, 2nd year of the Republic, one, indivisible, and imperishable (10th July, 1794).

“This day, 1st Thermidor, we, the members of the Commune guard of the Temple, observed that in one of the apartments occupied by the tyrant's daughter there had been a very considerable fire, of which we asked the cause; she replied that, having occasion to wash her feet, she had lighted this fire to heat the water for that purpose. Observing to her that a chair had been burnt from being too near the stove, she replied that that had been done a long time: asking her by what means she had lighted the said fire, she replied, with a tinder-box and its appendages.

“After this conversation we thought it expedient to take away from her the said articles for the present, and to refer immediately to the citizen national agent, for him to decide as he judges best as to whether the same be restored to her or not.

“In consequence whereof we beg the citizen national agent to give his opinion immediately, if possible, and to acquaint us with his decision in the course of the day.

“SIMON,

“LELIEVRE,

“LECLENC.

“Members of the Temple Council.”
(Archives de l'Hôtel-de-Ville.)

Gouin's narrative.

to re-assure her entirely. 'Provided they make a good man of him,' she said one day, 'that is all I ask!'

"Moreover, Madame's health had not suffered from her long captivity; she had become thoroughly developed, as well in body as in mind, under the breath of misfortune; her height was good; her features, which had been extremely delicate in childhood, had formed into beauty; her eyes were large, and her hair had turned chesnut colour instead of flaxen, which it had formerly been. Though women as well as men then wore their hair cropped (*à la Titús*) she had kept hers long: she wore it, without powder, in a knot behind; her dress was of puce-coloured silk—it was the only one she had; her head-dress was a handkerchief, tied in a rosette in front. The effect of this *négligé* was enhanced by the charm of early youth, to which an air of impressive gravity had been given by misfortune."

These words of Gouin supply the void occasioned by the modest silence preserved by the daughter of Louis XVI., respecting her own private affairs. "Madame Royale," says the Marquis de Pastoret,* "has applied only a few pages to her prison recollections, and those few pages equal the most pious and touching portions of the writings of the Church. So early an orphan, perhaps already condemned to death, she says nothing but what she cannot avoid taking notice of concerning the conduct of others; she excuses, or omits to mention, all that relates to herself, and if the indignation of her heart does sometimes rise higher than her will, it is when the miseries of her mother, or the mortal decay of her brother, was the subjects of her pen. We must remember that this interesting composition was written by her feeble hand at sixteen years of age, without the knowledge of her jailers, in a prison where she had neither fire nor light, and was allowed scarcely any sleep."

* "*Notice sur Marie-Thérèse de France.*" Vaton, 1862.

 Reaction of public opinion.

Some time prior to the death of Louis XVII. voices had been raised in favour of the imprisoned son and daughter of Louis XVI. "*A Word for Two Individuals that no one Thinks about, and yet who must be Thought about some time,*" was the title of a pamphlet * that was eagerly sought after by every generous heart.

Charette, as we have said, had signed a treaty on the 17th January, in the little château of La Jaunaie, near Nantes, the secret clauses of which stipulated for the giving up of the young King and the Princess, his sister, into his hands. The republican government had pretended to comply with these conditions, only desiring that the children of Louis XVI. should not be given up until the 13th June, 1795; but the treaty of La Jaunaie could only be, and really was, nothing but a truce, which the bad faith of the revolutionary government employed to serve its own ends!

The honour of continuing the unfinished work of Charette was claimed by the press. MM. de Beaulieu and Michand (the latter under the name of M. d'Albins) had published several writings on the treatment to which the unfortunate children of Louis XVI. were exposed, and these productions being widely circulated had excited some compassionate feeling in the minds of the people. These honourable writers made another appeal to all generous hearts, in favour of what yet remained of the blood of Louis XVI.; the former, in a "Memoir addressed to the Nation,"† and the latter, in a pamphlet entitled, "The Opinion of a Frenchman,"‡ succeeded in calling forth the sympathy of many persons, and this feeling was strengthened by the sad death of Louis XVII.

* With this motto: "*Miseris succurrere disco;*" Paris, 3rd year of the Republic: signed G. P. (Petitain).

† "*Pour Marie-Thérèse de Bourbon, fille de Louis XVI.*" Paris, 1795.

‡ "*Sur la détention de Marie-Thérèse de Bourbon, fille de Louis XVI., ci-devant roi des Français.*" Paris, 1795.

The Orleans petition.

This re-action in public opinion was displayed in an act of importance: on the 30th Prairial, 3rd year (18th June, 1795), ten days after the death of the Dauphin, a deputation from the city of Orleans presented itself at the bar of the Convention, to petition for the liberation of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de Bourbon.*

The words pronounced by this deputation were echoed far and near; opinions at Paris were pretty generally in their favour, and public pity raised its voice loud enough to be heard within the Temple walls. Feeling themselves seconded from without, the tower keepers addressed various reports to

• The petition was couched in the following terms :

“ Citizen Representatives,

“ While you have burst the bonds of so many unhappy persons, victims of a dark and cruel policy, a child of misfortune—deprived of every comfort and support, condemned to ceaseless weeping, and having to deplore the loss of all she held most dear—the daughter of Louis XVI., is languishing still within a horrible prison. An orphan so early, so early steeped in so much sorrow and misery, how sadly has she not expiated the misfortune of her illustrious birth! Alas! who would not take pity on such sorrow and trouble, on her youth and innocence?

“ Now that the voice of humanity may at length be heard in this place without dread of the assassin's dagger or the headsmen's axe, we have come to petition for her liberation, and that she may be conveyed to her relations; for who among you would be willing to condemn her to remain in a place yet reeking with the blood of her family? Is not her liberation demanded by every law of justice and humanity? And what objection could be raised to it, even by distrust the most restless and suspicious?

“ Come and surround the dungeon pile! Come in pious procession, Oh! ye Frenchmen! all who can feel for misfortune, and all who have received favours from that ill-starred house! Come, and mingling your tears with ours, let us raise our suppliant hands to pray for the speedy release of that young and innocent creature! Our voices will be heard—you will proclaim her free, citizen representatives, and all Europe will applaud your decision, and the day will be a day of joy and gladness to us and to the whole of France.

“ ROZIER, sen., SINGELE, TREMBLAT, FILIATRE, LEFEVRE,
CUJAUTRE, PORCHER, VALLET, GIBBON, COSTE,
POTIER DE MESSAN.”

Re-action in favour of the Princesses

the committee of general safety, demanding better food for the daughter of Louis XVI., more suitable clothing, and a few books, chosen by herself. The said committee, by a decision of the 3rd Messidor, 3rd year (20th June, 1795), directed the commission of public relief to attend to these different requests, and further, to give in a monthly report of whatever might have been done in execution of this decree.* On being informed of this decision, Liénard made out a note of all the articles demanded for the use of Marie-Thérèse, and without delay conveyed it to the commission of relief. This note neither entered enough into detail, nor was it sufficiently complete; and, besides, it was not signed by the commissaries appointed to the guardianship of the Temple.†

• "Liberty—Equality.

"The Commission of Public Relief.

"2nd Messidor, 3rd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"The committee of general safety,

"Having looked into the reports made by the commissaries appointed to the guardianship of the Temple, respecting the articles that might be required by the daughter of Louis Capet :

"The committee of general safety decrees, that the commission of public relief shall continue to be authorised to procure the articles demanded by the daughter of Louis Capet for her maintenance, and that she be likewise supplied with books for her own use.

"The said commission will give in a monthly account of whatever may have been done by it in execution of this present decree, as well of those relating to the Temple prisoners.

"BOUDIN, L. B. GENEVOIT, Y. FROVERE, C. ALEXANDRE,
HISABEAU, BERGOUIN, LOMONT.

"Representatives of the people, and members of the
committee of general safety."

"An exact copy.

"DERNICAU."

+ "Liberty—Equality.

"Paris, 5th Messidor, 3rd year of the French republic, one and indivisible.

"The Commission of Public Relief to the citizen commissaries of the
Temple.

"The committee of general safety, by a decree of the 2nd instant, has

• Reaction in favour of the Princess.

"The letter received by us on this subject, on the 5th Messidor (23rd June, 1795), from M. Dernicau, president of the commission," said Gomin to me, "seemed to imply,—as did also the expressions reported by Liénard,—that we might allow ourselves some latitude in our demands. It was our duty to consult the Princess, but as she was always extremely reserved in expressing her wishes, we thought we would double the number of articles she requested for her toilet. Her surprise and pleasure were great when she found they had granted her more than she had hoped for, and no doubt more than she desired.* Cleanliness, if not luxury in dress, now became an inmate of her dwelling."

directed us to procure for the daughter of Louis Capet the articles you have demanded from the said committee.

"This morning an account of said articles was presented to us by citizen Liénard, but without your signatures. We desire you will give in to us a detailed statement of whatever articles of food and clothing, or books, you consider should be provided, that we may be enabled to see that they be placed at your disposal.

"This statement, so signed by you, citizens, is a necessary preliminary to our carrying out the decree of the committee of general safety, which enters into no details.

"DERNICAU."

• The list of the articles brought to the Temple is as follows :

Two morning-dresses of coloured taffeta.

Two morning-dresses of nankeen and cotton, lined with Florence taffeta.

Six pairs of coloured silk stockings.

Six pairs of shoes.

Two dozen chemises, superfine Holland cloth.

A green silk dress, and a linen ditto.

Besides the new articles, we had everything mended that was capable of being so, and in particular six white flannel dressing-gowns, that Madame used to wear in the morning :—

This was not all, her instruction and amusement were attended to, as is proved by the following document :—

"Office of Civic Hospices of Paris.

"Liberty—Equality.

"Paris, 15th Thermidor, 3rd year of the French Republic,
one and indivisible.

"The commission of public relief acknowledges the receipt of the

 Proposition to Austria.

Negotiations had been entered into with the Conventional government by Austria, in order to obtain possession of Madame, who was so closely connected by ties of relationship with the imperial family. The Austrian ministry proposed a sum of two millions as her ransom, but this offer was rejected by the committees of public welfare and general safety, who, on the one hand, that they might not appear to be submitting entirely to public opinion, and, on the other, that they might give a revolutionary character to the measure they felt obliged to take, thought it necessary to impose a very different condition on the liberation of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte. On the 12th Messidor, 3rd year (30th June, 1795), Treillard, in the name of the above committees, expressed himself as follows in the tribune of the Convention :

“ The triumphs of the French people, the hope of all enlightened men, the opinion of the whole world, give sanction to the republic :...it would be ridiculous to doubt the firmness of its foundation. The moment is therefore come when it may be proper to turn your attention to the daughter of the last King of the French....The detention of this family, was an imperative duty, and the safety of the state demanded it ;...but now you are too strong to require the continuance of so rigorous a measure....Your committees therefore propose an act of humanity as the reparation of a great injustice. By the blackest and most hateful treachery, a minister of the republic and some representatives of the people have been betrayed to a hostile power, and this same power, violating the law of nations, has arrested some of our citizens, who were invested with the most sacred of characters—that of ambassadors....By this exchange.

‘ *Histoire de France*,’ by Velley, and the ‘ *Mondes*,’ by Fontenelle, from citizen Dambreville, keeper of the literary dépôt, Rue Marc, Maison Montmorency, which have been placed at their disposal by the commissioners of public instruction for the use of the daughter of the late Louis Capet.

“ DERNICAT.”

To this parcel were added some pencils, paper, Indian ink, and brushes.

Proposition to Austria.

we give up a right to put a stop to injustice....It will be for the government of Vienna to take these circumstances seriously into consideration, and decide between their attachment to ties of blood, and the desire of prolonging an odious and useless revenge.

"It has not appeared to us that this affair should become a subject of negotiation; it will be enough for you to enter into mutual explanations, and the French generals shall be directed to transmit your decision to the generals of the Austrian forces."*

The draught of a decree, in accordance with this speech, was presented by the reporter, and adopted in the same sitting.†

* "*Moniteur*," of the 15th Messidor, 3rd year (3rd July, 1795).

† "The decree directing that the daughter of the last King of the French be given up to Austria, when the representatives of the people, and other persons imprisoned by order of the latter government, are set at liberty.

"12th Messidor, 3rd year (30th June, 1795) of the Republic, one and indivisible.

"The National Convention, after hearing the reports of their committees of public welfare and general safety, declares that, at the same moment when the five representatives of the people, the minister, the French ambassadors, the principal prisoners given up to the Prince of Coburg by Dumouriez; the postmaster Drouet, taken prisoner on the frontiers of Flanders; and the ambassadors, Maret and Sémonville, arrested by the Austrians in Italy; together with the persons of their suite, given up to Austria, or arrested and detained by her orders, are restored to liberty, and have reached the borders of the territory of the republic, the daughter of the last King of the French will be given into the hands of the person deputed by the Austrian government to receive her, and the other members of the Bourbon family now detained in France, will also be at liberty to quit the territory of the republic.

"The National Convention orders the committee of public welfare, to take all the measures that may be judged expedient for the notification and execution of this present decree.

"The National Convention decrees that this report be printed, distributed, and inserted in the '*Bulletin*.'

(Examined, and signed) "ENJUBAULT.

(Compared, and signed)

"J. B. LOUVET, from the Loiret, President.

"MAHETTE, and J. DELECLOI, Secretaries."

Reply of Austria.

Pichegru, who was at the head of the army of the Upper Rhine, was directed to communicate to the Austrian general, Stein, a proposal for an exchange, till then unexampled in the annals of diplomacy. The Emperor, who, under other circumstances, would have looked upon it as inadmissible, accepted it from regard for his young cousin, adding the offer of extending the exchange to the prisoners of war of both nations.

This document was conceived in the following terms :

“ My Aulic council of war has given me an account of your report of the 13th instant, and of the paper transmitted to General Stein by General Pichegru, relating to the Princess Marie-Thérèse, my cousin, daughter of Louis XVI., and to the other Princesses of the Bourbon family. Under any other circumstances, the conditions on which the liberty of the members of that unhappy family still remaining in France is made to depend, would certainly have been inadmissible ; but, as it is but too true that, amid the violent catastrophes succeeding one another in the French Revolution, I ought to consult nothing but my tender affection for my cousin, and the interest I take in the Princes and Princesses of the Bourbon family, and thinking only of the dangers with which they are constantly surrounded, my intention is that you should let the French general know that I am willing, on the whole, to accede to the proposition he has made me.

“ But there is another proposition that I should consider expedient to add to that contained in the paper transmitted to General Stein, and its object is to effect an exchange of the numerous prisoners of war on each side, which, notwithstanding my reiterated demands, has, as yet, met with an obstinate refusal.

“ How careful soever—notwithstanding the far from mild treatment of my soldiers, now prisoners in France—I have ordered my people to be of the French prisoners in my dominions ; though they are settled in provinces where provisions are abundant, are regularly paid in the coin of the realm, and are supplied with every assistance demanded by religion and humanity, and due to misfortune ; they must yet experience many trials inseparable from their condition : to which is added the feeling that they are abandoned in a distant land by those for whom they fought ; that they may never more look upon their own family ; that they are punished for their want of success, and the chances of battle ; and that their condition as prisoners, which till now has been considered as an additional claim on the interest of those for whom they sacrificed themselves, seems, in their case, to be but a motive for the ingratitude of their country.

“ I do not wish to have this forgetfulness of the law of nations, that perpetuates the captivity of so many unfortunate victims of war, laid to my

 Reply of Austria.

The first overtures for this negociation were made at Basle, in the month of August; it was carried on slowly and with

charge; and with much greater reason still should I try every means to set free my faithful soldiers, now detained in a country where it must be seen that they are likely to experience to a yet greater extent, the troubles from which the inhabitants themselves have not been able to escape.

"You will give me in an account, without delay, of the answer you receive on this subject, in order that, upon your doing so, detailed arrangements may be entered into for the carrying out of the proposition made by General Pichegru, and which, as I imagine, cannot give rise to any difficulty."

This note of the Emperor was transmitted to Pichegru by General Clairfait, and by him transmitted to the committees, who, after deliberating upon it, directed one of their number to frame the following decree:

"The committee of public welfare of the National Convention, taking into consideration the letter of General Pichegru, commander-in-chief of the army of the Moselle and the Rhine, dated the 23rd instant, respecting the execution of a decree of the National Convention of the 12th Messidor last, concerning the five representatives of the people, the minister, the French ambassadors, and the persons of their suite, given up to Austria, or arrested and detained by her orders, decrees as follows:

"Article I.

"Citizen Bacher, chief secretary and interpreter to the embassy of the French republic in Switzerland, is appointed commissary, to negotiate an exchange of soldiers in the service of the French republic, made prisoners of war by the Austrians, for the soldiers in the service of the Emperor of Austria, made prisoners of war by the troops of the French republic.

"Article II.

"In this negociation, citizen Bacher will act conformably with the rules laid down by the laws concerning the exchanges of prisoners of war.

"Article III.

"He will make a formal stipulation, as a preliminary condition, and *sine quâ non*, that the five representatives of the people, the minister, the French ambassadors, and the persons of their suite given up to Austria, or arrested and retained by her orders, be immediately restored to liberty, and conveyed to Basle, on condition that the French government have the daughter of the last King of the French also conveyed to Basle at the same time, and delivered to the person deputed by the Austrian government to receive her; and that all other members of the Bourbon family, now detained in France, be also at liberty to leave the territory of the republic, the whole in accordance with the decree of the Convention of the 12th Messidor last."

Appointment of Madame Bocquet de Chantereine.

many difficulties in the way. Throughout the whole time that the Convention was in existence, the law of the 12th Messidor remained unexecuted. It was reserved for the government that succeeded it, in virtue of the new constitution that instituted the Directory and the two councils, to conduct this affair to its final issue.

Meanwhile, manifestations of public sympathy in favour of Marie-Thérèse were of yet more frequent occurrence. The commune of Dreux had followed the impulse given by the city of Orleans, by sending commissaries to the National Convention to demand the liberation of the prisoner in the Temple. If these various steps did not lead to any immediate results, they had at least the effect of rendering the condition of the young orphan a little more supportable. For some time past the keepers had been allowed to let her go down into the garden. Gomin presented her with a little dog which had been left with him by Laurent: "It was a half-bred spaniel," he told me, "red, and very ugly; his name was as vulgar as his person; he was called Coco; but his gentleness and affectionate nature made up for all these faults, and Coco had the honour of sometimes producing for his mistress some relief from her afflicting thoughts. He kept her company in her solitude, and followed her about the garden. Madame's captivity was no longer severe. For once that I turned the key to lock her door, I turned it twice to unfasten it, that Madame might come down. During the latter months she might freely walk about the garden. There was a certain tree on which we used to put sometimes pears, sometimes apricots, sometimes peaches. "That is a very nice kind of tree," said the Princess to me, one day; "compliment the gardener well for me upon its productiveness."

It was at this period that, on a demand from the committee of public welfare, it was decreed that a woman should be placed about the person of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, to keep her company, and wait on her. Madame Bocquet de Chantereine was appointed. She was a very well-educated person, who

The Princess learns the extent of her calamity.

understood Latin, spoke Italian extremely well, drew, and played on the harp.* Her sympathy had been roused by the misfortunes of the daughter of Louis XVI. As soon as she learned that it was the intention of the government to give a companion to the prisoner in the Temple, she hastened to address a letter to the committees which decided their choice of herself.

Madame had heard of the death of her father, but she did not know the fate of her mother and aunt, and she thought her brother still suffering from illness. Madame de Chantereine took upon herself the mournful task of acquainting her with the extent of her misfortune. All cruel uncertainty, fearful doubts, and terrible suspicions were now to cease in the heart of the poor young girl, who, till then, had interrogated everyone she saw in vain. At length she had met with a sympathising woman, who was to let her know the whole truth. "Madame has lost both her parents!" "And my brother?" "You have no brother, now!" "And my aunt?" "Your aunt is no more!" "What! Elizabeth too! What could they have to reproach her with?" Details were given to her amid tears and sobs; and thus, at a single stroke, Madame heard of the loss of all she loved best. The wounds of her heart now formed but one great wound, and all her griefs merged into one general grief. The story of the Temple was summed up in one word, and the last cry of the Passion escaped her lips: "It is finished!"

Marie-Thérèse knew now that she was alone upon the earth. She who had had courage to acquaint her with her perfect isolation, thought herself rewarded by the honour of sharing her captivity and her sorrow. Confidential intercourse under trials is a holy tie. Madame de Chantereine did everything in her power to make her attendance agreeable to the young Princess.

* Her husband, the son of an old advocate, was employed in the administration of the police.

*
Madame de Chantèrèine.

She knew how to please her by her conversation, to amuse her with her talents, and touch her heart by her affection. The feelings she had brought with her to the Temple became contagious there. When she opened the gates of that fatal pile, Madame de Chantèrèine gave access to the atmosphere of benevolence and justice then circulating in the streets, and it was inhaled by everyone. Even the municipal commissaries, now, never appeared before the daughter of Louis XVI. without taking off their hats. Affected by this change, Marie-Thérèse one morning presented her companion with some lines she had just written from her very heart. Though they were more particularly addressed to Madame de Chantèrèine, everyone in the Temple was familiar with them; they were on every lip, they penetrated every heart, they remained in the memory of everyone. Lasne, in the days of his old age, dictated them to me himself without omitting a word, before Gomin, by his will, bequeathed to me the original manuscript which he had obtained from the Princess.

Marie-Thérèse had found in Madame de Chantèrèine a companion of lively sensibility rather than of a firm character, and she treated her with the more consideration that she felt herself stronger than her friend. Indeed, the new inhabitant of the Temple was physically as well as morally delicate; she had several nervous attacks, and Madame was often seen supporting her with her arm in the walks they took in the garden together. Near them was often to be seen a pretty mottled goat, as bright as a gazelle, which gave animation to the solitude of the garden by its gambols, its petulance, and caprices; it was a present from Madame de Chantèrèine. The graceful little animal, which Lasne and Gomin both liked to tend, was the occasion of a sort of rivalry between the two keepers. The goat was on very familiar terms with Gomin; it would come to him, and display its attachment to him; whereas it pursued Lasne, and tried to butt at him with its head with all its might. Lasne was amused at this at first,

 Laune and the goat.

but became rather vexed at it when he saw that Madame had observed the instinct and antipathies of the goat. "From that time," said Gomin to me, "he had a horror of the poor animal, and it was quite vain for Liénard and me to joke him on the subject." "You appear to be irritated," said Liénard to him one day; "but it is nothing in reality. It is a fable. I assure you if La Fontaine were still alive he would make one at your expense, entitled *the goat and the ass*.*

As soon as the news spread that Marie-Thérèse walked about freely in the garden, M. Huc hastened to hire a room in the Rotunda, that house near the tower of which we spoke in the description of the Temple, and which was the nearest point looking into the inclosure in all the neighbourhood. From the windows of this room, on the highest floor, it was possible to see Madame Royale, and be seen by her. To this garret the faithful servant of the late King ascended daily to look on the

* At this period there was a song published on the dog and the goat brought up by Marie-Thérèse in the Temple. Of the three verses of this song, characterised by the bad taste of the times, the last alone deserves to be quoted :—

" Vous, qui, toujours éloignés d'elle,
 Sur son sort n'avez point gémi,
 Ingrats, voyez son chien fidèle,
 Et rougissez de votre oubli;
 Il a partagé sa misère;
 Dans ses fers il l'a su charmer.
 Oui, c'est ainsi qu'on peut lui plaire,
 Et voilà comme on doit l'aimer."¹

This song may be found, page 42, in the "*Adieux de Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de Bourbon*;" "*Almanach pour l'Année 1796, etc.*," by M. d'Albins (Michaud), Basle, at Tournesen, bookseller, 1796 (Paris, Gueffier), in 18mo. Privately printed, and now very rare.

¹ " Oh ye, ungrateful, far away,
 Who heave no sigh of sad respect,
 Behold her dog's fidelity
 And blush for your debased neglect.
 He shared her mournful hours of grief,
 And cheered the lonely prison-wall.
 Ah! thus may friendship bring relief,
 And thus should she be loved of all!"

The concert in the Rotunda.

daughter of his master. Madame Hue, who was an excellent musician, went thither also, together with Madame Duguerre, a professional lady from Louvois, whom she accompanied on the harp, at the hour when the Princess took her walk.*

On the 28th Thermidor, 3rd year (15th August, 1795), Marie-Thérèse's birth-day, the garret-music of the Rotunda could not fail to make itself heard. Madame made her appearance in the garden, and walked there a long time, that she might show her friends how sensible she was of the mark of interest they bestowed on her. But the recollections brought to her mind by that anniversary made her weep. "I was walking at a certain distance behind her," said Gomin to me, "and behind Madame de Chantereine, and caught but little of their conversation; but as we crossed each other at a turn in the garden, I saw Madame wiping her eyes. The music, and, above all, the presence of Madame, had attracted the attention of the neighbourhood, and the windows of the Rue de la Corderie were thronged with people. This singular circumstance was brought to the ears of the committee of public welfare, and I was sent

* Among other songs, Madame was enabled to hear this verse, which announced her approaching deliverance, very distinctly :

"Calme-toi, jeune infortunée ;
Bientôt ces portes vont s'ouvrir ;
Bientôt, de tes fers délivrée,
D'un ciel pur tu pourras jouir.
Mais en quittant ce lieu funeste,
Où régna le deuil et l'effroi,
Souviens-toi, du moins, qu'il y reste
Des cœurs toujours dignes de toi !"¹

¹The above lines are by M. Lepitre, municipal officer, author of the song on "Filial Piety," which we have given at page 15 of this volume.

"Unhappy maiden, calm thy woe,
Soon shall ope these gates of steel;
Soon, thy bonds unloosed, thou'lt go
Where purer skies bright life reveal.
But yet, though this abhorred pile
May never claim one faint regret,
Ah! recollect the hearts the while,
That beat for thee within it yet!"

Continued devotion of M. Hue.

for two days afterwards. 'There are concerts, citizens! It is an actress rehearsing her part!' The affair was dropped, but we were obliged to bid adieu to songs and music."

M. Hue had also been privately warned by government, that although the homage he had already paid to misfortune would be passed over, an end must be put to such a demonstration for the future. On the 25th August, Madame came down into the garden, as she had done on the day of the Assumption. She thought, no doubt, that the manifestation that had been made on the Virgin Mary's day would be repeated on Saint Louis's day, but the concert did not take place. She seemed disturbed at this. Being afraid that she might attribute this cessation to some unfortunate event, Lasne let her know, through Madame de Chantecaille, that nothing alarming had occurred, but that circumstances, and the orders of the committee of general safety, had prevented a concert being given her that day. Notwithstanding this untoward event, M. Hue's visits to the Rotunda were as frequent as ever. By means of one of those signals formerly agreed upon, which she recollected, he informed Madame that he was intrusted with a letter for her; it was from Louis XVIII., and M. Hue succeeded in introducing it into the Tower. Marie-Thérèse sent him one in reply, which he transmitted to the King.

Since the arrival of Madame de Chantecaille, Madame had become, not more busy than she had been before (for the young Princess was never idle), but her occupations were more varied, and her sorrow, if not the less present to her mind, found some relief. She was in the habit of writing in the morning; in the afternoon she read, worked, and drew. Besides the books with which she had been provided, she asked for several others, which were placed at her disposal—the works of Racine and Boileau, the letters of Madame de Sévigné and of Madame de Maintenon. Surrounded by the ruins of a throne, she was yet anxious to see something of the palmy times of monarchy; and retired into the past to find an atmosphere of prosperity and

Madame de Tourzel.

greatness. Alas! her illusions fled when she laid down her book! Sometimes, her pencil in her hand, she went down into the garden, to trace the outline of the tower, where she had borne so much. Morning and evening saw her at prayer—and this was the only religious act which she could accomplish in her prison. She seemed very sensible of the attachment constantly shown her, and the better state of things that had succeeded to so many privations.*

Meanwhile Madame de Tourzel was engaged in another negotiation, less important than that we have mentioned before, but in which she took a lively interest; the aim was, to obtain permission for herself and her daughter to see Madame Royale. By a decision of the committee of general safety, dated the 10th Fructidor (Wednesday, 2nd September, 1795), this favour was granted them three times in a decade.† The complete form

* “Madame seemed so glad to leave off the old pure silk dress which she had been always mending up, ever since the time of Robespierre. Her toilet now was very suitable; in her room, in the morning, she wore a dressing-gown of white dimity, the rest of the day she was in a nankeen dress; on Sunday she put on a linen one, and on all the solemn feasts she adorned herself by putting on a green silk dress. Her beautiful hair, which was so thick that the women who followed the fashion of the period pretended that she wore a wig, floated about as it had always done, in a loose and graceful *négligé*, confined by a ribbon, or sometimes by a handkerchief fastened in front.

“GOMIN.”

† On hearing of the permission to enter the Temple obtained by Mesdames de Tourzel, Baron de Mackau thought of procuring the same favour for his mother—who had formerly been under-governess to Madame—knowing how much she would value it. He addressed himself on the subject, to his countryman, Reubell, one of the five directors, who willingly agreed to further the accomplishment of his wishes. M. de Mackau hastened to communicate the written permission he had just received to his mother, 24th Fructidor, 3rd year (10th September, 1795), and, without giving her any explanation, let her have the pleasure of reading it. “Oh! my son!” cried she, embracing him tenderly; “Oh! my son! I am happy, and I owe it to you!” Without loss of time she repaired to the Temple. Madame being informed of her arrival yielded to her own impatience to see her, and was in her arms before she had crossed the court-yard. “Madame de Mackau,” said Gomin to me, “who was very old, and whose

Madame de Tourzel's narrative.

of this decree was sent them the next morning. "I asked Gauthier" (de l'Ain), says Madame Tourzel, in her unpublished memoirs, "whether Madame was aware of the extent of her losses, He said he knew nothing at all about it, and all the way from the committee,—which was held at the Hôtel de Brionne,—to the Temple, we had the anxious thought on our minds, that we might, perhaps, have to inform her that she had lost all she held dear on earth.

health had been considerably injured by a long imprisonment, seemed suffering, and could scarcely support herself. She wanted to excuse herself for not having been able to get to the tower, before the Princess came down. 'How so?' cried Madame, with a heart-felt accent, 'how could I delay the pleasure of embracing you a single second?' 'That is true,' replied Madame de Mackau, with a grateful smile: 'Madame has come down the steps much faster than I could have gone up them!' 'It is three years, a month, and a day, since I had the happiness of seeing you,' cried the Princess, again embracing her governess; then taking her arm, she passed it under her own with grateful affection, and thus assisted her to walk. Madame de Mackau had a large white hat in her hand; she was trying to make use of it to shade herself from the sun, which annoyed her a good deal. Madame took possession of the hat, held it up with the hand she had at liberty, and turned it against the sun, so that Madame de Mackau should not suffer from it. 'Madame is too good to me,' said Madame de Mackau. 'You have been much better to me,' replied Madame; 'I could never repay you but a very trivial portion of the care you bestowed on me in my childhood!'

"Talking in this manner, they had made several steps forward; remaining behind, with Lasne and the commissary, and keeping at a respectful distance, I was unable to hear more. Madame led her venerable visitor to the bottom of the garden, and made her sit down on a chair there; but either because Madame de Mackau, being indispensed, could not bear the open air, or the overflowing confidence that Madame desired to bestow on her governess at this, their first interview, was disturbed by the presence of witnesses, though at a distance, we saw her go up to her apartment with her a few minutes afterwards."

It was then that Marie-Thérèse revealed herself to Madame de Mackau in her true character. Misfortune had failed to efface the signs of greatness with which Heaven had endowed her. With what happiness and pride did the old governess delightfully repeat to her children, what dignified majesty she had found in the daughter of kings, what touching friendship in her pupil! She had come to the tower to give consolation to a child, and she found a woman of fortitude there; she had come to preach resignation to her, and she found an example to follow. "Let us weep," said the royal

Madame de Tourzel's narrative.

"When we reached the Temple, I gave in my permission to the two keepers, and asked to see Madame de Chantereine in private. She told me that the Princess had been made acquainted with her misfortune, and was expecting us. Madame came to meet us, embraced us tenderly, and conducted us to her room, where we mingled our tears for all the objects of her regret. She spoke on the subject without intermission, and gave us a most distressing account of the moment of her

orphan; "but not for my parents; their task is done, and they have received the reward; the crown that God himself has now placed upon their heads can never be taken from them. Let us pray, not for them, but for those who occasioned their fall. As for myself, these years, sad as they were, will not have been without their use. I have had time to reflect before God, and with my own heart, and I am stronger to bear trouble. I am far from confounding those who have deprived me of all I loved best in the world with the French nation at large. I should doubtless be delighted to leave my prison, but I should prefer the humblest little house in France to all the honours that elsewhere await a princess so unhappy as myself!"

It is evident that the heart of Marie-Thérèse had not been embittered by the long injustice done her by mankind. On the contrary, misfortune and meditation had raised her above the vicissitudes of the world, though fate had still in reserve trials, frequent, long, unceasing, but which never had the power to touch or disturb her.

Mesdames de Tourzel and Madame de Mackau saw the Princess again, by turns, every three or four days, that is, three times in a decade. They usually came to the Temple about noon, and did not retire till seven or eight o'clock. Thus, independently of Madame de Chantereine, Madame had friends to dine with her at least six times every decade. It was in the course of one of these conversations, which succeeded each other regularly during nearly two months, that Madame de Mackau found occasion to appreciate the filial piety of Madame Royale. There was a report at that time, which appeared to have some foundation in truth, that Madame was soon to repair to Vienna, for the purpose of espousing the Archduke Charles. Madame de Mackau said to her: "If such a political measure should bring back Madame to France, I should rejoice at it." "Ah!" replied the young girl, "I know no political measure but the last wishes of my parents; and I will never marry anyone but the Duke d'Angoulême!"

Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte also received a visit from her nurse, Madame Laurent, who had more than once asked permission to wait upon her in the Temple.

Madame de Tourzel's narrative.

parting with the King, her father, who had loved her so fondly.

"At her first entrance into the Temple, we had left Madame weak and delicate, and now, on seeing her again, after three years of unexampled misfortune, we were much surprised to find her tall, handsome, and stout, with that noble bearing which distinguishes her person. Pauline and I were struck with her likeness in feature to the King, the Queen, and even to Madame Elizabeth. Heaven, that had destined her to be a model of that courage which, without diminishing true delicacy of feeling, enables its possessor to perform great actions, did not allow her to sink beneath the weight of so many sorrows. Madame spoke of them with angelic mildness, and we could never perceive in her any feeling of rancour against the authors of her misfortunes. Like a worthy daughter of Louis XVI., she pitied the French people, and never ceased to love the country where she had been so unhappy. On my saying to her that I wished to see her leave France, that she might be delivered from her frightful captivity, she replied, with an accent of grief: 'It is some comfort for me to live in a country whose soil covers the remains of all I loved most dearly in the world:' and then, in a voice of piercing sorrow, she added, bursting into tears as she spoke: 'I should have been more happy in sharing the fate of my parents, than in living to lament their loss!'

"Madame spoke to us with much emotion of the young King, her brother, and of the ill-treatment he continually experienced. The barbarian Simon used to ill-use him, in order to oblige him to sing the "*Carmagnole*," and other detestable songs, so as to be heard by the Princesses. Though the young King had a horror of wine, Simon would force him to drink it, whenever he wanted to intoxicate him. This had been done on the day, when, before Madame and Madame Elizabeth, he made him say all those dreadful things which were mentioned on the trial of our unfortunate Queen. At

Madame de Tourzel's narrative.

the close of this atrocious scene, the young Prince, beginning to recover his senses, approached his sister, and took hold of her hand. Perceiving this, the wretch Simon, who envied him even this slight consolation, carried him off immediately, leaving the Princesses in consternation at what they had just witnessed.

"I could not refrain from asking Madame how, with so much sensibility, and in so melancholy a solitude, she had been able to bear up against so much misfortune?"

"Nothing could have been more touching than her reply, which I cannot refrain from transcribing: 'Without religion, it would have been impossible for me to do so; that was my sole resource, and provided me with the only comfort my heart was capable of receiving. I had preserved my aunt Elizabeth's religious books. I read them over; recalled to mind the advices he had given me, trying not to disobey her injunctions, but to follow them exactly. When she embraced me for the last time, exhorting me to courage and resignation, she expressly recommended me to request that some female should be placed about me. Although I infinitely preferred my solitude to the companion they would then have given me, my respect for my aunt's wishes would not allow me to hesitate; my demand was refused, and I confess I was very glad of it. My aunt had but too truly foreseen the trials I was destined to suffer, and had accustomed me to wait on myself, and to require no one's assistance. She had laid out my life, so as to employ every hour of it. The arrangement of my room, my devotions, reading, and work, had each their separate time. She had caused me to contract the habit of making my own bed, dressing my hair, lacing my stays myself, and dressing without any help. She had made me sprinkle my room with water to cool the air, and had, besides, required me to walk up and down as fast as possible, with my watch in my hand, for an hour every day, to make up for the want of proper exercise.'

"We were moved to tears by these details, so interesting

Madame de Tourzel's narrative.

on account of their coming from the lips of Madame herself. We admired the courage of Madame Elizabeth, and her foresight, which extended to everything that could be useful to Madame. That excellent Princess was the comfort of her august family, and especially so of the Queen, who had been less religious than her sister when they first entered the Temple, and had been so happy as to learn there to imitate the piety of that angel of goodness. Not content with attending to those whom she loved, she employed her last moments also in preparing the persons condemned to share her fate to appear before their God, and exercised the most heroic charity up to the very moment when she departed this life to receive the reward promised to virtue so exalted, and so sorely tried, as had been that of this good and holy Princess. From the time of her separation from her aunt, Madame had passed fifteen months alone, a prey to her own grief and melancholy thoughts, and having no book to read but "*La Harpe's Travels*," which she perused over and over again; in want of everything, asking for nothing, and mending even her shoes and stockings with her own hands. She was sometimes visited by the commissaries of the Convention, to whom her answers were so short and laconic that they did not make their visits very long. It seemed as if Heaven had set the seal of its protection on her brow, for they all experienced a sentiment of respect, in which not one failed for a single instant.

"Notwithstanding all her courage, Madame confessed to us that she grew so weary of her perfect solitude, that she used to say to herself: 'If they place some person with me who is not a complete monster, I feel that I shall not be able to do otherwise than love her.'

"I asked Madame, one day, if she had never been ill during the time of her perfect solitude: 'I was so little taken up with my person,' replied she, 'that I paid very little attention to it at all.' She then told us about a fainting fit into which she had fallen one day, adding such touching remarks con-

Napoleon Bonaparte—the 13th Vendémiaire.

cerning the slight account in which she held her life, that it was impossible for us to hear her without our being deeply affected."

From the 8th September, the negotiations begun at Basle had been carried on regularly, in consequence of the offer of mediation eagerly made by the Burgomaster Bourcard, chief of the regency of the state of Basle, to M. le Baron de Degelmann, minister plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Austria, and M. Bacher, chief secretary to the embassy of the French republic. These two diplomatists, who could not carry on a direct communication with each other because of the state of the war, found a most zealous and conciliating mediator between the two parties in M. Bourcard.

Everything appeared to be concurring to effect the liberation of Marie-Thérèse, when some fatal circumstances occurred to delay an act of justice already agreed to on both sides, and of which there merely remained to concert the mode of execution. The Convention was threatened with serious danger. Of the forty eight sections composing the National Guard of Paris, only five were in favour of the republic, and even this was not, strictly speaking, the same as wishing well to the Conventional government. On the 13th Vendémiaire, 4th year (5th October, 1795), the forty-three adverse sections had risen and held meetings, where they deliberated under arms; the task of putting down this insurrection was committed to the artillery, which was now first to teach the land of France to echo back the name of Bonaparte. "At the moment," said Gomin to me, "when, by Barras's orders, the future dictator was sweeping the steps of Saint-Roch and the street of the Dauphin with grape-shot, my duty compelled me to enter the apartment of Madame. I found her bathed in tears. 'I am weeping for the blood that is flowing,' she said."

The enthusiastic admiration of the Convention for the man who had just saved it, was so much the greater as its alarm had been intense; and, in the transport of its grati-

The new constitution.

trade, he was promoted to general of division, and appointed to the command of the army of the interior. Before dissolving itself, the Convention decreed that two-thirds of its members should be admitted into the two councils, and that it reserved to itself the right of electing these persons. The new constitution was established, and the directorial government installed itself on the 13th Brumaire, 4th year (4th November, 1795), in the palace of the Luxembourg.

Changes taking place among the higher powers are always alarming to individuals in inferior stations. Gomin was afraid of his royalist sentiments being discovered, and Madame was herself alarmed lest they should take from her a keeper of whose attention she could never speak but with the highest praise. She did not conceal her uneasiness from Gomin, who made it his duty to avert so distressing an event, and he had recourse to several protectors, whose support did not fail him in his need.*

* *Equality.*

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Liberty.

War with the partisans
of terror!

War with the partisans of the
emigrants and of royalty!

National Convention.

COMMITTEE OF GENERAL SAFETY.

Section of Paris Police.

"1st Brumaire, 4th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"We, representatives of the people, and members of the committee of general safety, police section, do certify that citizen Jean-Baptiste Gomin, commissary of the Temple guard, has acquitted himself of the duties intrusted to him by the committee, with zeal, intelligence, and probity, and that he still deserves to be continued in the exercise of his functions.

"GAUTHIER, P. M. DELAUNAI.

"Representatives of the people, and members of the committee of general safety."

NOTE.—The heading of this document is remarkable. The word "Fraternity" has disappeared, and in the two mottoes opposed to each other the Directory, inaugurating its double-edged policy, declares at one end and the same time war on "the partisans of Terror," and "the partisans of Royalty!"

 Fears of the royalists.

Meanwhile, some royalist agents, who had taken part in the insurrection, were arrested. Among their number was Lemaitre, who, condemned to death on the 17th Brumaire, 4th year (8th November, 1795), refused to make any confession, and died with great fortitude and courage. His fellow-prisoners were condemned, some to transportation, and some to several years' imprisonment. This affair had given rise to warm debates in the National Convention, because in Lemaitre's letters several deputies were pointed out as inclined to serve the royal party. It is true that the only result of this had been to prevent Cambacérès from being named director; but all these rumours of royalist conspiracies had the effect of inducing the executive authorities to retrograde towards the rigorous system, from which they had begun to depart, in the treatment of Madame, since the death of Louis XVII.

On the 17th Brumaire, 4th year (8th November, 1795), the keepers of the Temple were sent for to the committee of general safety.* Etienne Lasne repaired thither immediately; he was rigidly examined, and severe animadversions were made upon his conduct.

On the 19th Brumaire (10th November), citizen Leroy, agent of the police commission, and bearer of an order from the minister of the interior, presented himself at the Temple, to receive the declarations of Charlotte Capet and citizen Bocquet de Chantereine, agreeably to the decree of the Executive Directory,† bearing the date of the previous evening.

The examination of the Princess and her companion took place in the council-room, in presence of the Temple commissaries; and the agent of the new authorities was enabled to convince himself that the two prisoners were in perfect ignorance of the movement that had disturbed the whole city.‡

* Register-Journal of the Temple tower, of the 17th Brumaire.

† *Ibid.*, 10th Brumaire.

‡ Next day, the 20th Brumaire (11th November), the visit of an inspector of the Commune well nigh gave rise to an alarm in the first

Rigours renewed.

Nevertheless, on the 21st Brumaire, the two keepers of the Temple received orders not to allow, henceforth, citizeness Chantareine to leave the Temple, nor citizeness Tourzel to enter it; all communication between the tower and the exterior was immediately to cease.*

court-yard. Citizen Soulas, head-clerk of the dépôt of vehicles belonging to the republic, came to examine the coach-houses belonging to the Temple palace, in order to know how many carriages they would hold.¹ The old porter, Darques, who had been acquainted with Soulas, and who had not seen him for eighteen months, was persuaded, in consequence of something he had been told, that this person had been guillotined. What, then, was his horror when, at about three o'clock, P.M., on a dark November afternoon, there appeared outside the window of his lodge the head of this same Soulas, pale and haggard (for he was recovering from an illness), and with a voluminous red cravat bound tight around his neck! A piercing cry escaped from the old man, and grasping at the bell-pull he rang a hasty peal, which gave notice to those within of the approach of a superior. Gomin hastened thither, and found Liénard, Meunier, and several National Guards, who had been attracted to the spot by the cries of the porter; but the latter had already recovered from his fright, and began to laugh with the rest when he saw Gomin approach the phantom, and shake hands with him cordially.

Lasne, who did not like Darque, was delighted at this occurrence; in the first moment of his being informed of it, he said to Gomin: "We'll stick the old fool down in our report; it will be great fun!" "It would be very ill-natured," returned his colleague, "and very ridiculous, also, the more so, as, if it were in our journal, we should have to repeat it in our daily report to the authorities, and to-day is the very first time we have to correspond with citizen Bénézech, minister of the interior."²

¹ Register-Journal of the Temple tower, 20th Brumaire.

² *Ibid.*, 20th Brumaire.

* "Commission of Administrative Police, Paris.

"To the commissaries appointed to the Temple guard.

"Citizens,

"We send you the annexed copy of two orders from the Executive Directory relative to citizenesses Bocquet Chantareine and Tourzel, of the 20th Brumaire (this present month). You will be good enough to conform to them exactly, and acknowledge the receipt of them by the bearer.

* "HANNOCQUE.

"GUERIN.

"Administrative Commissaries."

Exclusion of Madame de Tourzel.

These measures had been dictated by various political motives. It was said that Madame de Tourzel was passionately

“Administrative Commission of Police for Paris.

“Extract from the register of the deliberations of the Executive Directory.

“20th Brumaire, 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

“The Executive Directory decrees that, from this day forth, citizeness Bocquet Chantereine, attending on Charlotte Capet in the Temple tower, shall not leave the Temple, nor have any communication with any person beyond the walls. In consequence whereof the commissaries appointed to the guard of the building are forbidden to give entrance thither to any other person, or to allow citizeness Bocquet Chantereine to leave it.

“The minister of the interior is intrusted with the execution of this present decree.

“REUBELL, President.

“P. BARRAS, Secretary.

“Sent to the administrative commission of police to be carried into execution. Paris, this 21st Brumaire, 4th year of the Republic.

“BENEZECH, Minister of the Interior.”

“Exact copy,

“HANNOCQUE.

“GUERIN.

“Administrative Commissaries.”

“Administrative Commission of Police for Paris.

“Extract from the register of the deliberations of the Executive Directory.

“20th Brumaire, 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

“The Executive Directory annuls the permission granted to citizeness Tourzel and her daughter to see Charlotte Capet, now detained at the Temple, three times per decade; in consequence whereof the commissaries appointed to the Temple guard are forbidden to admit the said citizeness Tourzel.

“The minister of the interior is intrusted with the execution of this present decree.

“REUBELL, President.

“P. BARRAS, Secretary.”

Lower down we find the following words :

“Sent to the administrative commission of police, in order to its being carried into execution. Paris, this 21st Brumaire, 4th year of the Republic.

“BENEZECH, Minister of the Interior.”

“Exact copy,

“HANNOCQUE.

“GUERIN.

“Administrative Commissaries.”

Severity towards Madame de Tourzel.

anxious for the marriage of the young Marie-Thérèse with the Archduke Charles; she was suspected of favouring the wishes of Austria on that head, and it was therefore thought expedient to get rid of her influence in the Temple.

Be that as it may, the orders given were strictly carried out. This unexpected severity, which cut off all connection between Madame de Chantereine and her family, threw her into such a state of distress that Marie-Thérèse, becoming alarmed for her health, insisted on her claiming the performance of the conditions, under protection of which she had entered the Temple.*

Towards Madame de Tourzel measures of greater severity had been adopted. "On the 8th November," she says, "an armed force, accompanied by two police commissaries, came to my house, at about eight o'clock in the morning, with an order for my arrest: and not finding me there, the two commissaries established themselves in my room to wait my return. I had gone out early, and was returning again quietly to breakfast, when the wife of our housekeeper gave me warning of what was going on. I turned back, and went to my legal adviser,

* The Temple commissaries transmitted Madame de Chantereine's letter to the minister of the interior.¹ Marie-Thérèse, more and more anxious on account of the nervous state in which she saw her, begged Gomin to acquaint the government with her uneasiness; and the commissaries closed the report of the day, which they sent to the minister of the interior, in the following terms:

"Citizeness Chantereine, in great distress at the uncertainty of her situation, implores you, citizen minister, to attend to her letter of yesterday; she hopes you will be so good as to give her a few words in answer."²

The minister made no reply by letter, but he had Madame de Chantereine privately encouraged to fear nothing, and her mind being set at rest by this assurance she tranquilly awaited the coming of a brighter future. She did justice to the character of M. Benezech, and fearlessly applied to him on another occasion.³

¹ Register-Journal of the Temple tower, report of the 22nd Brumaire, 4th year.

² *Ibid.*, 23rd Brumaire.

³ *Ibid.*, 23th Brumaire.

Seventy towards Madame de Tourzel

who resided in the Rue des Baigneurs, in order to gain time to reflect on what was best to be done in my situation. I knew that the person who had the correspondence of the King had been arrested, and that he had in his possession a letter which I had written to his Majesty, enclosing him one from Madame. I had besides at my house the manuscript written by M. Hue, who had urged me to take time to read it over. All this disturbed me and made me uncertain what to do, when Madame Charost, whom I had found means to acquaint with the place to which I had retired, let me know that she had put the manuscript in a safe place. My mind being thus set at rest on that score, and I being unwilling to let it be said that I concealed myself at the time I had hoped to have accompanied Madame, I went home again to run the risk of whatever might befall me there. As soon as I entered the house, the police commissaries made out an inventory of my papers. I took my dinner quietly, before I repaired to the Hôtel de Brionne, where the committee of public welfare, which did not open proceedings before six o'clock, held their meetings. My two daughters, Pauline and Madame de Charost, followed me to the committee. We were kept more than an hour in the outer room leading to that where I was to be examined: they did not fail to give me all the details of the death of poor Lemaitre, and to add that, henceforward the greatest severity would be exercised as regarded the royalists, and even ladies wearing bonnets*. I was subjected to a cross-examination which lasted more than two hours; and then, at eleven o'clock at night, I was taken to the College of the Quatre-Nations, which had been turned into a prison, where I remained in solitary confinement. Three days after this I was taken before *Sieur Violetta*, justice of the peace. There I learned that they had shown no more consideration for

* The lower orders in France do not wear bonnets. A servant would never think of such an article of dress, neither would her mistress allow it.—TRANSLATOR.

Resumption of negotiations.

Madame than they had done to myself, and that it was in consequence of her replies tallying exactly with mine that I was restored to liberty. The result, perhaps the object, of this last piece of tyranny was to prevent my accompanying Madame to Vienna, and to have a pretext for informing the Emperor that I was prevented from accompanying her by the fact that an accusation was then hanging over my head."

These occurrences at Paris had not put a stop to the negotiations carried on at Basle by the diplomatists of France and Austria. These two persons had signed some mutual engagements on the 8th October, which seemed to bring the desired object nearer than before. The Austrian government, who were now more than ever suspected of a design to marry Archduke Charles to Madame Royale, by which union they might revive the right they still considered themselves as possessing to the territory of Alsace and Lorraine, had already brought the prisoners included in the exchange near to the frontiers of France. As early as the 18th November, M. Bacher had been informed by Baron de Degelmann, that the said prisoners had arrived at Fribourg, in Brisgau, and that, at the first signal, they could proceed in one day to Riehen, a village situated in the territory of Basle, which was the spot selected for their being given up to the French negociator. From day to day, and from hour to hour, the latter was expecting from Paris the announcement of the departure of the daughter of Louis XVI., but that intelligence did not come. The reason of this delay was, that the difficulties occasioned by the insurrection of Vendémiaire and the bloody repression of the same, by which the Convention had bid adieu to France, was succeeded by certain obstacles thrown in the way by the unskilful conduct of the minister of the Grand-duke of Tuscany, the first prince who had acknowledged the French republic. This minister, M. de Carletti, who had been several months accredited at Paris, had never taken the least step in favour of the liberation of Madame; but recollecting that she was at the Temple,

M. Carletti.

when the report of her leaving it had become general, he asked permission to see a princess so nearly connected by the ties of blood with his court. His request not being granted, he renewed it, and his urging it so warmly and so ill-advisedly aroused the suspicions of the Directory, and M. de Carletti received his passport to leave France.*

* This departure was hailed by the comic writers of the day in the following stanzas, to the air of *Povero di Calpigi*:

" Je suis né natif de Florence,
Je fus six mois ministre en France;
Mais déjà m'en voilà parti;
Povero caro Carletti!

J'avais l'humeur républicaine,
Et je m'accommodais sans pemo
De tout ce qu'on faisait ici.
Povero caro Carletti!

Jadis Actéon sur Diane
Osa porter un œil profane:
Par des chiens il fut assailli.
Povero caro Carletti!

A cette jeune prisonnière
Mon cœur ne s'intéressait guère;
Je n'y songeai pas jusqu'ici.
Povero caro Carletti!

Tout à coup il me vient en tête
D'être tant soit peu plus honnête
Comme Actéon je suis puni.
Povero caro Carletti!"

Thus, after the drama came the little comedy. The imprudence and awkwardness of a poor diplomatist were punished as they deserved to be; but they retarded the liberation of Madame Royale for several days.

" My native Florence sent me here,
Six months since, her minister,
But now I'm forced from France to see—
Povero caro Carletti!

I'm half republican at heart,
So wisely judged a meddling part
Was not at all the one for me,—
Povero caro Carletti!

When rash Actæon's prying eyes,
Took fair Diana by surprise,
Hunted down by dogs was he,—
Povero caro Carletti!

The exchange decreed.

Still, the movement which carried public opinion along with it, and which, but for the armed violence of the authorities on the 13th Vendémiaire, and afterwards on the 18th Fructidor, would, in all probability, have led to the restoration of monarchy, was making itself felt on every side, and the ideas and interests of men began to turn to the exiled Prince. An entire re-action was visible in public acts and forms. The Executive Directory authorised the departure of the captive from the Temple in the following terms :

" Extract from the register of the Executive Directory of the 6th day of Frimaire, 4th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible (27th November, 1795).

" The Executive Directory decrees that the ministers of the interior and of foreign affairs be directed to take all measures necessary to expedite the exchange of the daughter of the last King of France for the citizens Camus, Quinette, and other deputies or agents of the republic; to appoint an officer of gendarmerie, fit and proper for such a duty, to accompany the daughter of the last King as far as Basle; and to allow her, from among the persons who had charge of her education, those whom she prefers to go with her.

" To be despatched conformably.

" REUBEL, President.

" By the Executive Directory.

" LAGARDE, Secretary-General.

" BENEZECH, Minister of the Interior."

M. Benezec, minister of the interior, was as prompt in the execution of this order as he had been zealous in promoting

For that captive maiden fair,
Not one tittle did I care;
What on earth was she to me?—
Povero caro Carletti!

All at once the fancy came,
To be kind to her I name;
Actæon-like, I'm forced to see,—
Povero caro Carletti!"

 Arrangements for departure.

it. The very next morning, 7th Frimaire, 4th year (28th November, 1795), he went in person to the Temple, to acquaint Marie-Thérèse with the news of her liberation, and to ask what ladies she would wish to accompany her. Madame first of all named Madame la Baronne de Mackau, and inquired whether the persons she took with her might without inconvenience remain with her at the court of Vienna? "Certainly," replied M. Benezech, "if the Emperor will allow them; the objection, if there be any, will not be made by the French government." Encouraged by these kind expressions of the minister, "I should like very much," added Marie-Thérèse, "to take with me also Madame de Tourzel, who was governess to my brother, and Madame de Sérent, who was lady-in-waiting to my aunt." "I hope," rejoined M. Benezech, "that there will be no difficulty in carrying out Madame's wishes. I will go and communicate them to the Directory, and to the persons you have named. But that is not all; there are several other arrangements which belong more especially to my department, and I wish them to be made so as to accord with your own desires. I mean the articles of dress that you will have to take with you. To-day, or to-morrow, I will send persons to consult with you on the subject;* and they will follow your orders. I shall then take upon myself the arrangements for your journey." M. Benezech left Madame much affected by the consideration he had shown her. Next day, 8th Frimaire, 4th year (29th November, 1795), two members of the administrative commission of police made their appearance at the Temple, bringing the following safe-conduct, written in the minister's own hand.†

"Paris, 7th Frimaire, 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

"The Minister of the Interior,

"Authorizes the commissaries on guard at the Temple to

* Register-Journal of the Temple tower, of the 8th Frimaire.

† *Ibid.*

• Arrangements for departure.

give admission to citizens Guérin and Houdeyer, members of the administrative commission of police, and to permit them to confer with the daughter of Louis XVI., now a prisoner in the Temple tower.

“BENEZECH.”

The Princess was very moderate in the demands she was requested to make with respect to clothing and jewels. So long accustomed to the most rigid simplicity, it seemed as if she could not consent, but with a bashful kind of timidity, to the composition of the elegant outfit just offered her by the revolutionary government. They had long denied her what was barely necessary, and now they wished to load her with superfluities. She, who had mourning to wear for so many dear ones, would have deemed it a crime to accept of ornaments. Therefore, while she expressed her thanks in dignified terms to the messengers of the authorities, she confined herself to the selection of some few articles of linen and common stuffs, and some shoes, of which she stood in need. The police administrators repeated to her again, that she might extend her demands very much further; and begged her to make her wishes and intentions on the subject known without restriction to the commissary keepers of the Temple, who might then make out a statement to which due attention should be paid; and then withdrew.

Lasne and Gomin began to make out this list. They observed to Madame, that now she was free, and about to repair to the Court of Austria, she would require some ornaments suitable to her rank; but they spoke in vain. “If they would only allow me,” replied she, “to carry away with me some few tokens that might remind me of that rank: if I had given back to me some articles that belonged to my mother and myself, and which were taken from us a few days after our arrival at the tower, that is all I ask.”

The two keepers made out a list of the articles that were.

Gomin's kindness.

or might be used by Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte,* and sent it to the administrative commissaries of police. But there the line of their duty stopped. How could they take upon themselves to give the authorities an intimation which would look like advice? They did not dare do so. Gomin tried to put the minister upon the track,* from which he himself was obliged to recoil. There was a chest of drawers in the lower room of the tower, which had been sealed up for a long time. Laurent had told him formerly that those drawers contained diamonds, jewels, and various stuffs, which had belonged to the royal family. Gomin had kept the secret to himself; he now thought that the time had come to speak of this chest of drawers, hoping naturally that it might be opened, and that, if Laurent's account proved true, it would probably come into the minister's mind to restore the precious relics that Madame demanded.

In the following terms, therefore, the good keeper made out the report, according to the daily duty of his colleague and himself, and sent it to the minister of the interior :

“To the Citizen Minister of the Interior.

“10th Frimaire, 4th year (1st December, 1795).

“In consequence of the demand made to us by the members of the administrative commission of police, on their visit to the Temple, on the 8th instant, we have this day presented them with a detailed statement of the articles that are, or may be, furnished for the use of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte.

“There is in the lower room of the tower a chest of drawers which have been sealed up; we do not know what they may contain, but we think it our duty to make you acquainted with this fact.

“We have nothing else to announce to you. Guard is carefully kept over the tower.

* Register-Journal of the Temple tower, 10th Frimaire, 4th year.

The chest of drawers.

Gomin's innocent stratagem succeeded in this particular. The minister, through the medium of the administration of police, demanded an explanation.* He learned from them, by the report given them by the keepers of the Temple, that the chest of drawers in question had been brought down into the lower room of the tower on the 24th Brumaire, 2nd year (14th November, 1793), and that the seals had been affixed to them by the members of the Commune on duty that day † Citizens Hannocque, Guérin, administrative commissary of police, and Baron, justice of the peace of the Section du Mail, came to the Temple by an order from the minister, to proceed to the removal of the seals, and to make an investigation into the contents of the drawers.‡

But Gomin's success went no further than this. "The inventory," he told me, "contained many things which Madame would have been greatly pleased to have; but I do not think M. Benezech had power to give them to her. I have been assured that his kind intentions were warmly opposed by the Directory, who were all divided in opinions and wishes. Notwithstanding the difficulties he met with, the minister of the interior did not the less pursue his design of having a suitable outfit prepared for Marie-Thérèse.§ Benezech did not stop here; he appealed to the vanity of the Directors, representing

* Register-Journal of the Temple tower, 12th Frimaire.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Register-Journal of the Temple tower, of the 16th Frimaire. A circumstantial statement accompanied this inventory, which we give among the documents, No. VI. This breaking of the seals was heard of beyond the walls, and, as is always the case, the fact was exaggerated, disfigured, and said to apply generally. To put a stop to this report, citizen François, inspector of national domains, came some days afterwards (on the 19th Frimaire) to verify the seals affixed in the old Temple palace, and he stated officially that the administrative commission of police had not encroached on the duties of the commission of domains (Register-Journal, of the 19th Frimaire).

§ Finding himself opposed by the prisoner herself, he determined to act without her consent, and made inquiries of the Temple commissaries for the names and addresses of the seamstresses and dressmakers of the

The outfit.

to them than it was for the honour of the new government to prove to Europe; not only that they did not follow in the bloody track of the past, but also that they knew how to unite with a rigid performance of their duty, the consideration due to the representative and daughter of those who had ruled the land for so many ages. He ventured to propose that the young Marie-Thérèse should traverse the country in a calash drawn by eight horses, and accompanied by all the persons she had chosen as her suite.

The effect produced by the boldness and novelty of this proposal may readily be conceived; still, after the first moment of surprise, the idea of Benezech was seriously discussed; the very strangeness of the measure gave it a sort of interest. Some saw in it, not only an example of the generous sentiments upheld by the new authorities, but also a proof of the indisputably firm foundation of the republic; others and older politicians were apprehensive lest the spectacle of this last reflection of royalty might, in some measure, excite the monarchical tendency of the people, or provoke revolutionary opposition,

persons committed to their charge.¹ It was not without some difficulty that the two commissaries succeeded in procuring the following addresses:—²

Citizeness Clouet, seamstress, No. 670, Rue de Lillo.³

Citizeness Garnier, dressmaker, No. 730, Boulevard de Babylon.⁴

Benezech sent for these workwomen, and gave them their instructions himself, recommending them to exercise the most careful zeal and the promptest exactness; but there was no occasion to give them such an exhortation—it was enough for them to know for whom they were to work. Five days and five nights were taken up in preparing, at their warehouses, the outfit intended for the daughter of the last King by the republican authorities.

¹ Register-Journal of the Temple tower, 16th Frimaire, 4th year.

² *Ibid.*, 17th Frimaire.

³ Citizeness Clouet was the same whose little girl used to play with Louis XVII. In Document No. IX. it will be seen that she was at once laundress and seamstress to Marie-Thérèse.

⁴ Mademoiselle Garnier had the title of Marie-Thérèse's dressmaker, but during her imprisonment the Convention had given her another. Document No. X.

The suite.

indignant at the re-action of the government. According to them, it would be equally imprudent to exalt the royalist faction and to challenge republican feeling ; their opinion prevailed, but yet they displayed a conciliatory spirit. The Directory decided that Madame should travel incognito as far as the frontier, but they permitted her to be conveyed on to Basle in a superb conveyance drawn by eight horses, and it was desired that the splendid outfit ordered for her by the minister of the interior should be presented to her in that town. The republic, it will be observed, was becoming humane : it consented, with unusual graciousness, to consider the lady, who might never in its territory be other than a prisoner, as becoming once more a princess so soon as she touched a foreign soil ; and displayed a kind of fatuity in proving to Austria that the traditions of ancient courtesy and knowledge of the world were not entirely lost. But, on the other hand, the republic did not choose to seem to favour the matrimonial schemes of the Austrian policy, and decided, in consequence, that Madame de Tourzel should not accompany young Marie-Thérèse.

Benezech informed the Princess by word of mouth of the new arrangements that had been made for her departure. Madame was to take but one lady with her, which amounted to an interdiction to Mesdames de Tourzel, for the mother and daughter had never been separated, and Madame could never have seen the one without missing the other.

It had been desired by Austria that those ladies should accompany Marie-Thérèse. The Baron de Degelmann expressed himself as follows on the subject, in a note sent to M. Bacher as early as the 7th October :—

“ It will be readily understood that so young a Princess could not, during so long a journey, be without some companion with whom she is already acquainted, and in whom she can confide, and it will also be understood that this companion should be one who would be welcome where she is going. The virtues of Madame de Tourzel, and the

The suite.

general esteem in which she is held, would make her appointment more acceptable to the court of Vienna than that of any other lady, a stranger to that court. And as the Austrian government has been very accommodating in the surrender of several state-prisoners, together with that of various other persons who had shared their captivity, we have some reason to hope that the French authorities will not be less so in a choice, so natural in itself that it has been anticipated by many."

This request of Austria had met with a favourable reception at first; the motives for its subsequent rejection have been stated, and we shall see hereafter in what manner the change was explained away by M. Bacher.

From the kind expressions employed by M. Benézech himself, Madame had been induced to think she might possibly be able to take Mesdames de Tourzel, de Mackau, and de Sérent with her, and she could not abandon this hope without a feeling of profound regret. "This news," she said to M. Benézech, "is the more distressing to me, because I had another similar request to make which will probably be no better received. Still, the proofs of attachment which my family have received from MM. Hue and Turgy, make me feel it my duty to beg that these gentlemen may be allowed to accompany me." "The question relating to those ladies, and the persons who are to travel in the same carriage with you, has been already decided," replied the minister; "these latter are to be—one of your ladies, one of the commissaries appointed to guard you, and an officer of gendarmerie, whose duty it will be to maintain the strictest incognito about your person. I cannot alter this decision, but I promise you that, if it depend upon me, MM. Hue and Turgy shall be of the party, or at least shall soon follow you. We have still to agree upon the choice of the three persons who are to accompany you—the lady, the commissary, and the officer—and I beg you will name them yourself." "Thank you, Sir," said Madame; "my choice is

The suite.

made at once : I wish to have Madame de Mackau, Gomin, and M. Méchain.*

The minister immediately acquainted those three persons with Madame's selection of them. M. Méchain was flattered at being chosen, and Gomin was delighted ; but Madame de Mackau was confined to bed at that time by a severe illness, which at her age assumed a very alarming character. She collected all her strength to express her deep regret on the subject to her pupil, begging her to allow her daughter, Madame de Soucy, to accompany her instead. Madame Royale accepted the offer. Madame de Soucy did not stop to consider the fatigue of so long a journey, the separation from her family, and, alas ! from her dying mother, who demanded all her care. Home, friends, country—she left all for Madame ; the thought that she might be of service to her making her forget the greatness of the sacrifice. Her sole request was, that she might be allowed to take one of her children with her.

The preparations for the journey were carried on with the privacy demanded by prudence. The care of the details had been intrusted by M. Benezech to M. Cadet-Devaux. The splendid equipage intended for the Princess was not sent to Basle, the Minister having discovered, in all probability, that it would not be accepted by the Austrian commissaries ; wherefore it was thought advisable to intrust M. Hue with the outfit, instead of sending it to Basle.

"Madame Royale wishes you and Turgyt to follow her to Vienna," said the Minister to M. Hue ; "Turgy is ill at present, and it is not possible for him to go. Here is a decree for you, therefore, drawn up exactly according to form,

* A captain of gendarmerie, who had been very highly spoken of to Madame.

+ It was not till several months afterwards, and with great difficulty, that Turgy succeeded in obtaining a passport. Cléry, more fortunate in that respect, joined Madame at Vienna, some days after her arrival there.

M. Benezech.

which authorises you to accompany Madame Royale, and even to remain with her, without your being liable on account of this journey to the laws respecting emigrants. I am very glad to have had it in my power to do this for you and Madame Royale; it has not been my fault that the hour of her release has not come sooner."

And as M. Huo listened with an air of surprise to the words which the republican minister uttered with so much feeling, in reference to the fate of the daughter of Louis XVI., to whom he gave no other name than that of Madame Royale: "This new costume," said M. Benezech, "is nothing more than a mask. I will reveal to you one of my most secret thoughts. It is—France will never recover her tranquillity until her ancient form of government be restored. As soon, therefore, as you can do so without compromising me, I beg you will make the offer of my services to the King, and assure his Majesty that I will do all in my power to further the interests of his crown."

At length the day of her liberation was drawing near. The minister of the interior had still to make arrangements with Marie-Thérèse and her keepers, as to the manner and the time of her departure. He wrote to the latter in the following terms, with his own hand, on the morning of the 25th Frimaire (16th December),

"I give you notice, citizens, that I shall come this evening, at five o'clock, for the purpose of seeing the prisoner in the Temple, and beg you will let her know it beforehand; but I also wish to have some conversation with yourselves before I visit her apartment."*

In the course of this interview every arrangement was made for her departure, which was fixed for the next day but one, at half-past eleven o'clock, P.M.

On the 26th Frimaire, Madame herself made the necessary

* Register-Journal of the Temple tower, 25th Frimaire.

The release.

preparations for her journey. She made choice of the clothes and linen she wished to take with her (very little of either), and left the rest to be distributed among the persons employed about the Temple; after which she put on the dress which she had been accustomed to wear on festival days, and, going into the garden, saluted the persons who had so often testified their sympathy with her from the windows in the neighbourhood. On the 27th Frimaire, 4th year (18th December, 1795), at eleven o'clock, P.M., Benezech left his hotel in a carriage, directing the coachman to drive to the Rue Meslay; there he alighted, and, accompanied only by a confidential servant, repaired to the Temple; he gave two taps at the door, and at this concerted signal the door was opened by Lasne and the civic commissary, who were expecting him, and who recognised the minister. The latter took a paper out of his pocket, which he gave to Lasne, saying: "This is to save your responsibility." It was the duplicate of the decree of the 6th Frimaire, which we have given in page 396; a duplicate he had written before he left his house, and to which he had added the following:—

"In execution of the decree of the Executive Directory, of which the above is a copy, the minister of the interior declares that citizens Gomin and Lasne have delivered into his hands Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, daughter of the last King, in perfect health; which transfer was made at eleven o'clock, P.M., this day; and he further declares that the said commissaries are duly discharged from the custody of the said Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte.

"BENEZECH.

"Paris, 27th Frimaire, 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible."

Lasne hastened to acquaint the Princess and Gomin, who were waiting in the council-room. The doors of the Tower were opened, and Madame took leave of Madame de Chan-

The departure.

teraine. None of the persons inhabiting the Temple showed themselves, as Marie-Thérèse passed, to bid her farewell. The sentry was under arms, but he had had his orders, and the guard remained silent and immovable; only the officer came forward, and saluted the Princess. The outer gate was opened: the night was dark, and the neighbourhood of the Temple silent.

M. Benezech offered his arm to the Princess, Gomin and the minister's valet-de-chambre following, and carrying a carpet-bag and a parcel. Marie-Thérèse turned her head, and fixed a long sad look upon the Temple, while her eyes filled with tears. M. Benezech tried to say a few words of sympathising kindness. "I feel your consideration and attention to me very much," said the Princess to him; "but at the same hour when I regain my liberty by your assistance, how can I help thinking of those who have crossed that threshold before me? It is now three years, four months, and five days, since yonder gates closed upon my family and myself, and to-day I have passed through them once more—the last and the most unfortunate of all!"

They reached the Rue Meslay, where the minister's carriage was waiting. Madame accepted his offer of a seat in it; the minister took his place, and Gomin followed him. The vehicle, after various turnings, at last reached the Rue de Bondi, behind the Opera-house (now the theatre of the Porte St. Martin), where the travelling berlin was stationed. In this carriage were two persons, Madame de Soucy and an officer of gendarmerie. Madame thanked Benezech warmly for the kindness he had shown her, and took her place in the berlin; Madame de Soucy sat beside her, on the back seat, and M. Méchain and Gomin on the front. To the latter the minister now gave his warrant,* the officer had his

* "Liberty—Equality.

"The minister of the interior appoints citizen Gomin, one of the commissary keepers of the Temple, to accompany, as far as Buzel, Marie-Thérèse—

The departure.

already.* A last word was heard from the berlin, addressed to the minister—"Farewell, Sir!" and the carriage drove off; while Benezech, pleased and affected by the good work he had just completed, once more got into his coach; he looked at his watch—it was midnight.

From the moment that Madame's approaching departure had been mooted, Meunier and Baron had been taking steps to enable them to accompany the Princess, who also wished to have them with her, but who feared that obstacles might arise to prevent their leaving Paris, and their subsequent residence in a foreign land. M. Benezech had said: "I will undertake to remove any difficulties that may occur relative to their departure, but I cannot answer for the good-will of Austria, with whom we are at war."

At half-past twelve o'clock next morning, Lasne received the following note in the Temple:

"I am waiting for Baron and Meunier. Send them to my house immediately: everything is ready for their departure."†

(Signed) "BENEZECH."

Charlotte, now a prisoner in the Temple: and desires he will conform in everything to the instructions given him by citizen Méchain, to whom is intrusted the protection of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, and her subsequent exchange.

"Paris, 27th Frimaire, 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

"BENEZECH.

"Minister of the Interior."

* The instructions given to M. Méchain were, to conduct two women and a man to Huningue; one of these women to pass for his wife, and the other for his daughter, and the man for a confidential servant. He was ordered to prevent any stranger from speaking to them in private, and was to pay particular attention to the younger of the two women, bearing the name of *Sophie*, and to attend carefully to everything that might affect her health.

† Register-Journal of the Temple tower, 28th Frimaire, 4th year.

Madame Royale's account of her journey.

An hour afterwards a berlin left the house of the minister of the interior; in it were M. Hue, Madame de Soucy's little boy, Meunier, Baron, and a servant-maid. Madame's little dog, Coco, had not started with his mistress; the fear of his frolicsome gambols and joyous bark, at the time of her setting off, in the middle of the night, had caused him to be shut up, but he was not forgotten, and he found a place in the second carriage.

Madame Royale travelled under the name of Sophie. The strictest incognito had been recommended to her governess and herself, and the officer in charge of her was to see that they observed it. Notwithstanding every precaution, however, the resemblance of the young Princess to the King, her father, and the Queen, her mother, betrayed her incognito more than once; and many a compassionate glance and tearful eye were raised to her in the course of her journey, which was retarded on several occasions by the want of horses; for the same Carletti, whose awkward interference had been prejudicial to Madame's liberation before, was now once more, though involuntarily, to cross her path, and retard her progress. Having left Paris a few hours before her, he had unwittingly taken away the horses, which were scarce in some places, and she was obliged in consequence to await their return.

But it is Marie-Thérèse herself who now takes up the thread of the narrative of her journey, and the reader is presented here with the travelling diary, station by station, written with her own hand.

The following is the account of her journey—simple, and at the same time circumstantial—written by Madame the day after her arrival at Huningue.

"I left the Temple at eleven o'clock on the night of the 18th December, without being seen by any one. At the outer-gate I found M. Benezech. The street of the Temple was quite deserted, there being only the man in attendance on M. Benezech. The latter gave me his arm, and

Madame Royale's account of her journey.

we walked as far as the Rue Meslay. There we found his carriage, which I entered, with him and M. Gomin. We made several turns about the streets, and at last reached the Boulevards in front of the Opera-house, where we found a travelling carriage, with Madame de Soucy and M. Méchain, an officer of gendarmerie. I got in with M. Gomin: M. Benezech left us. At the gates of Paris our passports were demanded. At the Charenton station the postilions would not take assignats; they would absolutely be paid in nothing but the current coin. We had no other adventure through the night. At nine o'clock, A. M., we alighted to breakfast at Guisnes. I was not recognised, and we left the place again at ten. We had no difficulty in procuring horses. At about two o'clock I was recognised at the Provins station, and a crowd formed round the carriage. We set off again, but an officer of dragoons followed us on horseback to Nogent-sur-Seine, the next station, where I was recognised by the landlady of the inn; we alighted, and she treated me with great respect. The court-yard and the street filled with people. As we got into the carriage again the spectators were much affected, and showered benedictions on my head. Thence we proceeded to Gray, where the mistress of the post-house informed us that the courier to the ambassador, M. Carletti, had told her that I was to pass through that place, and that I had two carriages. We reached Gray at eleven o'clock, supped there, and went to bed. Next day, 20th December, we left it, at six o'clock in the morning. At the first post-house after Troyes we had some difficulty in procuring horses, in consequence of M. Carletti's having taken them. It was the same throughout the day: M. Carletti had been before us, and had taken all the horses. At length, at eight o'clock in the evening, we reached Vandœuvre, where he had stopped. M. Méchain went to the municipality to show them the government order, authorising him to take horses. We supped, and set out again at eleven o'clock at night, throughout which we had little difficulty in

Madame Royale's account of her journey.

procuring horses. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st we reached Chaumont, where we alighted to breakfast. There I was recognised, and the room was soon surrounded by a number of people wishing to see me, but who were actuated only with a kind intention. M. Méchain sent for the gendarmierio, who did nothing at all; but the municipality coming up, assured us that we might set off again, and appeased the tumult. Notwithstanding all their care, however, I was surrounded by a great number of people, all showering blessings upon me all the way to the carriage. We set out again, and reached Fay-Billot at eleven o'clock at night, having been often delayed by the want of horses and by the badness of the roads. We found no horses at this station, and were obliged, in consequence, to remain there until six o'clock next morning, when we left it, and reached Vesoul at eight o'clock in the evening, having only gone ten leagues that day, owing to the want of horses. Thence we went to Bonchamp, which we reached at four o'clock, P. M., and where we could procure no horses; we were detained two hours there. At Frayet, the next station, no horses: however, some came at last, after two hours' waiting. We reached Belfort at eleven o'clock that same evening, and set out again next day, 24th December, at six o'clock in the morning. We encountered a good many other difficulties on the road, and at length we arrived at Huningue at nightfall on the 24th December."

For a long time everything had been ready at Basle for the completion of the exchange, and, in a recent conference the two diplomatists, intrusted with this negociation, had made the final arrangements for it, in concert with the Burgomaster Bourcard,* and in such a manner as to avoid everything dis-

* Such was the designation given, in the diplomatic papers, to the head of the regency of Basle. The custom of Gallicising titles, and even proper names, in official communications with foreigners, was such, that the name of "Burckhardt" (those illustrious patricians of Basle) is always given with the French orthography, "Bourcard," which we have preserved throughout this account.

Arrival at Huningue.

tressing and painful to Madame's feelings, or insulting to her dignity, in the ceremony. M. Reber, a distinguished merchant of Basle, had readily acceded to the request, secretly made, to lend his country-house, which was situated at a short distance from Porte Saint-Jean. This convenient spot, on the neutral ground of Huningue, and the road leading thither, was chosen for the transfer of the Princess, and every precaution was taken to keep off curious eyes.* It had been also arranged that as soon as the news of Madame's arrival at Huningue was received, the prisoners taken by Austria should be brought from Fribourg to the village of Riehen, chief seat of a bailiwick of that name, belonging to the republic of Basle, on the right bank of the Rhine.

The Prince de Gavre, commissioner from the Emperor of Austria, had arrived at Basle on the 20th November, and, in common with M. Bacher and Baron de Degelmann, had kept a watchful eye constantly in the direction of France.

At length, on the morning of Friday, the 25th December, as soon as the town gates were opened, intelligence was brought them of Madame's arrival at Huningue.†

* These details and every other that we give in connection with this episode, concerning the arrival of Madame at Huningue and her passage to Basle, were either collected by us on the spot, or drawn from diplomatic correspondence carried on between the two governments.

† M. de Degelmann immediately wrote to the burgomaster in the following terms:

"I have the honour of informing your excellency that the Princess, daughter of Louis XVI., arrived at Huningue yesterday evening, and that the transfer will take place at six o'clock to-morrow evening.

"I request the kind offices of your excellency to be so good as to acquaint M. Reber with this arrangement, that he may keep his country-house open, and have it warmed at the hour I have just mentioned.

"M. Bacher wishes to hold a conference with me at six o'clock this evening, in presence of your excellency and the bailiff of Riehen. Will your excellency deign to accede to this arrangement, and be so kind as to send for the bailiff?

"Well knowing your excellency's goodness, I will beg your kind

The exchange.

M. de Degelmann immediately sent an order to Friburg to have the prisoners, taken by Austria, conveyed to Riehen.

At six o'clock in the evening MM. Bacher, de Degelmann and Legrand, bailiff of Riehen, met in the cabinet of the burgo-master, and discussed the measures proper to be taken to guard against all accidents and misunderstanding.*

In the course of the next day, M. Bacher repaired to Riehen, to verify the arrival, number, and identity of the prisoners, that Austria was to give up to France. Having alighted before the house of the bailiwick, they were given, to the number of twenty-one persons, servants included, by the officer in command of the escort, into the care of M. Legrand, councillor of state, and bailiff of the place, authorised to receive them under the safeguard of the neutrality of Switzerland. This magistrate called their names in presence of M. Bacher, who, having satisfied himself of their indentity with the persons named, left the place again immediately.

indulgence beforehand, knowing, that I shall have to be very troublesome both to-day and to-morrow.

"I may add, in confidence, that to all appearance we shall turn the town, taking the road of Kaiseraugst, which M. de Neumann is about to reconnoitre.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

. "Basle, Friday, 25th December."

* The principal question discussed in this conference are enumerated in the following letter, sent to M. Bourcard next day by M. Bacher.

"You have been so obliging, M. le Bourguemaitre, in offering me your good offices, and a continuation of your kind attention to put a happy termination to the negociation for the exchange carried on under your auspices, and conducted so satisfactorily on either side, that I flatter myself you will not disapprove of an observation which will appear to you well-founded, as a necessary and suitable precaution, to say the least, even if it be considered superfluous and useless on any other consideration. It is as follows :

"It will be scarcely possible to return from Riehen before eight or nine o'clock at night, and the way lies through a small wood; as there will be some valuable articles with the party, emigrants or other persons, in disguise, might conceal themselves there for the purpose of insulting the passers-by, or perhaps doing even worse. It may possibly appear to you a proper precaution to acquaint Colonel d'Orell that it will be necessary to

Hôtel du Corbeau.

"We now return to Huningue. Madame had alighted at the Corbeau inn, and had taken possession of the room No.



HÔTEL DU CORBEAU, HUNINGUE.

have patrols, as well towards the Weiss as towards Hömli, in order to prevent any foul play from the emigrants. There might perhaps also be a detachment of troops posted in the little wood, on the road between Basle and Riehen.

"You will readily comprehend, M. le Bourguemaitre, how vexations it would be to M. de Degelmann and myself, but still more to the state of Basle, if any unpleasant circumstance should occur. As it concerns the inviolability of the Swiss territory, as well as to prevent the commission of any improper act or misplaced attempt, I have recourse to your good offices, Sir, as also to those of M. the head tribune, your colleague, that, in conjunction with Colonel d'Orell, you may be so kind as to do us this service of friendship and good neighbourhood; that is, to leave patrols on duty from five o'clock, till half-past eight, P. M., at latest.

"I make a thousand apologies for troubling you, M. le Bourguemaitre. Every one at Basle knows that the travellers will be at Riehen this afternoon, and will proceed to Basle this evening. They are to lodge at the Trois-Rois Hotel.

"Excuse haste,

"Health and inviolable friendship.

"BACHER.

"Saturday morning, 26th December" (dated Monday by mistake).

Madame Royale at Huningue.

10, on the second floor,—less fatigued by six days' travelling than affected by the silent homage of respect and emotion paid to her on her road. A few minutes after her arrival, she wrote to her uncle, Louis XVIII., to give him an account of her leaving the Temple, and of her arrival on the frontier.

She was finishing her letter, at ten o'clock, P.M., when M. Hue arrived. Their meeting was affecting. When Hue left the Temple, all the members of Marie Thérèse's family were still living, and this was the first time she had seen him since that separation. She received him most cordially, expressing even more esteem and gratitude for his character and conduct than pleasure at seeing him again. The little dog, Coco, had come in with M. Hue, and at sight of his mistress he almost expired with delight—like the dog of Ulysses.

Marie Thérèse directed the faithful servant of her house to send her letter to Louis XVIII.*

It was not unknown in the hotel who the young traveller was, who was lodging there under the name of Sophie. The proprietor of the inn, François-Joseph Schuldz, did everything in his power to give her a handsome reception; and his wife, notwithstanding her being very near her confinement, which in some degree checked her activity, regarded it as a great honour to prepare Madame's supper with her own hands, and was about to do so when Meunier arrived, and claimed the privileges of his office.

Early in the morning of the 25th December, as soon as she heard that Madame was up, the hostess went up to her room door to inquire how she was. She was accompanied by two

* M. Hue has stated that this was not the only time he had received such a charge, and also, that on one of these occasions, Madame desired him, as a mark of confidence, to read the letter intrusted to him. Faithful to the ineffable traditions of clemency and Christian charity handed down to her from her whole family, the young Princess, in this letter to her uncle, speaking of the murderers of her parents, said to him: "She whose father, mother, and aunt they brought to the scaffold, implores you, on her knees, to grant them pardon and peace!"

Madame Royale at Huningue.

fine children, of nine and ten years old, very neatly dressed, and each bringing a little bouquet of common flowers, which at that advanced season it had been very difficult to collect. As Madame expressed a wish to see them, Madame de Soucy admitted them to her chamber. "Are they your own children?" asked the Princess, addressing Madame de Schuldz. "The little girl is mine,"* replied the hostess; "the little boy is an orphan, a ward of my husband's, and brought up by us,† so he belongs to us also." The eyes of Marie Thérèse filled with tears as they rested on the young orphan, and she was so struck with his resemblance to her brother, that she could not conceal her emotion. As a relief from the perturbation of her mind, she went up to the little girl, and taking her by the hand, asked her some questions. Delighted with her innocent answers and her pretty little face: "What would you say," said she to Madame Schuldz, "if I were to ask you to let me take this child away with me?" "Last night and this morning," replied the hostess, "I prayed that God would grant your every wish; how then, could I refuse this—if you were to form such an one?" "I ought not to do so," rejoined the Princess; "it is too cruel to be separated from one's parents!" The effort Madame had made to escape from her own recollections brought them back to her in spite of herself. She took the flowers from the children's hands, and said to them: "I thank you, and must see you again before I go away; you will come to bid me good bye, will you not?"

In the course of the day M. Méchain received a letter from M. Bacher, begging him to inform Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte that he should come, between four and five o'clock next day, to take her to the Prince de Gavre and Baron de Degelmann, who had been appointed to receive her, by his Imperial

* Marie Schuldz, wife of Colonel Prévost de Saint Cyr, who was killed 27th September, 1820, by a captain of his own regiment, at Perpignan.

† Conrad Haflner, who afterwards became a captain in Algeria, and died at Strasburg, 29th March, 1837.

Madame Royale at Huningue.

Majesty. M. Méchain, in reply, stated that he had communicated this intelligence to Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, and that she was prepared to conform to it. To this missive Gomin added another, containing a request that any letters addressed to him, then lying at the Basle post office, might be sent to him. The Princess and Madame de Soucy were in daily expectation of receiving accounts of Madame de Mackau, whom they had left very ill, and it had been agreed that all such letters should be addressed to citizen Gomin. To this request M. Bacher very readily agreed.*

The arrival of two post-chaises at the little town of Huningue had been the theme of all the gossips of the place ever since the morning. The mystery surrounding the travellers had only confirmed the suspicions of the people, and Madame's presence at Huningue was considered as not admitting of a doubt. The rumour spread on every side, and the Hôtel du Corbeau was surrounded all day by a great crowd of persons, in consequence of which orders were given to keep the door shut, and the Princess was desired not to open the window. She spent the day in taking a sketch of her room, and in writing the account of her journey, which we have already transcribed. More than once, however, she went to the window, and slightly raised the curtains. The police appointed to protect the hotel were very much needed, for there were some evil-disposed persons among the crowd, though the people in general sympathised with the Princess. Two gendarmes kept the entrance of the house, but their vigilance was in default in one instance, for a woman, named Madame Spindler, the wife of a captain of engineers, disguised herself as a maid-

* "I will send for your letters now at the Basle post-office, citizen, as well as for any that may arrive hereafter. Dispose of my services as you please, and depend on my readiness to be useful to you in everything depending on myself.

"Health and fraternity,

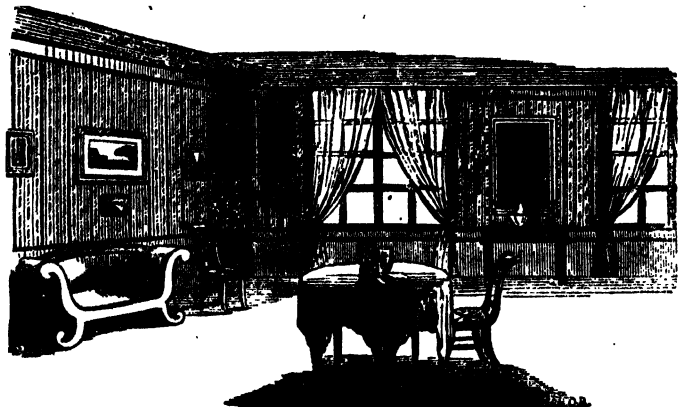
"BACHER."

"4th Nivôse, 4th year."

Gomin.

servant, that she might have an opportunity of seeing the princess,—an attempt in which she succeeded by carrying a jug of water up to her room.

While most anxiously attentive to Madame, as he had been throughout the journey, Gomin was tortured with the thought



APARTMENT OCCUPIED BY MARIE-THERÈSE AT HUNINGUE,

that he was serving her for the last time. His agitation of mind was too evident in his countenance for Marie-Thérèse not to observe it. "I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have given yourself for me, in this journey," said she to him. "Alas, Madame!" replied Gomin, beginning to weep; "it is all over, now!" "I will leave you something to remind you of it," returned the Princess, profoundly touched: "and I will preserve the recollection of your kindness for ever!" Gomin understood these words of Madame the next morning.

The inhabitants of Huningue were early in the streets, for it was reported in the town that Madame was to leave the place in the morning. This mistaken idea supported the curiosity of the spectators for several long hours; but they

Departure from Huningue.

became tired of waiting at last, and by the middle of the day the neighbourhood of the hotel was pretty clear.

At half-past four o'clock, P.M., the arrival of the carriage of the ambassador of the French republic collected the crowd again before the Hôtel du Corbeau; and M. Bacher, who, as we have related, had just returned from Riehen, alighted from the coach.

It was reported among the people that the coach and horses sent by the Directory* to convey Madame to the court of Vienna, had not been accepted by the commissaries of the Emperor, who had made it a point of honour to provide in a suitable manner for his cousin's approaching journey. The propriety of this measure was acknowledged by the good sense of the populace, who were not surprised to hear, a few minutes afterwards, that the daughter of Louis XVI. had refused the outfit prepared for her by the revolutionary government.

The moment of Madame's departure from Huningue was marked by several affecting scenes. The two children we have mentioned had come to take leave of her, and the hostess, who accompanied them, had much difficulty in concealing her emotion. The Princess made her a present of a handkerchief for the neck, which she had worn herself; she gave another to little Marie, and two pocket-handkerchiefs to young Conrad. Thereupon Madame Schuldz burst into tears. "Come, come! good mother; do not cry in this way," said Marie-Thérèse to her; "it is a duty to control yourself. When you are a little composed I will ask you to do something for me." The hope of being of some use to Madame appeased the good landlady as if by magic, but her tears began to flow again when Madame said to her: "If you ever have another daughter, I wish you to let her bear my name."†

* We have previously stated that neither the carriage nor the horses were sent.

† This daughter was born shortly afterwards, and was named Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte Schukis. She is now Madame Sartory. Her father,

Departure from Huningue.

Madame Schuldz and the two children withdrew from Madame's apartment as soon as M. Bacher arrived. The attitude and words of the republican diplomatist were proper and respectful. Madame presented to him the persons who had accompanied her, and wished to follow her to Vienna. "My authority is unfortunately null in that respect," replied M. Bacher; "the commissaries of the imperial court will certainly not oppose your wishes, but I do not know whether all the persons you take with you will be allowed to remain at Vienna. It is very evident, however," he added, looking at Madame de Soucy, "that no difficulties will be made with respect to Madame's continuing with you." We shall see, hereafter, that M. Bacher was mistaken.

At this moment the landlord of the inn, who had just heard of the satisfaction and gratitude of his wife, came into the room, and undaunted by the presence of the secretary to the embassy, the gendarme officer, or the other persons who surrounded the Princess, he threw himself at her feet, imploring her blessing. Madame gave him her hand to kiss. The man's eyes were sparkling with enthusiastic devotion; the daughter of Louis XVI., in her seventeenth year, was already regarded by him as a saint: her youth, tried in the school of affliction, was become venerable, and it seemed to him that her brows were encircled with the aureola of her parents' martyrdom.

Then, catching sight of Gomin, who, with his habitual reserve, kept at a distance, Madame went up to him, and

F. J. Schuldz, died in April, 1828. His widow, who set much store by the house, on account of the traditions connected with it by Marie-Thérèse, recommended her children never to leave it. Circumstances have proved stronger than their will, but the sentiments of the family are the same to this day. The traditions of that period are preserved among them with a religious respect, as well as the portrait of Madame, with this inscription beneath, placed there by M. Schuldz: "I lodged here, No. 10, at the Hôtel du Corbeau, from the 24th to the 26th December, 1795."

Departure from Huningue.

taking a paper folded in four, from a small portfolio, she presented it to him. "I do not know," she said, "whether I shall be able to speak to you again at Basle, and I wish to discharge my promise now. Farewell: do not weep, and have trust in God always!"

All was now ready, and they went down stairs. M. Méchain preceded the Princess, and gave some orders to the gendarmes at the foot of the staircase. M. Bacher walked beside Madame, and behind them came Madame de Soucy and her young son, and MM. Hue and Gomin, followed by Meunier, Baron, and a lady's-maid, while Madame Schuldz and the other people of the inn tried to gain a last glimpse of the daughter of Louis XVI. When she reached the carriage, which was now to carry her across the frontier, Madame turned her head; the love of her country, so intimately connected in her heart with her feeling of the greatness and glory of her family, overcame the recollection of all her sufferings, and her eyes filled with tears. "I leave France with much regret," she said to those around her; "I shall never cease to regard it as my country."*

Madame got into the first carriage, together with Madame de Soucy and MM. Bacher and Méchain, and the other persons took possession of the second. They set off, the Princess looking long and sadly on the horizon extending before her:

* These words were heard by M. Bacher, for he wrote that same day in his dispatches to his government:

"I have just seen the daughter of the last King of the French; she displayed the most acute regret at leaving France; the honours awaiting her at the court of Austria affect her very much less than the regret of her country."

In another letter, addressed to the minister of foreign affairs, dated 7th Nivôse, 4th year (28th December, 1795), he said: "The young traveller was asking citizeness Soucy what she might expect to be her destiny at Vienna. Citizeness Soucy replied that she might, perhaps, espouse an archduke. To this she ingenuously replied: 'You do not think what you are saying: do you not know that we are at war?' Citizeness Soucy answered her: 'But perhaps you will be an angel of peace.' 'On that condition,' returned she, 'I would make such a sacrifice to my country.'"

The exchange.

the hour was come at last, when the exchange that had been agreed upon as the price of her freedom was to be effected. It had been determined to spare her the melancholy spectacle

At five o'clock, P.M. (an hour after M. Bacher), the Prince de Gavre, followed by six carriages, left Basle, by Porte Saint-Paul, for M. Reber's country-house. The gate, which had closed an hour before, was opened for him; at the same time Baron de Degelmann left the town by Porte Saint-Jean. Zaslin, a commissary of police, together with five men of the Marechaussée, had repaired to the places to which they had been directed, in order to prevent any disorder, as well as Aide-de-



M. DE REBER'S HOUSE, NEAR BASLE.

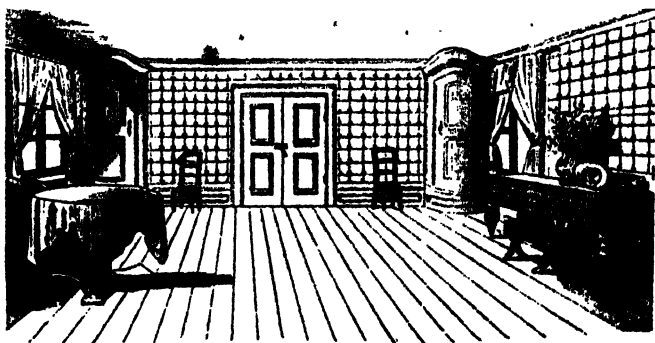
camp Kolb, who was to accompany the Princess's coach on horseback to the frontier. Moreover, as a precautionary measure, and to prevent a crowd, the gates had been closed half an hour earlier than usual, so that there were scarcely twenty spectators on the road from Huningue, very few having left the town in time.

With the exception of those persons who were necessarily initiated into all secrets, no one knew where the place of the transfer was to be, and M. Reber had not even told any of his own family. Notwithstanding this, however, M. Stehelin,

The exchange.

one of his sons-in-law, could not refrain from hastening to his father-in-law's villa, as soon as it struck him that the exchange might take place there, and he became its spectator.

The representatives of Austria had been at the house of M. Reber for about half-an-hour, when Marie-Thérèse's carriage stopped at the gate. Though it was open, the horses did not go in; the Princess alighted in the mud,* and traversed the damp path on foot, taking M. Bacher's arm. The Austrian envoys, who were waiting for her at the threshold of the house, conducted her into the saloon, the Prince de Gavre paying her a compliment adapted to the circumstances, to which she replied with as much grace as presence of mind.



Immediately afterwards, a formal receipt was given to M. Bacher, couched in the following terms :—

“ I, the undersigned, in virtue of the orders of his Majesty the Emperor, make declaration that I have received the Princess Marie-Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI., from the hands of M. Bacher, the French commissary delegated for that purpose.

“ THE PRINCE DE GAVRE.”

* Report made to the Burgomaster Bourcard.

The outfit.

After receiving this official document, M. Bacher got into his carriage again, entered the town by Porte Saint-Jean, which was opened for him, and returned in all haste to Riehen, to free the prisoners still detained there.

There was a collation prepared for Madame in Reber's country-house; an elegantly furnished table awaited her presence in the saloon. The Princess took nothing but a glass of wine-and-water; but, either because she anticipated having to pass a very long night on the road, or that she was afraid of offending by an absolute refusal of everything, she had a loaf of fine white bread put up in a parcel, and laid in the carriage.

The room next the saloon, on the left, had been reserved for the private use of Madame. She went in to have her shoes wiped: M. Hue asked permission to speak with her. "I have been directed," said he to her, "by the minister of the interior, to give Madame two trunks containing the outfit intended for her Royal Highness whenever we should reach the neutral territory of Basle. Is it Madame's wish that I should open them?" "No," replied the Princess; "give them to my conductors, MM. Méchain and Gomin, and beg them to thank M. Benezech for me; I am grateful for his attention, but I cannot accept his offers."

M. Hue executed this order.*

* List of the articles, contained in the two trunks, that were intended to serve as an outfit for the daughter of the last King of the French:—

- 4 dozen chemises.
- 2 dozen linen handkerchiefs.
- 2 dozen cambric handkerchiefs.
- 3 linen dressing-gowns, trimmed with embroidered muslin.
- 3 cambric dressing-gowns, trimmed with embroidered muslin.
- 3 dozen toilet towels.
- 6 dozen wardrobe cloths.
- 6 fustian petticoats.
- 6 upper petticoats of English dimity, trimmed with embroidered muslin.
- 12 pairs of pockets, trimmed with embroidered muslin.
- 12 side pincushions, filled.
- 6 toilet pincushions.

The outfit.

Coming back into the saloon, Madame told the Prince de Gavre that she was ready to accompany him, bowed to Baron

- 12 night-caps, trimmed with lace.
- 12 night-bands.
- 12 embroidered linen caps, trimmed with lace.
- 6 linen neckerchiefs, trimmed with lace.
- 12 double linen kerchiefs.
- 1 embroidered linen mantle, trimmed with point lace.
- 1 embroidered linen mantle, trimmed with English lace.
- 2 trimmed linen mantles.
- 2 embroidered and trimmed muslin mantles.
- 12 night kerchiefs of trimmed cambric.
- 4 dozen lace frills.
- 2 dozen fustian rubbing-cloths.
- 2 dozen muslin rubbing-cloths.
- 1 English stomacher.
- 1 point-lace stomacher.
- 1 book-muslin dress, embroidered with gold.
- 1 linen dress, embroidered in white.
- 4 pieces of embroidered muslin.
- 2 pieces of fine plain cambric.
- 2 pieces of cambric-muslin, for 4 morning-gowns.
- 1 piece of English dimity, for 2 other morning-gowns.
- 1 dress of rose-coloured velvet.
- 1 white satin dress, lined with taffeta.
- 1 dress of glazed mohair.
- 2 white petticoats of Italian taffeta.
- 1 pink petticoat of Italian taffeta.
- 1 piece of plain muslin, for 6 jackets.
- 1 piece of embroidered muslin to trim the jackets.
- English dimity to make 6 pairs of stays, with the lining.
- 12 pairs of white silk stockings.
- 2 dozen pairs of thread stockings.
- 2 dozen pairs of knitted socks.
- 12 ribbon trimmings.
- 1 pelise of wadded taffeta.
- 1 muff.
- 1 tippet.

"LE C. GOMIN.
"LASNE."

On the back was written :

"BARON, Homme de Confiance.
"MEUNIER, Head-Cook."

"We, Jacques-Justin-Théobald Bacher, commissary appointed by the

The outfit.

de Degelmann, bid adieu to M. Méchain and Gomin, and then, attended by Madame de Soucy and M. de Gavre, the Princess

government to superintend the transfer of the daughter of the last King of the French at the Basle frontier, certify that the two trunks intended for her outfit were, on the 5th Nivôse, 4th year, the day of her journey to Basle, deposited by the Baron Degelmann, envoy and plenipotentiary from the court of Vienna, with the Burgomaster Bourcard, in order that they might be conveyed to us; on hearing of which we begged of him, in his quality of magistrate and head of a neutral state, to retain them in his keeping till the ultimate decision of the minister of the French republic should be made known; and, in consequence, the said trunks remained in this neutral dépôt till the 7th Germinal, 5th year, on which day they were given up in our presence, in the same condition in which they were received, to M. Rodolph Preywerck, conductor of the diligence of Basle, to be by him sent back to Paris.

"Further, we certify that the two trunks in question ought to contain the articles enumerated above, according to the declaration made, and the original list given by Baron de Degelmann at the time of their delivery; but they were not opened to verify their contents.

"BACHER.

"Basle, 7th Germinal, 5th year of the French republic,
one and indivisible."

Note written from the dictation of the Burgomaster Bourcard.

"The trunks in question were deposited with the Burgomaster Bourcard at the time when the Princess was passing through the city of Basle, with directions to have them conveyed immediately to M. Bacher, commissary, which fact was immediately communicated to the said M. Bacher, who begged that they might be allowed to remain in the neutral store, where they were placed, until he should have been informed as to what was the ultimate decision of the French republic with respect to their further destination.

"The list of the contents of the said trunks was sent with them, and they remained unopened up to the time when, in exactly the same condition in which they were originally received, they were transferred to the care of M. Rodolph Preywerck, director of the Basle diligence to Paris, by M. Bacher, in obedience to orders from the minister of the interior."

"Received from his excellency, the Burgomaster Bourcard, two trunks belonging to the French republic, withdrawn by order of the minister of the interior and the director of posts and messageries, according to the notification of the same also made to M. Bacher.

"JEAN-RODOLPH PREYWERCK.

"Basle, 25th March, 1795."

Journey to Vienna.

took her place in an imperial carriage, which was drawn by six horses

It was about seven o'clock. The weather was cold and clear. The moon was shining very brightly. It had not been the original intention to pass through the town, but to skirt the walls outside, and, crossing the river Birsig by the bridge of Birse, to take the road to Rhinfeld by Augst; but the heavy rains had swollen the Birsig so much that, by the advice of M. Neumann, this plan was abandoned.*

Porte Saint-Jean was opened, and the imperial carriage entered the town, followed by five other coaches drawn by six and four horses. In the streets, the persons attracted thither by curiosity kept at a respectful distance; but at the Pont du Rhin the crowd began to increase and draw nearer.† Some of the more indiscreet among them climbed up on the wheels, while others turned their lanterns so as to light up the inside of the carriages; but these were only exceptions, and the progress of the party was not obstructed anywhere. Aide-de-camp Kolb rode beside the window where the Princess sat, while a police commissary kept at a short distance behind. Agreeably to the request of M. Bacher, there were troops stationed on patrol before Little Basle, and on the Riehen road,

When they left the town, Kolb put himself at the head of

* See the letter of Degelmann, cited in the note, page 412.

† Among the curious spectators who surrounded the carriage, figured M. Fesch, Archdeacon of Ajaccio, who had been a refugee at Basle ever since the Reign of Terror. He had left the family of his sister, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, at Marseilles, in very embarrassed circumstances, and had come to Basle, to which city his own family originally belonged, and where he hoped to find friends still, with the idea of mending his fortune in that place.

His friends and he were in the habit of meeting in the library occupying the ground-floor of a house just opposite the Swan Hotel, at the corner of Firmark and Storche-gasse Strasse. But, on that evening, the uncle of the young General Bonaparte left his companions in reading and philosophical discussion, and went to the Pont du Rhin to see the last reflected light of the royal Bourbon race as it passed by, certainly without any notion, as he did so, that he himself belonged to the coming dynasty.

Journey to Vienna.

a detachment of Swiss troops, sent as Madame's escort to the frontier; her Royal Highness passed the night at Lauffenburg, which lies at a distance of seven leagues from Basle, and is one of the four forest towns* belonging to further Austria, where the suite appointed by the Emperor to attend his cousin were awaiting her arrival.

Next morning, for the first time since the month of August, 1792, Madame entered a church; for the first time was she present at Divine service, performed in memory of her parents, and that in a foreign land!

It was a quarter-past seven o'clock when M. Bacher returned to Riehen, bringing a certificate of the transfer of the Princess to the care of the Austrian commissaries. He presented the paper to the bailiff, who hastened to inform the French prisoners that they were free. Cries of "*Vive la République!*" were heard on all sides; but the voices of Camus and Drouet were louder than any of the rest.

That same evening they all repaired to Basle, which they reached at about nine o'clock. A detachment of Swiss dragoons, who had accompanied M. Bacher to Riehen, escorted the prisoners to the entrance of the town. The Austrian officers who had brought the latter from Fribourg, followed them willingly to Basle, and alighting with them at the Hôtel des Trois-Rois, had no scruple in joining their party at the gay supper by which they celebrated the hour of their liberation.

At ten o'clock, the effects of the state prisoners were given up to the Burgomaster Bourcard, by the minister of his imperial and royal majesty,† and at eleven o'clock, M. Bacher made out an inventory of them.‡ At two o'clock in the morning, Degelmann set out for Lauffenburg.

* Such was the designation of the four German towns on the Rhine, above Basle, in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest, viz., Rheinfeld, Waldshut, Seckingen, and Lauffenburg.

† Report made to the Burgomaster Bourcard.

‡ *Ibid.*

Journey to Vienna.

Thus ended this memorable day, marked by a political event, which will be preserved in history as another proof of the instability of earthly things.

For some time the name of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte was the theme of every tongue in Basle. Congratulatory addresses were presented to the negotiating ministers, and verses were made in honour of the Prince de Gavre. The arts lent their aid to these sentiments, and a portrait of the Princess (an engraving of which forms the frontispiece to this volume), appeared,* published by Charles de Méchel, a distinguished engraver. Every heart was interested in the event that had just taken place. The republic of Basle celebrated the date of it in her own annals, and, through the medium of its council, passed the following resolution :

“ Decree of the Lesser Council of the Republic of Basle,
30th December, 1795.

“ Having heard the account of the exchange carried out last Saturday, of the French Princess, daughter of the very holy (*hochselig*), King Louis XVI., against the French ministers and prisoners detained in Austria, the council decrees :

“ The most grateful thanks of their lordships to his Excellency the Regent, M le Bourguemaitre Bourcard, for the great pains and prudent measures taken by him on this occasion.

“ As also the thanks and compliments of their lordships to the Bailiff Logrand, for his services and the trouble he has taken.”

Meanwhile, the court of Austria, already astonished at the delay, and unable to comprehend what the obstacles could be that prevented the immediate completion of an affair which they had hastened, not merely in wish, but also by their prompt performance of every engagement into which they had

* The marriage desired by Austria, and by Madame de Tourzel, was looked upon as so certain to take place, that the portrait of Archduke Charles was engraved as a pendant to the above.

Arrival at Vienna.

entered with France, learned, with marked disappointment, that young Marie-Thérèse was not accompanied by Mesdames de Tourzel.*

The Emperor, who had not given up his plan of uniting the daughter of Marie-Antoinette to her cousin, Archduke Charles, thought that the presence of Madame de Soucy, who had been chosen against his wishes, might stand in the way of such an arrangement; and his distrust being further strengthened by the opinion of some suspicious spirits in his court, it was decided that she should be sent back to France.

After remaining two days in the château of her aunt, the Archduchess Elizabeth, at Inspruck, Madame Royale arrived at Vienna on the 9th January. The Emperor received her with affectionate kindness, and gave her an establishment on the footing of an archduchess. The Prince de Gavre was appointed grand master of the household, and Madame de Chanclet grand mistress. Thus, separated from her august pupil, Madame de Soucy soon heard that, for political reasons, arising from the war then existing between the two nations,

* Complaints were made by them on account of the delay and alteration in the selection of a companion for the Princess.

M. Bacher replied, on the 11th Nivôse, 4th year (1st January, 1796), as follows, in the name of his government:

"The delay in the departure of the daughter of the last King of the French was necessary, and the Executive Directory of the French Republic, would have desired nothing better than to have been able to spare the state prisoners of France, detained in the hereditary dominions of Austria, any prolongation of a captivity so little deserved by them.

"The motive for rescinding the nomination of Mesdames de Tourzel, and substituting Madame de Soucy, to accompany the daughter of the last King of the French to Basle, was, that the sole object of such an arrangement was to give the latter some lady as a companion who might be agreeable to her, and in whom she could confide. She herself desired to have Madame de Soucy, who had brought her up, and, as it was entirely and solely for her satisfaction that the French government had mentioned Madame de Tourzel, this object is now gained."¹

Austria was not satisfied with this reply.

¹ Correspondence relating to the exchange.

Dismissal of Madame de Soucy.

no French subject would be allowed to remain in the service of Madame.*

* Under this pretext was concealed an insult which was keenly felt by Madame de Soucy, and she asked for a private audience of the Emperor. "My cousin is much attached to Madame, your mother," said his Majesty to her, "and she has not failed to let me know of your devotion to her person. I am very sorry, Madame, to be obliged to separate you from my cousin, but the state of the war between the two nations renders such a measure necessary." Then perceiving that Madame de Soucy had a paper in her hand: "Is that paper for me, Madame?" asked he. "No, Sire, it is my farewell letter to Madame," replied Madame de Soucy, weeping. "Intrust it to me, Madame," said the Emperor; "I will give it to my cousin myself." The letter, however, in compliance with the rigid etiquette of the German court, passed through the hands of Madame de Chanclet, and Madame, who was much distressed at being separated from her governess, sent the following in reply, written entirely in her own hand:

"I received your letter, Madame, from Madame de Chanclet, and am much affected by it. I will speak to the Emperor about you; he is very kind, but you know I always told you on our journey, that I feared we should be separated in consequence of the war. This is the case with all the other French persons who accompanied me. I beg you will try to console M. Hue, that faithful servant of my father; I am sure that the Emperor will not forsake him, and am also sure of your courage. I will pray for you, and trust you will have a prosperous journey. Say all kind things to your mother for me. I thank you for the sacrifice you made in leaving your family and your country to follow my fortune, and will never forget it. Farewell, and depend upon the constant affection of

"MARIE-THERESE-CHARLOTTE."

* The Emperor allowed M. Hue to remain at Vienna, though, to prevent the distressing idea of a personal exclusion of Madame de Soucy, he had decided that all the French attendants who had come with the Princess should be included in the same measure. "In consequence of these arrangements, Meunier, the cook, and Marin Baron, man-servant, were sent away by diligence, on the 20th January. On her part, the Marquise de Soucy set out with her little boy and lady's-maid, on the 23rd of the same month, having been provided with whatever could contribute to the comfort of her journey."¹ She returned by Basle, as Meunier and Baron had done, and her unexpected return and stay in that town, gave rise to various unfavourable reports.² At length, after completing a duty which had drawn more than one calumnious rumour upon her, she arrived at

¹ Letter of M. le Baron de Dögelmann, of the 1st February, 1796.—Letter of M. Bucher, bearing only the date of Friday morning.

² See, p. 438. the article in the "*Strasburgischer Welboten*."

Madame Royale's magnanimity.

France had now restored to Austria the last remaining scion of the blood of Marie-Antoinette, the most brilliant arch-duchess she had ever owned. Austria gave her a most enviable position, in a most powerful court, and under the care of a most distinguished monarch; but while she was grateful for the kind intentions of the imperial family, the young Princess could not help showing that she desired something more than the gracious offers made to her. She had a cousin, proscribed like herself, whose refuge in a foreign land might be taken from him any day; she had a family, over which the fatality that attended the Stuart line seemed impending; and her sympathy with misfortune, aided by her sentiments of filial submission, had decided the bias of her heart. Her inclination led her towards that side where there were griefs to share, and tears to dry; and, therefore, the allurements of prosperity, did not detain her long at Vienna, before she asked to be allowed her share in an exile which was to last a long time, and then to begin again never more to end.

The Emperor had presumed too much on the pains he had taken to bring about the marriage, for which he was so anxious. The dismissal of Madame de Soucy was an act of useless severity. When combinations of political ingenuity are employed to control elevated minds and decided characters, the power that wields them is often mistaken in the result; on the other hand, when simple benevolence and generosity are the motives of action, they are almost always successful.

Paris in time to have the melancholy consolation of closing her mother's eyes.

A few days after her arrival, Madame de Soucy was arrested, and kept for several months in confinement. Having come from Paris, she had been suspected at Vienna; and coming from Vienna, was suspected at Paris; but her heart never changed. Devotion would not be devotion if it could only compromise you once.

The greatest praise that can be given to Madame de Soucy is, doubtless, the friendship with which she was honoured by Madame Elizabeth and the Queen Marie-Clotilde, those saintly sisters of their Majesties, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X.

Imperial presents

The negociation at Basle was crowned with several gifts from the Emperor;* these acts of munificence were received with lively gratitude, and called forth more congratulations, compliments, and adulation, addressed to the donor as well as to the recipients, than either would have reaped from the most serious results of policy the most refined.

Letters of courtesy were exchanged on the subject; the rewards thus sent were enumerated in the newspapers, and their exact value stated, together with the names of those who had received them; and, by insinuation, they indicated the persons, who, as it seemed to them, ought to receive rewards also.†

* Baron de Thugut, minister of state to his Imperial Majesty, wrote to M. de Degelmann in the following terms :

“ Vienna, 3rd February, 1796.

“ Highly honoured Baron,

“ A packet has been sent to your address this evening by the *messagerie*, containing :

“ An enamelled gold snuff-box, set in brilliants, and with the initials of his Majesty, also in brilliants.

“ A ring, set in brilliants.

“ A gold medal, attached to a gold chain.

“ The first is intended for M. le Bourguenestre Bourcard, at Basle, the second for M. Reber, and the third for Aide-de-camp Kolb, as an acknowledgment of their attention, and a mark of his Majesty's approval of the same. You will be good enough to acquaint his Excellency M. Bourcard, in particular, that his Majesty has availed himself with pleasure of this opportunity to express his gratitude for the sentiments he has displayed on many occasions, and which your Excellency has frequently had occasion to praise.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.,

“ BARON DE THUGUT.

“ To M. le Baron de Degelmann.”

† Translation of an article published in the Strasburg “*Courier of the World*” (“*Strasburgischer Welbote*,”) No. 138.

“ Dienstags, den 1 ten Marz, 1796.—Primidi, 11th Ventôse, 4th year (Friday, 1st March, 1796).

“ Letter from Switzerland, 26th February.

“ Some days since citizeness Soucy returned to Basle from Vienna, on her way to France. Rich presents had been made her at the imperial

Gomin's present.

But there was one gift that escaped the profaning eyes of the press and of the rest of the world. It was that presented by Madame to Gomin, at the moment of her leaving Huningue. It consisted neither of gold nor of diamonds, yet its value was far above that of every other, for it came from the heart, and went to the heart, and therefore was never talked about. It was a paper, folded in four, on the two first pages of which was the account of her journey from Paris to Huningue, which we have given at page 410. There were a few lines addressed personally to Gomin on the third page. This proof of an affection so noble and so holy was never divulged by the faithful servant. He preserved it as a sacred treasure, to be opened in secret with a pious hand, and regarded with a glistening eye. The paper never left him; folded as it had been when he received it, he wore it next his heart to the end of his life, and there it was found on the 17th January, 1841, when the throbbing of that noble heart was hushed for ever. It contained the following lines :

“ My journey, notwithstanding my sorrow, was made agreeable to me by the presence of a compassionate being, with

court, but she met with little confidence there, and was treated as though she had been a spy of the French government. The day before yesterday some handsome presents arrived from the court of Vienna, intended for several inhabitants of Basle, who have been of service in the transactions relating to the late exchange. M. le Bourguemaitre Bourcard, who had taken all the measures necessary for its completion, received a beautiful snuff-box, set in diamonds, value four hundred louis; Reber, the merchant, a ring, value about two hundred louis; Kolb, the officer on duty, who escorted the Princess to the frontier, at the head of a small detachment, a gold chain, value fifty louis. Everybody asks what will be given by the French government to M. Legrand, bailiff of Riehen, who is a man of integrity and understanding, and who received the French prisoners exchanged for the Princess, and kept them in his charge until the arrival of the daughter of Louis XVI. at Basle.”¹

¹ This letter was very probably written by M. Ochs, first secretary of state of Basle, and correspondent of the “*Strasburgischer Welbote*.” He was afterwards grand tribune of Basle, and, ultimately, director of the Helvetic republic under Napoleon. M. Legrand,—whose praise he sounds,—was a friend of his, and afterwards became his colleague in the directory.

Gomin's present.

whose goodness I had long been acquainted, but who gave me proofs of it beyond measure, in this journey, by the manner in which he demeaned himself on every occasion, and by his activity in my service, though he was certainly not accustomed to it; it must therefore be attributed entirely to his zeal in my cause. I have long known him, and this last proof was not necessary for him to possess all my esteem, but yet in these last moments I feel it is increased. I cannot say more, for though my heart is deeply impressed with all it ought to feel, I have no words to express my sentiments. I will therefore conclude, by imploring him not to distress himself too much, and to take courage; I do not ask him to think of me, for I am sure he will, and I can answer on my part for doing as much for him."

These last words of the daughter of Louis XVI. to Gomin form, at the same time, her last farewell to the Temple—that abode, the bare remembrance of which harrowed her soul, but which was still dear to her, since it recalled the thought of all she had suffered, and all she had lost: the harshness and inhumanity of some, the devotion and affecting interest of others.

Here closes the history of the Temple prison: from captivity, the daughter of Louis XVI passed into exile

BOOK TWENTIETH.

DEMOLITION OF THE TEMPLE TOWER

The Temple after the departure of Marie-Thérèse—The public admitted to the Temple—Inscriptions, blasphemies, prayers—The revolutionary government wishes to sell the Temple—Decree of the First Consul to preserve it as a property belonging to the State—Demolition of the Temple tower resolved on—Pilgrimages made to the Temple—Decree of the Emperor, appointing the Temple palace to be a residence for the minister of public worship—A convent established there at the Restoration—Conclusion.

HAVING completed our account of the prisoners confined in the Temple, it remains for us, ere we close this history, to relate the end of the Temple itself, hallowed—as were some amphitheatres of the olden time—by the martyr-deaths it had witnessed. The sacrifice consummated there, had attracted universal attention to that gloomy pile; in consequence of the respect in which it was held by the public, the prison had become a sanctuary, and though its chambers were now vacant, by the death or exile of those who had inhabited them, they were filled with reminiscences of their departed guests. Great virtues are like those precious balms that leave an imperishable trace of their former presence in the vase that once contained them.

Shortly after the departure of Marie-Thérèse several persons succeeded in gaining admittance to the tower, and eager

Memorial of the prisoners.

eyes sought out whatever traces of their sojourn there might have been left by the prisoners.

In the apartment of Louis XVI, there were several inscriptions, but none in his handwriting; in that of the Princesses nothing was to be found in the Queen's hand, or in that of Madame Elizabeth. These three martyrs had some hearts yet remaining round them in whom they could confide, and therefore had not made inanimate objects the recipients of their sentiments. Marie-Thérèse and her brother, condemned to perfect solitude, had, on the contrary, sought to turn their prison walls into faithful confidants of their most private thoughts. In the Dauphin's room, the child's hand had left two mementoes of his residence there—a flower, sketched on the wainscot, near the corner where the stove had been; and further on the following words, traced with an imperfectly cut pencil, or a piece of charcoal :

“Maman, je vous pr”

Did the means or the power fail him to complete his idea? Was he interrupted by the brutal hand of Simon, or by the menacing summons of a municipal?

With respect to his sister, more than one sentiment inscribed by her hand, was found in this deserted spot. We are told by Rovère, a member of the National Convention, that a short time after the departure of the Princess he examined the whole of the room she had inhabited, trying to find some trace of her residence there. While thus employed he perceived a couple of lines, in pencil, written on the walls, and going nearer he read as follows, in the first line :

“Oh, mon père! veillez sur moi du haut du ciel!”*

And the second, which had been written at a more recent

* “Oh, my father! watch over me from heaven above!”

Inscriptions on the walls.

period, a little below the former, contained the following words:

"Oh, mon Dieu! pardonnez à ceux qui ont fait mourir mes parents!"*

Rovère had been one of the regicides. When he read those lines he was seized with a trembling horror, as if he had been struck with the finger of God. "Remorse," as he said himself, "drove him out of the room."

We are now about to give the inscriptions, not written by the royal family, found in the Temple tower.

On the door of the council-room were the words: "Liberty, Equality!" Fraternity was left out. A grotesque portrait on the lower panel, said to be the likeness of Mathey, with a pipe in his mouth, attracted attention.

On the walls of the staircase, several names had been cut with a knife, the point of a sword, or that of a bayonet.

In the King's apartment, which, as we have said, subsequently became that of the Dauphin, independently of the isolated sentence: "*Maman, je vous pr,*" traced by a feeble hand, there were in the ante-room some insulting phrases, written with a black-lead pencil on the bedroom door, among which the word *Tyrant* was still partially visible; these, however, had been effaced; but, above them, some hand had more recently written in large letters, with a red pencil, the following inscription, which the royal victim had always deemed the most cruel outrage, because it was the most unjust of all:—

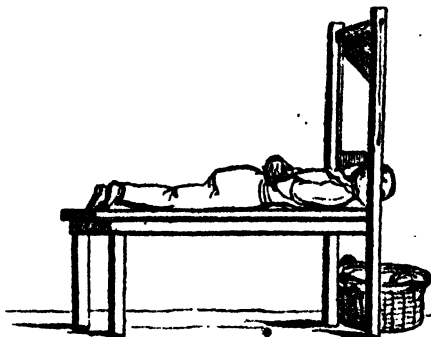
LE TIRAN

Beneath these words, was a sketch of a guillotine, also drawn with red-lead pencil, beneath which an explanation was written.

* "Oh, my God! forgive those who slew my parents!"

Inscriptions on the walls.

The picture and inscription had been defaced by a few strokes of a knife, and the red characters, emblems of revo-



Le Tyrant crachant dans le sac

(The tyrant spitting into the sack.)

lutionary barbarity, were followed by this simple phrase, an emblem of Christian civilization :

“Celui que vous injuriez ici, a demandé grâce pour vous sur son échafaud.”*

In the turret adjoining the King's room,—the last refuge of his devotional exercises,—these words were found on the inner side of the door :

“Sa vertu fut moins brillante, mais elle fut plus solide que son trône.”†

* “He whom you here insult, implored pardon for you on his scaffold.”

† “His virtue was less brilliant, but more solid than his throne.”

Inscriptions on the walls.

On the wall, to the left of the window, was the following question, written in perpendicular lines.

“Quand Desèze à Tronchet, à Lamoignon s’unit
Pour prendre de Louis la trop juste défense,
C’est la vertu, la raison, et l’esprit,
Qui combattent pour l’innocence.”*

In the Queen’s apartment, the following lines, quoted from the “*Imitation de Jésus Christ*,” were found written on the panels of the door:—

“La gloire que le monde donne et reçoit passe en un moment,
et elle est toujours suivie de tristesse.

“La gloire des bons est dans le fond de leur cœur, et non dans la bouche des hommes.

“La joye des justes est de Dieu et en Dieu; leur joye est dans la vérité.”†

Liv. II., Chap. 6.

In the embrasure of the window, where Madame Royale sat almost constantly during her solitary imprisonment, the following words were visible on the right side, on close inspection:—

“Madame Vêto partant pour la justice;”‡

Then the picture of a woman on a cart, and, a little further on, a guillotine; but both the words and the drawing had been almost entirely effaced by washing. Opposite was another drawing, of which, however, absolutely nothing could be made

* “When Desèze united with Tronchet and Lamoignon to undertake the just defence of Louis, virtue, reason, and wit combined to combat for innocence.”

† “The glory that the world gives and receives passes away in a moment, and is always followed by sorrow.

“The glory of the good lies deep within their hearts, and not in the mouths of men.

“The joy of the just is from God, and in God; their joy is in truth.”

‡ “Madame Vêto going to justice.”

Inscriptions on the walls.

out, except the inscription, which had resisted every attempt to efface it:—

“ *L’Autrichienne à la danse.*”*

Beside the disgraceful productions of this ignoble artist appeared these words, written very legibly in large characters:—

“ *Mère de douleurs, priez pour nous!*”†

And lower down:—

“ *Regina martyrum, ora pro nobis!*”

The room that had been occupied by Madame Elizabeth, at the time when the Queen was still in the Temple, bore the two following inscriptions:—

“ *Per agoniam et passionem tuam,
Libera nos!*”

“ *Per mortem et sepulturam tuam,
Libera nos!*”

Such was the appearance of the Temple tower, hallowed by the double majesty of virtue and misfortune: thus the prison had become a sanctuary, and cries of hatred had given way to the Litany!

The visits to the Temple were tolerated but a short time. Very soon the changing phases of the Revolution sent other captives to that prison, for revolutionary tyranny did not leave the jails idle. Thus, after the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, the members of the council condemned to banishment spent the last nights preceding their departure there; and several representatives who had had the misfortune to vote for the death of Louis XVI., then read the prayer that Marie-Thérèse, the last occupant of those rooms, had written for those who had destroyed her parents. They were affected by it; the pardon left them as the parting word of the daughter, the sister, the niece of the martyrs, was at the same time a counsel sent by God to lead them to reflect upon themselves.

* “The Austrian dancing.”

† “Mother of Sorrows, pray for us!”

Course of events.

The Temple remained what the 10th of August had made it—a place where persons under arrest were confined, and a barrack. But a short time afterwards it was resolved to sell it. Haunted by a recollection that seemed like remorse, the revolutionary government was anxious for the total destruction of the prison.

* * * * *

Time had passed on. The Directory was no longer in existence!

The individual, whom in the course of this history we have seen as a youth on the terrace of the Tuileries, indignant at the sight of royalty exposed to the insults of the populace; as a young man, cannonading Toulon, and afterwards, affrighting Paris with the cannon of Vendémiaire; had become a man, while transmitting from battle to battle that prodigious name which all the great echoes of the world—from the Tiber to the Pyramids—had sent back to France enshrined in glory.

Napoleon had arrived at the pinnacle of power. On his accession to the Consulate he had prevented the alienation of the Temple, and repudiated the idea of its becoming private property; but the Emperor, who lost sight neither of the past

* "Equality—Liberty.

"Ministry of General Police.

"Extract from the register of the deliberations of the Consuls of
the Republic.

"Paris, 9th Thermidor, 8th year of the Republic,
one and indivisible.

"The Consuls of the Republic,

"Having taken into consideration Article 84 of the law of the 28th
Germinal, 4th year, which authorises the government to place national
property, if undisposed of, at the disposal of the minister of war, to
establish barracks for the gendarmerie;

"And considering that the Maison du Temple is necessary for the
accommodation of the brigades of national gendarmerie of Paris;

"Decree as follows:—

"ARTICLE I.

"The sale of the Maison du Temple is postponed till further orders.

"ARTICLE II.

"The building will continue to be used as a barrack for the brigades of
gendarmerie of Paris.

The sale of the tower postponed.

nor the future, wished to leave no trace of anything that would humiliate the old monarchy, and to avoid whatever might be embarrassing to the new one. The Temple tower, which had witnessed the most atrocious acts of popular tyranny and of the most affecting sufferings of royalty, was a twofold source of uneasiness to him. How was it possible to leave before the eyes of the people a prison where a king had been held in captivity by his subjects? How could he preserve a monument

“ARTICLE III.

“The ministers of war, finance, and general police are directed to carry out this present decree, each in his own branch of duty.

“BONAPARTE, First Consul.

“By the First Consul's order.

“HUGUES MARTEL, Secretary of State.

“An exact copy

“FOUCHE, Minister of General Police.”

“The minister of finance to the citizen prefect of the department of the Seine.

“Paris, 13th Thermidor, 8th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“Citizen prefect,—I send you a duplicate, signed by me, of a decree from the Consulate of the 9th Thermidor, this present month, ordering that the sale of the Maison du Temple, be suspended, and that the said building continue to be employed as a barrack for the brigades of gendarmerie at Paris. Be so good as to follow these directions.

“I salute you,

“GAUDIN.

“N.B. The said Maison du Temple is advertised for immediate sale. It is urgent to give the orders necessary to prevent it.”

“Liberty—Equality,

“The minister of the interior to citizen Dubois, prefect of police of the department of the Seine.

“Paris, 26th Thermidor, 8th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“Citizen,—I have received your letter of the 7th Thermidor, relating to the sale of the Maison du Temple, the property of the nation.

“I have communicated your observations upon the inconvenience that would ensue from the alienation of that building, together with your views as to its destination, to the ministers of finance and war.”

“I salute you,

“L. BONAPARTE.”

Demolition of the tower determined upon.

that excited public feeling—that kept alive the thought of the former dynasty?

It was therefore decided that not a stone of that sacred tower should be left standing;* not even one of those stones which spoke, trumpet-tongued, in accents of complaint—*lapides clamabunt!*

Once more the Temple became silent and solitary. Most of the persons employed to attend on the prisoners and guard them had followed their charge to Vincennes; the others had been discharged. The furniture was distributed, some to the prisons, some to the hospitals, and some to the state stores (*Garde-Meuble*), whence it had been taken. The rooms were completely dismantled, and the doomed tower looked as if it

* On the 3rd June, 1808, the following order was sent to Fauconnier, keeper of the Temple prison.

“Paris, 3rd June, 1808.

“The senator, minister of the general police of the empire, orders the keeper of the Maison du Temple to give up the prisoners committed to his charge to M. Pâques, inspector-general to the ministry, who has directions to convey them to the prison of Vincennes; he himself will then repair to Vincennes, to receive the said prisoners, of whom he will retain the custody in that prison.

“FOT CHE.”

The prisoners given up to M. Pâques were seventeen in number: the names of these last occupants of the Temple were as follows:

David, priest.
 Lavillate, landed proprietor.
 Garrez de Mézières, formerly an officer.
 Begon de la Rouzière, landed proprietor.
 Collin, commonly called Cupidon, a servant.
 Vaudricourt, a man of independent fortune.
 De Rousse de Puyvert, *idem*.
 Polignac (Armand), *idem*.
 Polignac (Jules), *idem*.
 Bournisac, landed proprietor.
 Laneuville, priest.
 Chassuart, or Chassour, distiller.
 Daniaud-Duperrat, merchant.
 Couchery, clerk.*
 Anerweck, farmer.
 Montmayeux, professor of mathematics.
 Tilly-Blaru, ex-landed proprietor at St. Domingo.

M. Morel's scheme.

were undergoing the change made in the toilet of criminals condemned to the block: its denuded walls only awaited the hand of the destroyer.

The materials of which the tower was built were advertised for sale, and this announcement brought a greater number of visitors to the Temple, who, under the pretence of buying, performed a pilgrimage.

The auction took place in the month of October, 1808.* The historical documents relating to this event bear witness

* On Friday, 7th October, 1808, the Temple tower was bought by M. Robert Morel, owner of house property, and living at No. 37 Rue Travers-Saint-Honore, Paris, for the sum of 33,100 francs.

Having observed the pious sympathy that daily brought a crowd of visitors to the apartments formerly occupied by the royal family, the new proprietor hoped to find a very profitable sale for those materials which could be preserved whole and set up again somewhere else—such as the chimney-pieces, doors, jambs, wainscoting, windows, &c. He also thought that, once master of this place, it would be practicable for him to lay a slight tax on public curiosity, and he caused admission-tickets to be printed, which were sold at the door.

This traffic lasted but a few days, for the minister of police having been informed of what was going on, sent him an order prohibiting him from allowing any person to enter the Temple under any pretence whatever, even officers of state, should any come! The colonel of gendarmes quartered in the Temple superintended the execution of this order.

M. Morel then perceived that he had been too hasty in the execution of his plans; the suppression of the admission tickets made him anticipate other interruptions to his scheme: it was evident, indeed, that the government, whose wish it was to destroy the impressions of which the Temple was a type, would not sanction speculations which tended to revive them.

The disappointed calculator found himself mistaken in the brilliant hopes he had built on this undertaking; the stones he had bought were nothing more than stones, and it was not allowed to assign any moral value to them.

Towards the close of the year 1808, the work of demolition began. The roofing, wood-work, doors, and wooden partitions, together with the pointed arches, window-sashes, tiles, and wood flooring were first removed: they were laid in the court-yard and in the garden for the time being; and had they been bought on the spot, the purchasers would have paid dearly for them; but in the market they had only their intrinsic value. What was to be done, however? The men employed in the work of destruction were the only persons allowed to enter the Temple, and through their agency some marble chimney-pieces and ornaments were sold at a great price; but the disadvantage of having the doors so scrupulously

M. Morel's scheme.

themselves to the pious veneration in which the Temple tower was held, when, during the few days that preceded its destruc-

closed was enormous. Morel demanded an indemnity, and the form of his petition, ambiguous to a degree, is a sufficient proof of the essentially false and difficult position he was in with respect to the affair :

“To M. le Conseiller d'Etat, prefect of the department of the Seine.

“Paris, 23rd January, 1809.

“M. le Conseiller d'Etat.

“M. Robert Morel has the honour of stating that, on the 7th October, 1808, he bought the materials of the Temple tower, now about to be demolished, for the reasons he is about to enumerate.

“As soon as he heard of the projected destruction of that building, he repaired to the spot to examine the materials and make his calculations as to their value; and could find no profit likely to accrue to the purchaser, even by taking it at the very estimate made by the architect of domains.

“Notwithstanding, your petitioner, induced rather by the interest of government, which he always has at heart, than by any thought of private advantage, and subsequently yielding (he cannot disguise it) to the desire of becoming the instrument of the destruction of such a building—celebrated among the monuments of antiquity for the different uses to which it has been put in different ages—took some steps, which resulted in the fact of his being able to become the purchaser, at a price much above the estimate, without injury to his private interest.

“In fact, he had the promise of several builders that they would visit the place before the demolition began, in order to treat with him on the spot for whatever might suit their own convenience; other persons spoke of purchasing the fittings, decorations, and ornaments of whole rooms. It was in consequence of these arrangements, which assured him of a ready and profitable sale, that he determined to purchase the building.

“The interest of the government being thus secured by the price he paid, which was far above the estimate, the petitioner ought to have been allowed every facility to make sure of his own interest.

“It is a notorious fact, that when an article is sold by auction it becomes the property of the highest bidder immediately, and that it is for him to employ every lawful means to bring into play all the resources of his industry, in order to turn his purchase to the best possible account.

“Notwithstanding this, the petitioner had hardly completed his preliminary arrangements, before beginning his work—that is to say, a week after the sale—when an order from his excellency the minister of general police, sent through the prefect of police, was signified to your petitioner by the inspector-general.

“This order expressly prohibited any person being allowed to enter the Temple, under any pretence whatever, even officers of state, should any such come; and not only was the owner of the building informed of this

M. Morel's scheme.

tion, it was opened to the inspection of visitors who flocked thither in crowds.

order, but even the colonel of gendarmerie quartered in the Temple was directed to superintend its execution.

"The order, although it will occasion a loss of not less than from fifteen to twenty thousand francs to your petitioner, has, notwithstanding, been strictly carried out. The work of demolition is now going on; nothing is sold; materials of all kinds, such as doors, jambs, upper and sole wainscoting, alcoves, flooring, window-sashes, shutters, &c.,—the greater part of which fitted and decorated the apartments of the small tower of the Temple, as well as those of the great tower,—are lying in the inclosure exposed to the rain and frost, and are spoiling in consequence from day to day. It is well known that such articles are of no real value unless they be sold on the spot. But how could they? How could even the stones? The report of entrance to the tower being interdicted has spread rapidly among the people, and kept everyone away, the builders in particular.

"Then, if it be impossible to deny that a very considerable loss to your petitioner has been the result of this order from the government, it must appear equally evident that some indemnity, proportioned to his loss, should be granted him.

"For the above reasons, your petitioner, having the utmost confidence in the justice of the principles influencing your conduct, solicits you, M. le Conseiller d'Etat, to be so good as to take his unfortunate position into your consideration, and to give orders that a skilled arbitrator shall fix the amount of the well-deserved indemnity to which he has a right to look forward, for the reasons above stated.

"MOREL."

"Paris, 31st January, 1809.

"Transmitted to the director of national domains of the interior of Paris (M. Leparvier), for him to give information and his opinion.

"FROCHOT."

The prefect of the department of the Seine, after having requested the director of national domains of the interior of Paris to furnish information and give his opinion on the subject of this claim, wrote the following letter to the minister of police:

"Fourth Division—First Office.

"Indemnity demanded by M. Morel, purchaser of the materials of the Temple tower.

"30th May, 1809.

"The prefect, councillor of state, to his excellency the minister of general police, count of the empire.

"A petition has been presented to me by M. Morel, purchaser of the materials of the Temple tower, as per contract, bearing date, the 7th October, 1808, for the sum of 33,100 francs, demanding to be indemnified

M. Morel's scheme.

We have not said all on this subject. Fathers, mothers, young people, entered that abode, their hearts pierced with grief, their eyes filled with tears, and their limbs trembling, all remembering the details of that long agony, of that royal

to the extent of the loss he declares himself to have sustained by that transaction.

"His claim is founded on the fact that; a week after the sale, he was expressly prohibited, by an order emanating from your excellency, and coming through the prefect of police, councillor of state, from allowing any person to enter the tower on any pretence whatever; and that this measure, which obliged him to convey all the materials away from the tower, deprived him of the profit which the said materials would have brought him, if he had been permitted to sell them on the spot.

"I beg your excellency to let me know whether the measure, of which M. Morel complains was really taken, and whether it could not have been carried out, as he affirms, without having an unfavourable effect on the sale of the materials.

"In case of your reply being in the affirmative, the petitioner may perhaps have some grounds on which to found a claim for an indemnity; but, judging from the motives which preface his demand, it would not appear that such an indemnity ought to be charged upon the administration of domains.

"I beg of you, my lord, to be so good as to let me know what your excellency has decided on this point.

"TROCHOT."

The minister replied :

"Second Division, No. 2,233, Second Series.

"Paris, 17 June, 1840.

"I have received your letter, addressed to me on the 30th May last, relative to the indemnity claimed by M. Morel, purchaser of the materials of the Temple tower.

"It is true that I gave orders that no person should be admitted to the tower, which had been formerly used as a place of confinement for persons under arrest. The object of this measure was to keep out the concourse of persons who repaired thither to see the apartments, and who indulged themselves in making remarks very much out of place in many cases. These persons were admitted by tickets, which M. Morel had had printed, and which he sold to all who chose to buy. In this respect, therefore, the order I gave may very possibly have been prejudicial to him, as it deprived him of the profit he made by the sale of the tickets. However, as the terms on which the Temple tower was sold to him did not give him any right to exhibit it as an object of curiosity, but, on the contrary, laid him under the obligation of pulling it down, the measure which I directed to be taken could only have facilitated the fulfilment of his agreement, by keeping off curious persons who might have obstructed the labourers in their

Reminiscences of the tower.

suffering; all explained how the sorrows of that princely race had reached their height.

They recapitulated the insults, the violences, the outrages, the tortures; they evoked the wretches who succeeded each other day by day, spying, singing, swearing; the inquisitors who searched the rooms, the furniture, the pockets; who scrutinized words, and questioned consciences!

They recalled to mind the bitter tears, the mournful smiles, the sudden flashes of indignation! Louis XVI., dignifying the humiliation of his royal greatness, by the greatness of his Christian spirit! Marie-Antoinette, rising in all her majesty, superior to insult by the elevation of her soul, the dignity of her character, and her noble bearing. Those two children—their hope and their pride—who, in the words of Euripides, “entered the career of life in tears!” That sister, who, every hour, by day and by night, was so touching a model of boundless affection and devotedness!

They pointed out the fountain to which the corpse of Madame de Lamballe was dragged; the window where the populace had displayed the bleeding head of that unhappy young woman, guilty of being loved by the queen! They showed the turret that had witnessed the last prayer—the room where the painful parting had taken place—the bed which had served for the last sleep!

They said, it was here that death terminated the career of that amiable, beautiful child, the hope of France; who was

work, and therefore on no pretence whatever could it give M. Morel any claim for an indemnity.

“I have the honour to be, &c.,

“FOUCHÉ,

“Senator, minister of general police.

“To M. le Conseiller d’Etat, prefect of the department of the Seine.”

The reader will have observed that the wording of this letter, notwithstanding the circumlocutions, reveals more than it was intended to express.

 Repair of the Temple.

the sport of Simon the cobbler, and had become old in suffering at ten years of age.

Those walls, whence life had flown, were a source of instruction to the world. As a surgeon, armed with his scalpel, demands from death all the indications it can furnish, so the visitor interrogated this lifeless mass of stone, counting every nerve, every fibre; he inquired how that noble heart had beaten—how that generous blood had circulated.

Princes and nations! there was no Bossuet, the child of thunder, to raise his powerful voice for your instruction, but the stones themselves cried out!

That tower said to all the world: "See if there be any grief that can compare with mine!"

And those who visited it said to the nations: "Go—go, and see it yourselves; look on it in the face of day—or rather, in all its disgrace!"

Men thought they sanctified their own natures by entering that sanctuary, by touching those sacred walls, by carrying away with them fragments of those stones, all of which seemed to bear the impress of a tear, of a virtue, of a sacrifice!

The work of demolition was not completed until the year 1811. At that period the Palais du Temple was repaired and altered for the reception of the minister of religions.* The

* "Extract from the minutes of the Secretary of State's Office.

"Imperial Palace of Saint-Cloud, 3rd August, 1811.

"Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation, &c., &c.

"We have decreed, and decree as follows:—

"ARTICLE I.

"The Palais du Temple, at Paris, shall be repaired, put in order, and furnished, to serve as a residence for the minister of religions, and for the establishment of his different offices.

"ARTICLE II.

"A garden, attached to the residence of the minister of religions, shall be laid out upon the site of the tower.

The Temple converted into a convent.

Emperor deemed that he could give such a place to no-establishment more fitting than an administration devoted to the interests of religion. But the face of affairs was changed by subsequent events. The Château du Temple was transformed into a convent, for the occupation of a religious body, founded by

“ARTICLE III.

“The repairs and arrangement of the building, and the laying out of the garden shall be charged upon the minister of the interior, and must be completed this year, so that the place may be ready for occupation by the minister of religions before the 1st January, 1812.

“The expense of furnishing shall be borne by the minister of religions.

“ARTICLE IV.

“An estimate of the repairs of the palace, and laying out of the garden, shall be immediately made by the minister of the interior.

“ARTICLE V.

“The execution of the present decree shall be intrusted to the ministers of the interior and of religions.

“NAPOLÉON,

“By the Emperor, Count DARU, Minister, Secretary of State.

“Done in duplicate.

“MONTALIVET,

“Minister of the Interior, count of the Empire.

“Exact copy.

“VEIRNEUR,

“Chief of the Senior Secretary's Office.”

“The minister of the Interior to the prefect of the Seine.

“Paris, 4th December, 1811.

“M. le Comte,

“I have the honour to inclose you a copy of an imperial decree, dated 3rd August last, directing that the Temple palace be given up as a residence for his excellency the minister of religions, as well as for the establishment of his different offices.

“You will see by the 2nd Article of this decree, M. le Comte, that the garden and dependencies of the ministry of religions are to be laid out upon the site formerly occupied by the Temple tower, and that, consequently, the sale of that ground, advertised for the 6th instant, cannot take place.

“I beg you will take measures immediately, therefore, to prevent this sale, which, according to the terms of his Majesty's decree, never ought to have been advertised.

“MONTALIVET.”

Reflections.

Louis XVIII., in the year 1815, with Louise-Adélaïde de Condé, who had formerly been Abbess of Remiremont, at its head. A weeping willow, shrubs, and flowers were planted over the site of the prison of Louis XVI. and his family; and the boundary was kept by a wooden fence up to the year 1848.* Flowers and prayers; such was the end of the Temple tower: but it is precisely flowers and prayers that are laid on altars.

All who were confined in that tower are now dead.

The tower itself has disappeared.

The Princess—who had survived her father, her mother, aunt, and brother—was destined to shed many tears, to breathe many prayers, ere she could rejoin them in heaven. She beheld another brother fall beneath the assassin's knife; she saw an old man, her husband's father, deprived of his crown; and a child, her son, dethroned by a victorious mob. Thrice an exile from France—thrice did she look on the downfall of the throne.

While yet a child, in prison, Marie-Thérèse prayed, and wept, and hoped. After so many changes, so many misfortunes, her fate and her mission remained the same: up to the last day of her life, she prayed, and wept, and hoped. Left standing alone, amid so many ruins, a ruin herself, she preserved, as every pure soul does, faith in the justice of God, and patiently awaited the certain reparation of posterity.

And yet, after having shared all the disasters of her country, she had, in her latter days, to witness a spectacle still more horrible. She has heard the murderers of her father eulogised, and the very existence of society called in question. She has seen poets and historians veering from their pity for the victims to the praise of the assassins. She has seen public homage paid to the man who had exhausted the terrors of the guillotine,

* A street, opened at that period, divides the Temple garden, and runs just over the site of the tower.

Reflections.

who had filled the executioner's basket with human heads, and who, with hands steeped in blood, offered to God a bunch of beauteous flowers.

Indignant history will accept neither that ironical nosegay nor that shameful rehabilitation; she will throw them to earth, and trample them under foot. The date, 1793, will be an eternal incubus upon the heart of France. Never will a reminiscence of blood be transformed into a sacred remembrance. May that saint—whom Heaven hath taken,* and whom history hath found on her death-bed with a prayer for France on her lip: the same as when, at the Temple, the guards of that dark abode discovered about her person a pious petition for her country—deign to pardon my humble narration of the few details that I have been enabled to collect, of the sorrows of her family and herself. The Temple tower is gone! I, an unworthy architect, have sought to reconstruct those walls, hallowed by the greatest and most sacred misfortunes ever recorded in one history.

I have endeavoured to recall some mournful hours, the memory of which lay buried beneath the ruins; some few reminiscences not yet quite effaced by the rust of time. We may be sparing of praise and flattery to the conquerors; but we owe to the conquered justice and truth.

I cannot tell what fate may be reserved by Heaven for my beloved country. I hope God will protect it for ever, and keep that sacred fire of noble souls—the love of their country!—alive in the hearts of our children; but even should the last relics of our ancient monarchy be destroyed, and ages heaped on ages pass away, the heroic reminiscences connected with the Temple tower will still remain.

Has ancient tragedy ought in her pages to compare with this drama of our annals? What is Agamemnon, vulgarly

* Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France, Duchesse d'Angoulême, died at Froshdorff, near Vienna, 19th October, 1851.

Reflections.

slain, in comparison with this King of France, solemnly stretched beneath the blade of the Convention? Can Astyanax, flung from the walls of Troy, be compared with the son of the great Kings of France, slowly brutified by a mean wretch? What is Priam's widow—tearing out her eyes—by the side of the widow of Louis XVI., mending her white robe to ascend the scaffold?

The cry of grief uttered in that tower in 1793 will be heard throughout all ages; and, needing no Homer, ~~these~~ great victims of modern atheism (as was Edipus of ancient destiny)—this king, and queen, and child, who disappeared in the tempest that levelled our altars—will live in the minds of men, eternally mourned as saintly martyrs whom no poet can eulogise, because they were their own sublime panegyrists in the testaments of their piety, love, and forgiveness!

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

DOCUMENTS

AND

CONFIRMATORY PAPERS.

I.

On Tuesday, 19th January, 1793, in the district of Villingon, in Suabia, and in the church of the reverend Fathers Récollets, at ten o'clock in the morning, and in presence of their Serene Highnesses Monseigneur le Prince de Condé, Monseigneur le Duc de Bourbon, Monseigneur le Duc d'Enghien, together with part of the French nobles, assembled under the command of Monseigneur le Prince de Condé, a funeral service was performed for the repose of the soul of our most honoured sovereign lord, Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre; and at the close of the above service Monseigneur le Prince de Condé said:

"Gentlemen, it is in bitter sorrow of heart that we have just performed the last duty imposed on us by the deep respect and boundless affection we bore our unfortunate lord, Louis XVI. Though our constant and invariable fidelity had not power to save him from the horrors of his fate, at least it has followed him to the grave, where the most unhappy of kings has just been laid by the commission of a crime, the most atrocious that could possibly have occurred. The fountain of our tears can never be dried up, though our grief last long, for the greatest misery that can be borne by every good and feeling heart, is to be forced to mourn at once the loss of a king, and the crimes of a country!

"But, gentlemen, you know it is a standing principle that the King of France never dies: May Heaven preserve from all impending danger that precious, charming child, who' born to for-

tune, knows nought of life as yet but the misfortune of having been born ! But whatever may be the fate that awaits him, it cannot be displeasing to Heaven that we yield to the first impulse of our ancient loyalty, and pour forth ardent prayers for our legitimate sovereign, as is the custom in France, at the foot of the altars of our God. The King is dead ! gentlemen, — the King is dead. Long live the King ! ”

The cry was repeated by all the nobles there ; and these words of Monseigneur le Prince de Condé, together with the cry of “ Long live the King,” repeated by everybody present, being the first public act to place the crown on the head of Louis XVII., and the only thing that can be done at this time by the only assembly in existence of free Frenchmen attached to royalty and the reigning family, the present report of the whole proceedings has been drawn up, to serve as a testimony in happier times ; and the said report, signed as follows, will be indorsed in a paper, sealed with the seals of the subscribers, and laid up in a public store, in the said town of Villingen. Done at head-quarters, on the day and in the year above-mentioned.

(Signed)

CHARLES-LEON DE BOUTHILLIER, Field Marshal, and Major-General in the army of his Serene Highness.

LOUIS, BARON DE FUMEL, Marshal, and General Marshal of the household cavalry of his Serene Highness.

EDME LE BASCLE, MARQUIS D'ARGENTEUIL, Field Marshal, the oldest General Officer employed in the army of his Royal Highness.

LOUIS-ANTOINE-HENRY DE BOURBON.

LOUIS-HENRY-JOSEPH DE BOURBON.

LOUIS-JOSEPH DE BOURBON, in my own name, as well as in that of the nobility assembled under my command, who are marked by name in the army-list, and who are held to ratify the same.

(National Archives, Iron Chest.)

II.

Goods delivered to Madame Marie-Antoinette.

By Sainte Foy, commonly called Breton, seamstress.

		fr.	s.
1793.			
Jan. 27th.	Making a deep-mourning silk jacket	24	0
„	Ribbons for the above	6	0
„	Bones and buttons for the above	4	10
30th.	A dress of the same material, deep mourning .	24	0
„	Ribbons	6	0
„	Bones	2	10
„	2 petticoats, of black Italian taffeta	12	0
„	Ribbons for the same	2	0
March 26.	Altering a jacket and the petticoat	15	0
„	Ribbons	6	0
„	Bones and buttons	4	10
„	1 ell of the same gross silk, for the sleeves .	0	0
April 3rd.	Making a gross silk jacket, deep mourning .	24	0
„	Ribbons	6	0
„	Bones and buttons for the above	4	0
„	A petticoat of black Italian taffeta	6	0
23rd.	A jacket of gross silk, deep mourning . . .	15	0
„	2½ ells gross silk, for the above jacket, at 9fr. .	20	5
„	Another yard and 1 piece of satin, for the body and lining of the sleeves, at 6fr. 10s. . . .	9	15
„	Bones and buttons	4	10
Accepted for 149 livres, 10 sols.		Total	205 10
C. (Coru.)			

Silken stuffs furnished to Marie-Antoinette.

By Le Normand, Mercer, Paris.

		fr.	s.
Delivered to Mdlle Bertin :			
March.	6 ells wide black gross silk, at 9fr.	54	0
„	2 black veils, at 3fr.	6	0
Delivered to Madame Chaumet :			
28th.	21 ells dble. width black Florence, at 6fr. 10s.	136	10
Delivered to Madame Breton :			
„	11 ells wide black gross silk, at 10fr. . . .	110	0
„	5½ ells best black taffeta, at 12fr.	66	0
„	2½ ells black Florence, at 6fr. 10s. . . .	16	5
		Total	368 15

Furnished to Madame Elizabeth.

By Sainte Foy, called Breton, seamstress.

1793.		fr.	s.
Jan. 27th.	A black satin wrapper, wadded throughout	30	0
„	Wadding for the above	5	0
„	Buckram for the neckband	2	10
„	Ribbons and buttons for the above	6	0
„	Whalebone	6	10
„	A silk jacket, deep mourning	24	0
„	Ribbons and buttons for the above	6	0
„	Whalebone	6	10
29th.	Wadding taken out of the black satin dress	15	0
„	Making 2 petticoats of black Italian taffeta	12	0
„	Ribbons for the above	2	0
April 4th.	Repairing a jacket, and putting new sleeves	15	0
„	1 ell of gross silk for the sleeves	9	0
„	An extra ell of Florence, for lining	6	10
„	Ribbons for the petticoat and jacket	6	0
„	Whalebone	6	10
13th.	A black Florence wrapper	30	0
„	Buckram for the neckband	2	10
„	Ribbons	6	0
„	Whalebone	6	10
„	Buttons	1	4
Accepted for 140 livres, 10 sols.		Total	204 14

Barbier and Tétard, silk mercers, and dealers in all sorts of gold and silver silk stuffs, Barbe-d'Or, Rue des Bourdonnois, Paris.

Furnished to the daughter of Antoinette.

1793.		fr.	s.
March 26.	1½ ell of black silk, at 11fr.	16	10
„	1½ ell of black satin, at 6fr. 10s.	9	15
April 5th.	1 ell of black silk	11	0
„	½ ell of black satin, at 6fr. 10s.	3	5
13th.	2 ells black satin, at 6fr. 10s.	13	0
		Total	53 10

We certify this bill, amounting to 53 livres, 10 sols, to be correct, and agreeing entirely with the account in our ledger.

Paris, 4th April, 1793.

BARBIER AND CO.

Barbier and Tétard, silk mercers, and dealers in all sorts of gold and silver silk stuffs, Barbe-d'Or, Rue des Bourdonnois, Paris.

Furnished to Elizabeth Capet.

1793.		fr.	s.
April 4th.	22 ells of black satin, at 6fr. 10a.	143	0
„	10 ells of black silk, at 11fr.	110	0
„	6½ ells of black taffeta, at 11fr	71	10
	Total	324	10

We certify this bill, amounting to 324 livres, 10 sols, to be correct, and entirely agreeing with the account in our ledger.

BARBIER AND Co.

Paris, 4th April, 1793.

(National Archives, Case E., No. 6,207.)

III.

Report of the Administration of Police to the Council-General of the Commune, sitting of the 22th April, 1793.

“The administration have not only affixed their seals in the dwellings of the accused members of the Council, but have also issued orders for the presence of citizeness Sérent, ex-tirewoman to Elizabeth ; Jean Lebrun, her servant ; Jean-Baptiste Diane, tailor, and Claude Bosquet, also a tailor. The result of their examination has been that citizeness Sérent, who still pretends to exercise the duties of tirewoman to Elizabeth, was in the habit of sending such articles as were demanded by the Temple Council ; that she usually sent the said articles by her servant, who gave them to the Temple Council, and sometimes to Elizabeth herself ; that she never sent any message to the Temple except once, a fortnight since, to know if Elizabeth would like to have a white jacket. The servant of the said Sérent declared that he had never carried anything to the Temple, excepting articles for the clothing of the prisoners, and bills of the same, which he gave in to Cayeux, whose business it was to settle them : but that he went up to the tower once with the consent of the commissaries on duty. In consequence of a communication made to us respecting a hat found in a box in Elizabeth's room, the administration sent for the executioner, and Dulong, a hatter. The first declared to us that Louis, on arriving at the

place where he was to suffer, took off his coat and hat; that he was buried in his other clothes; and that the coat and hat, were torn to pieces and divided among the spectators, immediately after the execution. Dulong the latter had not sold any hat to Louis Capet.

When the reading of this report was over, the Council began to discuss the fate destined for the six accused members; the discussion was however adjourned. Only it was decreed, on the requisition of the procureur of the Commune (Hébert), that, as it was evident that Madame Sérent still acknowledged royalty, by her preserving the title of firewoman, which should have disappeared with that form of government, she should be denounced to the public accuser of the revolutionary tribunal, to be prosecuted by the solicitor of the Commune. The police were directed to effect her arrest.

IV.

Bill of the work done and articles provided by citizen Wolff, shoemaker, to Marie-Antoinette, her children, and her sister Elizabeth, 1793

	fr.
April 15th.—2 pairs kid shoes for the son of Marie-Antoinette	16
April 29th.—3 pairs of black shoes, for the daughter of Marie-Antoinette	36
And 3 pairs black shoes for Madame Elizabeth	30
June 2nd.—2 pairs kid shoes for the son of Marie-Antoinette	16
Total	104

Bill of the work done and articles provided for Marie-Antoinette and the children at the Temple by Wolff, shoemaker, 1793.

	fr.
July 8th.—3 pairs shoes, of smooth black St. Cire leather for Madame Elizabeth	36
Also 3 pairs shoes of smooth black St. Cire leather, for Mademoiselle, the daughter of Marie-Antoinette	36
July 15th.—3 pairs shoes smooth black St. Cire leather, for Marie-Antoinette	48
Travelling expenses to Paris	12
Total	126

Bill of articles made for the Capet family by Bosquet, tailor, Paris, and by order of the members of the Council of the Commune on duty at the Temple.

FOR CAPET'S WIDOW.

	fr.	s.
May, 1793.—For mending and re-making 2 wrappers	24	0
For fresh lining throughout to the bodies	12	0
For repairing 2 petticoats and putting new bands to them.	4	0

FOR HER DAUGHTER.

May 12th.—9 ells dimity for 2 wrappers	102	0
Calico lining	20	0
Making up	30	0
8 ells dimity for 2 petticoats	144	0
Making up	8	0
Ribbons	4	0

FOR MADAME ELIZABETH.

23 ells dimity for 2 wrappers and petticoats	414	0
Lining and body	20	0
Making up the whole.	38	0
Ribbons	4	0

FOR THE SON OF LOUIS CAPET.

2½ ells superfine black cloth, for 2 coats, and 2 pairs knee-breeches	143	0
1½ ells black striped pekin for 2 waistcoats	22	10
7½ twilled silk, to line the coat and waistcoat.	60	0
Lining for the breeches	14	0
Pockets	6	0
Silk buttons	24	0
2 ells twill-silk, for repairing the linings of 2 coats throughout	16	0
Repairing	8	0
May 26th.—6 ells striped white dimity for 2 dressing gowns	108	0
Back, sleeves, pockets	14	0
Making up	20	0

Total 1319 10

(National Archives, Case E. No. 6. 208.)

V

Bill of Medicines furnished during the month of May, according to the prescriptions of citizen Doctor Thiery, by citizen Robert, apothecary, authorised by the Commune, for Marie Antoinette, her children, and sister, at the Temple.

1st May, 1793.

FOR MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

	fr.	s.
May 1st, 1723.—A medicated broth made <i>au bain marie</i> of veal, chicken, and various herbs	5	0
From 2nd to 10th.—The same broth repeated every day	45	0
A box of pectoral gum	3	0
11th to 20th.—The above broth repeated every day . .	50	0

FOR THE SON OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

May 12th.—Twelve oz. of Narbonne honey	3	12
13th.—2 bottles of clarified whey	2	0
14th. " " "	2	0
15th 16th " " "	4	0
17th.—A mixturo composed of the finest manna pods, coriander, and Glauber saults	3	0
" The same precautionary medicine	3	0
" One bottle of whey	1	0
" 4 oz. of juniper leaves	1	4
18th.—One bottle of whey	1	0
" One lb. of Narbonne honey	4	16
19th to 28th.—Each day 1 bottle of whey	10	0
29th.—The medicine prescribed on the 17th repeated	3	0
" The same precautionary medicine	3	0
30th.—The whey repeated	2	0
31st.—A paper of juniper leaves	1	4
" A box of perfumes	2	0

FOR MARIE-THERESE-CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER.

May 1st.—A medicated broth made <i>au bain marie</i> with the pieces of herbs, Glauber salts, &c	4	0
2nd to 11th.—Each day the above broth repeated . .	40	0
Carried forward	193	16

	fr.	s.
Brought forward	193	16
12th to 21st.—Each day, the same broth repeated . .	40	0
22nd to 25th.—The broth repeated	16	0
„ Also 12 oz. rose-water	3	0
26th to 31st.—Each day the broth repeated . . .	24	0
FOR ELIZABETH, SISTER TO MARIE-ANTOINETTE.		
May 25th.—4 large rolls of plaister	28	0
	204	16

Bill of the Medicines furnished by citizen Robert, apothecary, through the month of June, for the use of Marie-Antoinette, her children, and her sister, according to the prescriptions of citizen Doctor Thiery, and under the authority of the Commune.

For the Son of Marie-Antoinette.	fr.	s.
1st June, 1793.—One bottle of clarified whey	1	0
2nd to 5th.—The whey repeated	4	0
Also a thermometer for regulating the baths . . .	4	0
6th to 12th.—Each day a bottle of whey	7	0
13th.—A medicated broth, made, <i>au bain marie</i> , of the hind-legs and loins of frogs, with the juice of certain herbs, and foliated mineral earth	5	0
14th to 20th.—Each day the broth repeated	35	0
21st to 30th.—Each day the broth repeated	50	0

For Marie-Therese-Charlotte, daughter of Marie-Antoinette.

1st.—A medicated broth made, <i>au bain marie</i> , with juices of herbs and Glauber salts	4	0
2nd to 8th.—Each day the broth repeated	28	0
Also 12 oz. rose-water	3	0
9th to 13th.—Each day the broth repeated	20	0
14th to 20th.—Each day the broth repeated	28	0
Total	189	0

Bill for Medicines furnished during the month of July, to Marie Antoinette, her children, and her sister, at the Temple, by citizen Robert, apothecary, from the prescriptions of citizen Doctor Thiery, and by the authority of the Commune.

For Marie-Antoinette, her Daughter, and Elizabeth.

2nd year of the Republic.		fr.	s.
12th July, 1793.—One pint of orange flower water,			
double distilled, <i>au bain marie</i>	12	0	
„ 3 phials of volatile salt of camphoretted vinegar . .	18	0	
„ 1 paper of junipers	0	12	

For the Son of Marie-Antoinette.

1st.—A medicated broth made, <i>au bain marie</i> , with veal, the hind legs and loins of frogs, juices of herbs, and foliated mineral earth	5	0
2nd.—The broth repeated	5	0
„ 12 oz. of Narbonne honey	4	16
3rd to 12th.—Each day the above broth repeated . .	50	0
13th to 22nd.—Each day the broth repeated	50	0
23rd to 25th.—The broth the same	15	0
26th.—A clyster made of Corsican coralline, lemon- juice, and olive oil	1	10
Also a syringe, with an ivory pipe	14	0
27th.—A clyster	1	10
29th. ditto	1	10
Also 4 oz. of verimifuge syrup	1	4
29th to 31st.—Each day the clyster repeated	4	10
Also 4 oz. of vermifuge syrup	1	4

For Citizen Tison.

4th.—A soothing mixture	2	0
5th.—The same mixture	2	0
Also 2 pints of whey with violet syrup	4	0
1 bottle of orgeat	2	10
6th.—2 pints of whey repeated	4	0
The double potion repeated	4	0
7th.—One pint of whey	2	0
The double potion repeated	4	0
8th and 9th.—Each day the whey	4	0
Also 2 potions	4	0

Total 218 6

(National Archives Case E, No. 6,207.)

VI.

COMMISSION OF ADMINISTRATIVE POLICE OF PARIS.

Liberty—Equality.

Paris, 14th Frimaire, 4th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible
(5th December, 1795).

The commission, in pursuance of the authorization of the minister for the interior, bearing date the 13th Frimaire, this present month, in consequence of a letter addressed to them on the same day, by the two commissaries appointed to the guardianship of the Temple.

The said authorization setting forth that the commission of administrative police shall appoint a justice of the peace, who, in presence of the said commissaries, shall proceed to remove the seals placed on a chest of drawers, in the lower room of the Temple tower, and at once make out an inventory of the articles found in the said chest.

The commission therefore appoints citizen Baron, justice of the peace, of the section of the Mail, to proceed, in presence of the commissaries, appointed to the Temple guard, to remove the seals placed on the chest of drawers mentioned above, and to make out an inventory and description of the articles contained in the said chest of drawers.

They also appoint citizen Hannocque Guérin, a member of the commission, to be present at the removing of the said seals, and the making out of the said inventory, who will draw up a report of the same, which, together with the said inventory, shall be sent to the minister of the interior :

(Signed) HOUDEYER, HANNOCQUE GUERIN, and PASTIE,
Administrative Commissaries.

In the 4th year of the republic, one and indivisible, on the 14th Frimaire, at about one o'clock, P.M., in pursuance of the special nomination and authorisation respectively, and the purpose therein indicated, we, Nicolas Baron, justice of the peace of the Mail section, ex-William Tell, at Paris, accompanied by citizen Claude-Guillaume-Hannocque Guérin, administrative commissary of police of Paris, repaired to the great entrance gate of the Maison du Temple, Rue du Temple, which having reached, we caused ourselves to be announced to the Temple commissary

guardians ; one of them, citizen Gomin, came, and we acquainted him with the reason of our visit, by reading to him the said nomination and authorisation, and he introduced us into the lower room of the Temple tower, called the council-room, whence the persons who had occupied it had previously retired into another apartment of the tower. Having entered the said room, citizen Gomin and his colleague, Lasne, showed us the seals placed on the two ends of a band of white paper, across the three drawers of a veneered rosewood chest, encircled with bronze, and with a top of veined white marble, standing in the embrasure of one of the windows ; the said seals were of soft red wax, two at each end of the band, which seemed to us to be whole and perfect ; the one bearing as a motto : " Commune of Paris, 1st year of the Republic," and, in the centre : " The Temple guard," surrounded with two palms or leafy wreaths, crossed by a pike bearing the eap of liberty ; the other is a private seal, smaller than the first, without any motto, appearing to bear the initials " J. M.," conjoined with two laurel branches, and surmounted by the cap of liberty.

We then removed the above seals, and, having opened the drawers with the key given us by the said citizens Gomin and Lasne, we made out the inventory and description of the contents, as follows :

A dress and petticoat of black Saint-Oyr serge.

Another petticoat of black taffeta.

A mantle of black taffeta, trimmed with crape.

A sash of black crape.

A piece of a black veil, about an ell in length.

A dressing-gown of white dimity.

Two loose dresses of cambric muslin.

Two jackets, with their petticoats, of cambric muslin.

Seven petticoats of white dimity, with different stripes.

Twenty women's chemises, partly worn out, fifteen of which are trimmed with the narrow lace called mignonette.

Eight pairs of stays, two of white taffeta, and six of linen, with some of the bones belonging to them.

Ten quilted linen cloths, with six smaller pieces belonging to them, also of linen.

Fifteen linen neck-kerchiefs, one of them embroidered.

Six other neck-kerchiefs, four of cambric, and two of muslin.

A gauze cravat, with a trimming of narrow blonde at the ends.

Fifteen plain cambric neck-kerchiefs, twelve of them trimmed with narrow lace.

Twenty-one small rubbing-cloths, sixteen of fustian, and five of muslin.

Thirty-four larger rubbing-cloths, made of linen.

Six pair of pockets, made of dimity, four striped, and two plain.

Three pairs of stockings, two of black silk, and one of cotton.

One pair of child's thread stockings.

One pair of black silk gloves.

Three sheepskin gloves, chamois colour.

Five cambric handkerchiefs for the head.

Fifteen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

A linen cap, trimmed with a head-dress of black crape.

A black taffeta fan, with whalebone ribs.

Two pincushions of white dimity, stuffed with bran.

Thirty-nine linen towels.

A little white pasteboard box, with a blue border, containing a case made of paper pasted together, with red edgings, in which were ten steel pins of different sizes, with facet heads.

A pair of *petits bons hommes* sleeves, trimmed with two rows of lace.

A piece of lace, about an ell in length.

Three ends of narrow lace, of about three-quarters of an ell each.

A small cambric cravat, trimmed with lace.

Three little packets of old ravelling.

Two pairs of linen under-sleeves, to wear beneath the sleeves of a dress.

Four petticoat-trimmings of embroidered muslin.

A little gauze frill, trimmed with lace.

And having found nothing more to describe and put in the list, the articles above-mentioned, being all the contents of the said drawers, were then replaced, and left in the possession and keeping of the said citizens, Gomin and Lasne, who acknowledged the receipt, and took it upon themselves to give them up at any time, and to whomever it may be found that they belong, and all in charge of the above sealed drawers are released from their trust.

And, after having remained there occupied uninterruptedly in this examination, until half-past four o'clock, P.M., we made out the present exact report of our proceedings, accompanied by the said citizen Guérin, and in presence of the said citizens Gomin and Lasne.

Having read it over, the said citizens Guérin, Gomin, and Lasne, commissaries appointed to the guardianship of the Temple,

signed with us, and we then retired with the said citizen Guérin. Signed at the time: HANNOCQUE GUERIN, GOMIN, LASNE, and BARON, justice of the peace. Below is written: Exact copy: Signed, BARON, justice of the peace.

Exact copy :

HANNOCQUE GUERIN,

Commissary of the Central Office.

I, the undersigned, François Darque, keeper of the articles of furniture belonging to the Temple, in the stead of citizen Lasne, acknowledge that, among the articles left in my charge, according to the minutes made by citizen Nagus, commissary of the Temple domain, in date of the 17th Germinal, 4th year, the articles in the wardrobe of the ex-Queen, are comprised and detailed conformably to the copy, which I recognise as correct, and I take them under my charge.

Done in the Temple tower, 20th Germinal, 4th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

DARQUE.

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6,206.)

VII.

Bill for washing the linen of M. Louis-Charles, from the 5th June, 1793, due to me, citizeness Clouet.

Washed:—

	fr.	s.
1 sheet	0	10
12 shirts	4	10
3 jackets	2	5
3 pair girl's stockings	1	4
2 pair thread stockings, and mending	1	6
8 napkins	1	12
6 wardrobe cloths	0	15
4 cambric handkerchiefs	0	12
3 bands	0	9
1 cotton cap	0	3
Carriage	1	12
Carried forward	16	4

	fr.	s.
Brought forward	15	4
15th June.		
2 sheets	1	0
12 shirts	4	16
3 jackets	2	5
4 cambric handkerchiefs	0	12
12 towels	2	8
3 pair thread stockings, and mending	1	0
3 bands	0	9
6 wardrobe cloths	0	15
Carriage	1	12
25th June.		
3 jackets	2	5
13 shirts	5	4
8 wardrobe cloths	1	0
3 towels	0	12
4 bands	0	12
1 cotton cap	0	3
6 pair thread stockings	1	4
6 cambric handkerchiefs	0	18
Carriage	1	12
Total	43	11

Bill for washing and mending the linen of Charles Capet, Elizabeth and Thérèse Capet, Tison, Simon, and his wife; from 13th day of the 1st month, 2nd year of the French republic, one and indivisible, by citizen Clouet.

13th Vendémiaire, 2nd year (4th October, 1793).

LINEN OF CHARLES CAPET.

	fr.	s.
1 jacket	0	15
3 shirts	1	4
1 towel	0	3
Carried forward	2	2

Brought forward		2	2
1 cambric pocket-handkerchief		0	3
1 wardrobe cloth		0	2
1 head-kerchief		0	3
2 pair thread stockings		0	6
2 cotton caps		0	6
2 trusses		0	6
2 blue pinafores		0	10

LINEN OF SIMON AND HIS WIFE.

2 shirts	0	12
2 shifts	0	12
1 blue petticoat	0	10
3 pair stockings	0	9
1 cotton cap	0	3
8 coloured pocket-handkerchiefs	1	4
4 round caps	0	16
1 pair sheets	1	0
1 quilled cap	0	2
2 cravats	0	8
1 neckerchief of double muslin	0	4
1 stomacher	0	2

ELIZABETH'S LINEN.

9 shifts	4	10
1 pair large cotton curtains	4	10
3 towels	0	12
8 cambric pocket-handkerchiefs	1	4
9 wardrobe cloths	1	2
1 apron	0	5
1 cambric rubbing-cloth	0	2
1 dimity dressing-gown	1	0
1 muslin jacket, and trimmed petticoat	3	0
1 muslin petticoat, trimmed with embroidered muslin	1	10
1 pair stays	0	4
1 dimity petticoat	0	12
15 smaller articles, and 5 bands	1	5
1 linen collar	0	2

Carried forward 24 18

	fr.	s.
Brought forward	24	18
2 linen neck-kerchiefs	0	16
2 cambric neck-kerchiefs	0	16
2 caps, and mending	0	18
3 pair socks	0	9
1 pair silk stockings, and mending	1	0
1 cambric powder-cloak	0	15

THERESE CAPET'S LINEN.

9 chemises, and mending	6	0
9 towels	0	8
4 wardrobe cloths	0	10
1 chair cover	0	5
1 apron	0	5
1 pair pockets	0	4
1 dimity petticoat	0	12
1 pair stays, and mending	0	15
2 pair socks	0	6
1 dressing-gown and petticoat of dimity	2	0
1 dress of cambric muslin	2	0
3 cambric pocket-handkerchiefs	0	9
3 linen neck-kerchiefs	1	4
2 cambric neck-kerchiefs	0	16
2 caps	0	12

TISON'S LINEN .

2 shirts	0	12
4 pocket-handkerchiefs	0	12
1 cotton velvet waistcoat	1	5
1 cotton cap	0	3
1 head-kerchief	0	2
1 pair thread stockings	0	3
1 collar	0	3
For two conveyances	4	0

CHARLES CAPET'S LINEN.

(From the 33rd day of 1st month, 2nd year of
the Republic.)

3 shirts	1	4
1 jacket	0	15

Carried forward 48 0

	fr.	s.
.Brought forward	48	0
1 towel	0	4
3 cambric pocket-handkerchiefs	0	9
1 wardrobe cloth	0	2
1 head-kerchief	0	3
3 pair stockings	0	9
1 cotton cap	0	3
2 pinafores	0	10
Total	50	0

LINEN BELONGING TO SIMON AND HIS WIFE.

2 shirts
3 shifts
&c., &c., &c.

I certify this list to be correct.
CORU, Temple steward.

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6,270.)

VIII.

Documents concerning the heart of Louis XVII.

In a note communicated to Eckard, and published by him in his "Historical Memoirs of Louis XVII.," M. Pelletan gives the following account of the manner in which he contrived to carry off the heart of Louis XVII. during the autopsy.

"I was specially appointed to open and dissect the body, and finally re-adjust the different parts. While I was employed in the last-mentioned operation, my operators, together with the civic commissary and one of the keepers who had been present, left the table, and retired into the recess of the window to chat together. I then conceived the idea of getting the child's heart into my possession, and covering that viscera with bran, I folded it up in a linen cloth, and put it into my pocket, without anyone's seeing me. I had no reason to think I should be searched on leaving the prison.

"When I got home I put the heart into a bottle of spirits of wine, which I hid behind the highest shelf of my book-case. Nearly ten years passed away, in the course of which the spirits of wine, though it had been several times renewed, evaporated entirely. The heart being now thoroughly dry, and in a fit state to be preserved without further trouble, I put it into the drawer of my desk, along with some other anatomical remains.

"A long time afterwards, as I was showing the heart and other remains to M. —, a private pupil of my own, who lived at my house, and in whom I had perfect confidence, I was imprudent enough to reveal my secret to him.

"As I had constantly occasion to open my drawer, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the heart, which had nothing round it,—when one day, I perceived that it was not among the other contents of my drawer. I could have no doubt that it had been taken out by my pupil, who alone knew the secret, and who alone had free access to my private room.

"This pupil had left me a short time before, to be married, and I still received him at my house; but yet I dared not demand its restitution, being fully persuaded that he would deny the fact, and that, were matters pushed to extremity, he would even destroy it.

"At the period when everything seemed preparing for the return of our king, my pupil fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint to which he had long been subject. A few days before his death the father of his widow paid me a visit, and informed me that his son-in-law, when dying, had confessed, with much repentance, the fact of having purloined the heart of Louis XVII. when at my house; and that his daughter purposed restoring it to me the next day.

"As soon as he had left me I hastened to his house, where I found my pupil's widow surrounded by her family. The lady immediately returned me the heart inclosed in a purse; and I recognised it perfectly, having handled and attentively examined it over and over again.

"So that I possess the heart of Louis XVII."

A communication made to M. Antoine, (of Saint Gervais, who had published a "Life of Louis XVII."), by M. Pelletan, in which M. Pelletan laid great stress on the personal attentions he had paid to the young prince, without taking any notice of M.

Dumangin, and also mentioned his having taken away the child's heart, occasioned an exchange of letters between the two physicians in the year 1817. M. Dumangin observed in his :—

“You have imagined, sir, that there was no harm in accusing MM. Jeanroy, Lassus, and myself, of inattention at the time when you say you carried off a precious part of the young King's remains. What had you to fear, then, from our colleagues and myself? Nothing. You had, indeed, proposed having some assistants in the operation, and in consequence of my observing that, from the personal qualities of M. Lassus, and his former attendance upon the Queen of France and Madame Elizabeth, and that of M. Jeanroy in the House of Lorraine, their signatures would have a considerable weight, you agreed to that choice. Was it not rather that you feared the guardians, who were in a corner of the room? I venture to say that your conduct, praiseworthy in itself, subjects you to the serious imputation of having neglected to obtain the testimony of others, which would have prevented any doubt on a fact of such importance.”

M. Pelletan replied as follows to these remarks of M. Dumangin :

“We proceeded all four to the opening of the body, the dissection of which was made by myself alone. I had certainly no wish to compromise you or to accuse you of inattention, in saying that I, being solely occupied with the re-arrangement of the body, you retired into the recess of a window, and that I took advantage of the moment thus given me, to get the precious remains into my possession.

“You did not perceive the abstraction of the heart, because I carefully concealed the deed from everyone. You know that it might have cost me my life had it been discovered : and yet you ask me if I could not confide in you. No, sir! I dared not trust anybody. I told no one at all, excepting my friend M. Lassus, whom I had known twenty-five years, and who had accompanied Mesdames to Italy ; it was not known by anyone else. This, sir, is the true state of things in which you say I was so much to blame.”

M. Antoine, who, as he himself tells us, was directed by Louis XVIII., in the year 1817, to search out all persons still alive who had been known as having been kind in their conduct to the young prisoner of the Temple tower, had naturally entered into communication with MM. Pelletan and Dumangin on the subject, and had

been the involuntary cause of a dispute between those two famous physicians, by publishing the account given by the former, sums up the state of the question, after these mutual explanations, as follows, in a note addressed to M. Hue, then head valet de chambre to Louis XVIII.

"We took advantage of the circumstances which brought us to the house of M. Dumangin, to inquire into a fact, which various biographers of Louis XVII. have repeated from our account, we having been the first to mention it in the life of that young prince, published in 1815.

"Although M. Dumangin preserves the esteem and just consideration for M. Pelletan which the talents of the latter so well deserve, we are aware, notwithstanding, that he had some reasons for feeling piqued at his conduct. They acted together in the dissection of the body of Louis XVII.; and therefore by pressing M. Dumangin to tell us frankly what degree of faith should be attached to the abstraction of the child's heart, of which M. Pelletan makes quite a personal merit, we were sure of obtaining a testimony which would be neither dictated by blind confidence nor by servile complaisance.

"M. Dumangin affirms that, at the close of the operation, he saw M. Pelletan wrap something up carefully, and put it into his pocket. He did not think at all about it then, and now presumes that the surgeon above-mentioned may have thought proper to conceal that pious theft, not only for fear of compromising himself but also any other person to whom he might have revealed the secret.

"At present, although there can be no physical proof that the heart in M. Pelletan's possession, is really that of Louis XVII., for which fact he has no surety to offer beyond his bare word, M. Dumangin, recollecting what passed at the time the body was opened, says that, in his heart and conscience he is morally convinced of the truth of that statement.

"We considered it our duty to report this little circumstance, which will not perhaps be uninteresting in the eyes of our august monarch, now that his Majesty has been recently inquiring into all matters connected with his young predecessor."

The two following papers will show that Louis XVIII. had, at one time, after this inquiry, thought of having the heart preserved by M. Pelletan brought to Saint-Denis.

"MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

"To M. the Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice.

"Paris, 3rd September, 1817.

"Monseigneur,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the papers your grace did me the honour to communicate to me, both that relating to the preservation of the heart of his Majesty Louis XVII., and those referring to the place where the body of the young Prince was buried.

"It being the King's intention that the heart of that young Prince, as also that of II. R. II. the Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XVI., which latter is now in the hands of the mayor of the 12th district,* be conveyed to Saint-Denis, without pomp, but still with all fitting ceremony. I have, in compliance with the orders given me by his Majesty, sent all the papers to M. the grand master of

* This is explained by the following paper.

"Report to the King."

"Sire,

The mayor of the 12th district of Paris, has just received in charge from M. Thevenin, who had it in his keeping, the heart of his Royal Highness Monseigneur the Dauphin, eldest son of his Majesty Louis XVI

"M. the prefect of the Seine, together with this intelligence, has given me the following information, which he assures me has been collected with the utmost care by M. le Maire.

"In Brumaire, 2nd year (October, 1793), at the time when the tombs of the Bourbon family at Val-de-Grâce were robbed of their contents, one Legoy, secretary of the committee of the observatory, who was present at the event, came into possession of a heart, which, by the title engraved on the double inclosure, silver-gilt and leaded, in which it was contained, was that of his Royal Highness M. the Dauphin Louis-Joseph-Xavier-François, eldest son of his Majesty Louis XVI., who was born at Versailles, 22nd October, 1781, and who died at Meudon, 4th June, 1789

"Fearing that, as a man in office, his having this heart in his possession might bring him into trouble, M. Legoy gave it in charge to his father.

"At the death of this latter, which occurred on the 1st August, 1811, it remained in the hands of his widow.

"Lastly, in consequence of Madame Legoy having several times shown an inclination, which, however, she never carried out, of intrusting the charge to her neighbour Guicard, the woman Moleure, who was in the confidence of that lady, persuaded her, a short time before her death, to give it to M. Thevenin, the last trustee, whose governess Moleure had been.

"These facts appear to me to leave no room for doubt concerning the origin and genuine character of this deposit.

"I have the honour to beg your Majesty will forward me your Majesty's orders on the subject."

Note.—This report was written on a scrap of paper, without signature or date. (National Archives, Case E, No. 6,204.)

the ceremonies. I send your grace the two notes added to his letter of the 20th August. They are made out in the form of discharge that your grace wished to have done.

"The minister secretary of state, department of the Interior."

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6,209.)

MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

*List of papers proving that the heart of his Majesty Louis XVII.
was really preserved and is still in existence.*

1st. Verbal report of the statement of witnesses, from which it is evident that the heart, preserved at the house of M. Pelletan, really is that of his Majesty Louis XVII.

2nd. Certificate given by M. Pelletan, in which he acknowledges the receipt of the heart of that young Prince, preserved by him, from the widow of M. Tillos.

3rd. A decree of the committee of general safety, dated 6th June, 1795 (17th Prairial, 3rd year), authorising M. Pelletan to succeed M. Desault in prescribing for the disease by which his Majesty Louis XVII. had been attacked.

4th. The order for despatching the said decree, addressed to M. Pelletan on the same day by the secretary-general to the committee.

5th. A decree of the committee of general safety, dated 8th June, 1795 (20th Prairial), authorising the physicians of the young King to provide him with a nurse.

6th. The letter in which the secretary-general sent a copy of the above paper to M. Pelletan, on the same day.

7th. The order given by the committee of general safety, at at half-past four, P.M., on the same day, to proceed to the opening of the body.

8th. The minutes made out next day, 9th June (21st Prairial), describing the state of the body, and signed by those persons who had been summoned to be present at the dissection, as well as by the physicians directed to prescribe for the young Prince.

Received the eight papers contained in the above note, sent to

me by M. the minister, secretary of state, by his letter of 3rd September, 1817, in compliance with orders received by him from the King.

(Signed) Le MARQUIS DE DREUX BREZE.

Grand Master of Ceremonies.

Paris, 4th September, 1817.

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6,209.)

Notwithstanding the intention displayed in the two preceding documents, the heart in question was not conveyed to Saint Denis. The early doubts entertained on the subject returned, and prevailed, being further confirmed by the strenuous denial of Lasne, who had been present at the operation, and who, as he affirmed, had never taken his eyes off the operator for one single instant.

The heart preserved by M. Pelletan was inclosed in a crystal vase, on which were engraved the letters L. C., initials of the names Louis Charles; seventeen stars also engraved on the cover, formed a crown, surmounted by a gilt fleur-de-lis. This vase remained in charge at the archiepiscopal residence at Paris, whence it disappeared when that building was pillaged, 29th July, 1830. M. Gabriel Pelletan then instituted a search for the heart, which is now in his possession.

IX.

Bill for washing, mending and providing of articles of clothing for the prisoners at the Temple, for the month Pluviose, 3rd year, one and indivisible, by citizen Clouet.

January and February, 1795.

THERESE CAPET'S LINEN.

	fr.	s.
1 apron	0	8
21 chemises, 4 mended	19	15
12 towels, 1 mended	3	10
1 pair pockets	0	6
8 quilted cloths	4	0
5 wardrobe cloths	1	0
Carried forward	29	19

	Brought forward	fr.	s.
	20	19	
1 pair stays	0	6	
8 pair cotton stockings	0	15	
2 pair silk stockings, and mending	5	10	
2 pair socks, and mending	0	12	
8 skull-caps	3	0	
2 lawn caps, making up, and bow	5	0	
10 cambric pocket handkerchiefs, and mending	4	10	
8 cambric neck-kerchiefs, one mended	3	14	
10 lawn neck-kerchiefs	0	0	
2 dimity petticoats, and mending	2	15	
1 dimity dress and petticoat let out	12	0	
4 cambric muslin dresses let out	44	0	
2½ ells of linen, at 16f per ell, provided for lining	36	0	
Provided 22 ells nankeen for 2 jackets and their skirts, at 18f.	396	0	
Making two jackets and their skirts (sic)	40	0	
Provided 2 ells of un bleached linen for the body and sleeves of two jackets	28	0	
Provided the wadding for the skirts of the jackets	10	0	
Provided 3 dozen buttons	9	0	

CHARLES CAPET'S LINEN.

8 shirts, and mending	4	5
4 cambric pocket-handkerchiefs	1	0
1 cravat, and 2 cotton caps	0	15

TISON'S LINEN.

5 shirts	3	45
3 caps and 3 head-bands	1	4
5 pair stockings	1	5
6 handkerchiefs	1	4
1 towel	0	5

Total 649 15

I certify the above sum, amounting to 649f. 15s., to be correct.

CLOUT.

We, the undersigned, certify that the work and articles furnished as stated in the above bill, amounting to the sum of 649f. 15s. were done and provided for the use of the prisoners.

Temple, 19th Germinal, 3rd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

GOMIN, appointed keeper of the children of Louis Capet.

RAMBERT, civic commissary.

Certified to be correct by me, the steward of the Temple household, amounting to 649 livres, 15 sols.

LIENARD.

19th Germinal, 3rd year (8th April, 1795).

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6,207.)

X.

Bill of the work done and furnished by Diacre, Tailor, No. 54, Rue Denis, for the daughter of Capet, by the order of the Temple commissary, 30th Brumaire, 3rd year of the French Republic.

20th November, 1794.

	fr.	s.
5 ells cloth, at 20f.	100	0
9 ells ribbon, at 6s.	2	14
16 basks, at 10s.	8	0
8 ells staylace, at 5s.	2	0
Making 4 pair of stays, at 18f. per ell . . .	72	0
Total	186	14

I certify the above bill, amounting to 186f. 14s., to be correct.

DIACRE.

Received the four pair of stays, mentioned above, for the use of the daughter of Capet; this 3rd Brumaire, 3rd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

LAURENT, appointed to guard the children of Capet

GOMIN, appointed to guard the children of Capet.

Certified to be correct by me, the Temple steward, amounting to the sum of 184f. 14s.; as it is due for work of which I know nothing, I have made inquiries of other workmen in the same line, who informed me that the price set on the articles was their current value in the market, for which reason I declare that no reduction ought to be made.

LIENARD.

(National Archives, Case E, No. 6,207.)

